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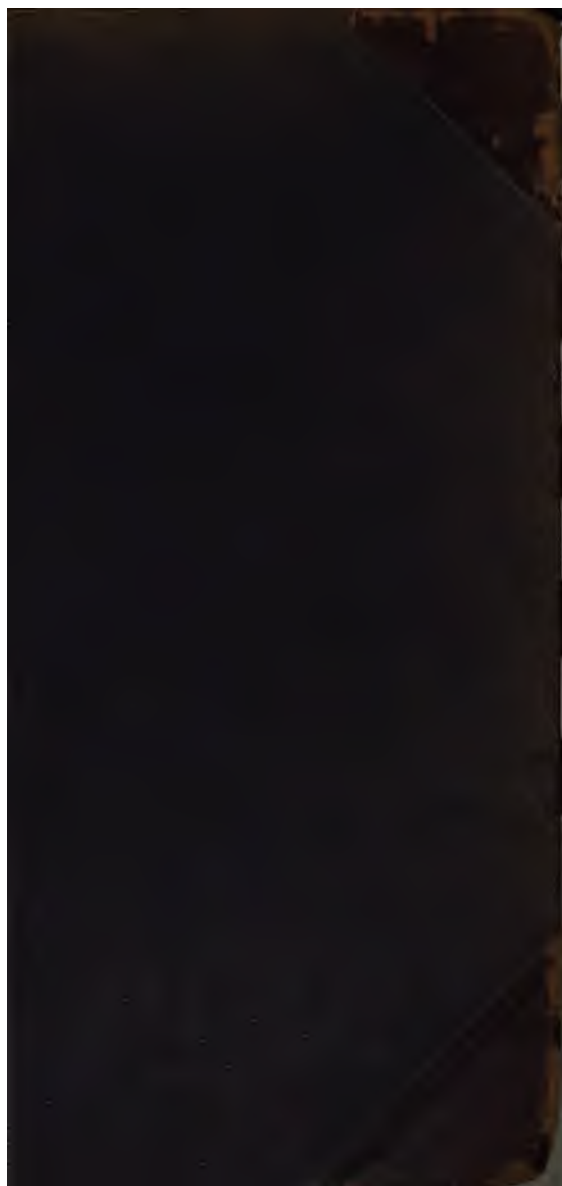
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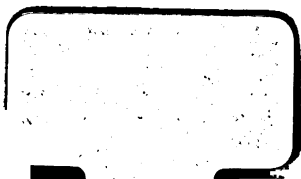
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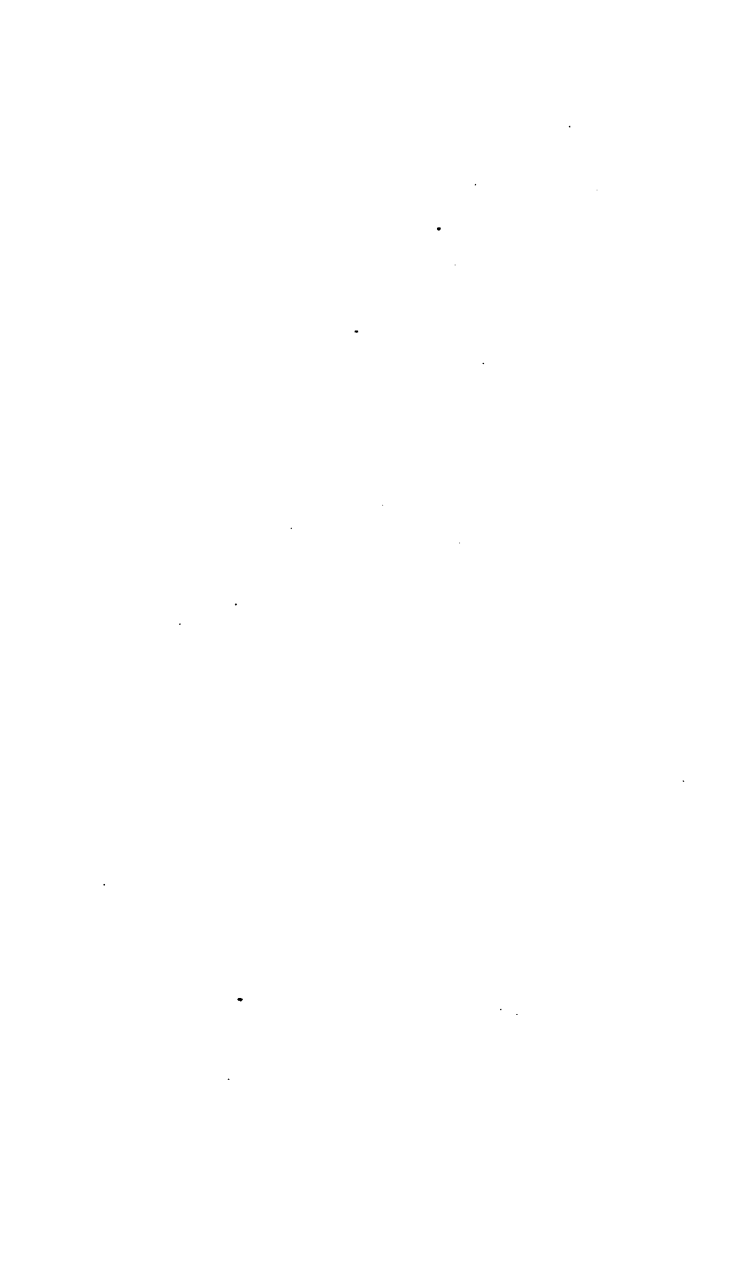
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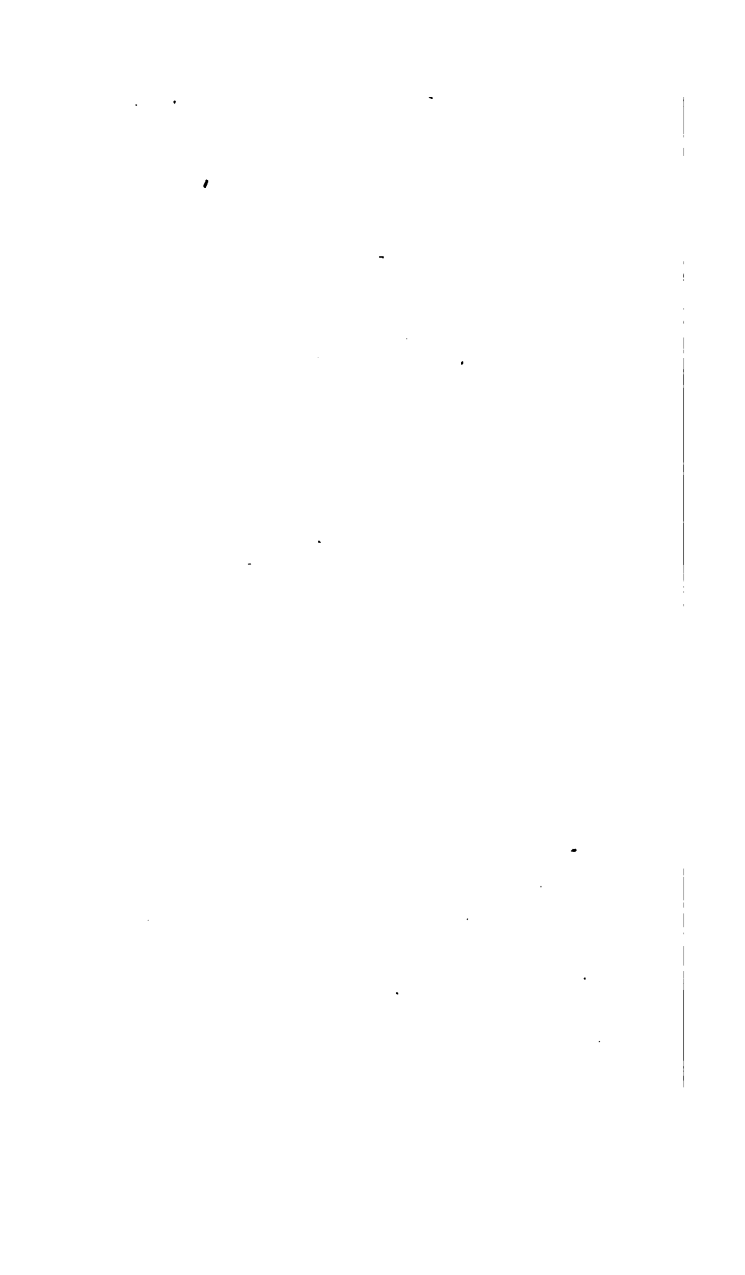


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A Macfarlane
Perth 1848

CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY
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VOL. XXIX.
TOUR IN GERMANY VOL. I.

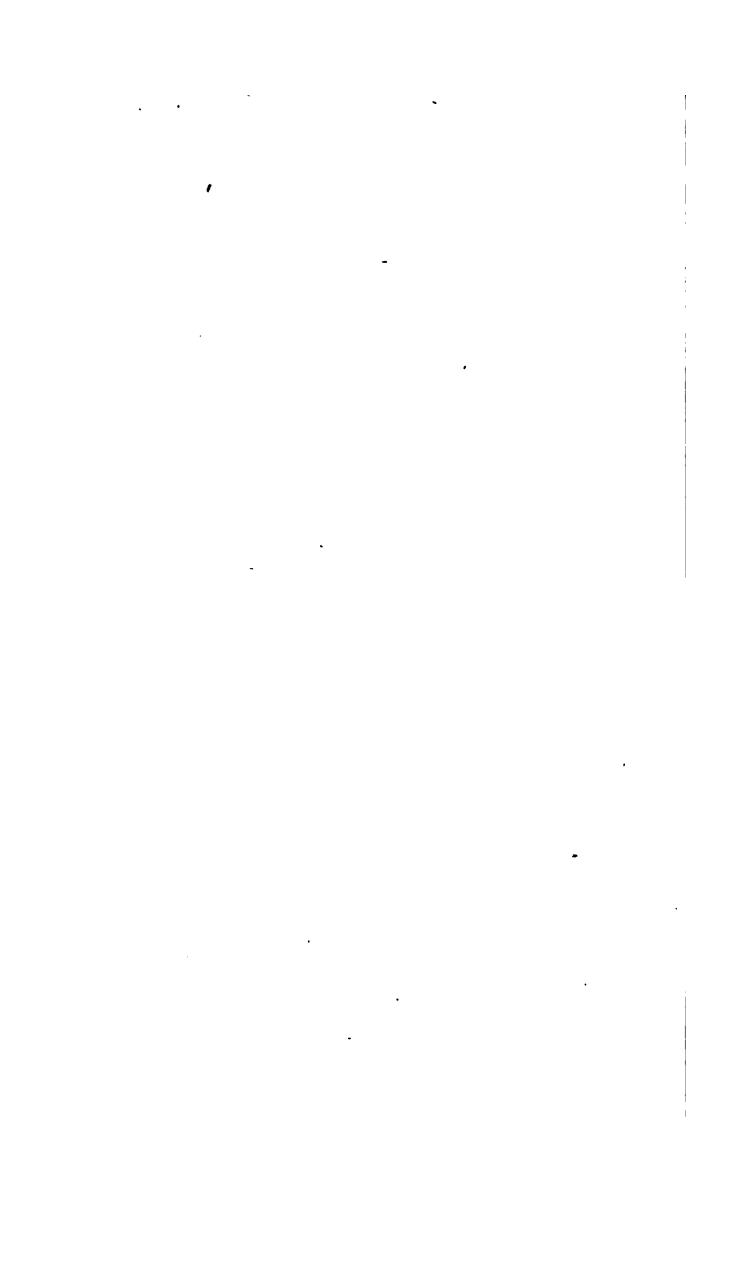


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GOETHE'S COTTAGE.

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1828.



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A
TOUR IN GERMANY,
AND SOME OF
THE SOUTHERN PROVINCES
OF THE
AUSTRIAN EMPIRE,
IN
1820, 1821, 1822.

BY JOHN RUSSELL, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

A NEW EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

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TOUR IN GERMANY.

CHAPTER I.

STRASBURGH—THE PLAIN OF THE RHINE— FRANKFORT.

— Im niedersteigen strahlen
Soll umher des Freudenschein,
In des Neckars Reben-thalen,
Und am silberblauen Main.

THE prejudices of English travellers in favour of their own country are now proverbial, and have often exposed them to ridicule, sometimes to reproach. But if even the gaieties and novelties of Paris fail to remove this feeling of national superiority, every one is entitled to a plenary indulgence for railing, who has made a long journey in winter through the east of France. From Paris to Strasburgh, even the professed hunter of curiosities would find little to reward his pursuit; and the mere passing traveller, who is hastening to a certain point, finds nothing at all. The tame bar-

of the Marne, which the road accompanies, in long, stiff stretches, as far as Chalons, give no relief to the dreariness of the scene; the fortifications of Metz are interesting only to the engineer; and, in the open country, the difference between a French and an English landscape is felt at once. The want of inclosures is a hackneyed topic of remark and dispute; and, though nothing is more impossible than to convince a Frenchman that he or his country ever has blundered, or ever can blunder, we may be allowed to prefer our own still life, and to believe that hedges, copsewood, and plantations, are comfortable things even in winter. But it is in the appearance, or rather in the disappearance, of the population, that the difference is most striking. In a well-cultivated part of England, even the winter landscape is not entirely desolate. Every where the smoke of the farm-house rises; the merry inmates are, at least, heard from within; at every turn one comes across a sportsman and his dog; the seats of the gentry are more blithe and bustling than ever; to say nothing of the resolution with which stage-coaches, and stage-coach travellers, hold out against the worst that winter can do. All around are sounds and sights of human industry, or human enjoyment. In France, man seems to be as dead as nature. The traveller looks out over an endless, dreary extent of brown soil, seldom varied by the meanest cottage. The country population is drawn together in the villages, and these villages must be sought for to discover that the country is inhabited. It would seem that even the peasant cannot endure the comparative solitude of an English farmer's life. Like his brethren of Doris, he must have the pleasures of society.

On approaching Alsace, the character of the country rapidly changes. It becomes hilly, precipitous, and romantic, rising into a branch of the lofty ridge which flanks the left bank of the Rhine, nearly from the frontiers of Switzerland to the mouth of the Moselle. The luxuriant plain of the Rhine, with its numberless towns and villages, is occasionally seen below through the apertures of the ridge. The river itself is too deeply sunk to be visible. As if this "Father of wine," as the Germans fondly style him, would suffer nothing but the grape in his vicinity, the vineyards reappear as soon as the mountain begins to sink down in more gentle slopes. On this side of the Alps, however, a bare field is, in winter, a more pleasing object than a vineyard. The vines either die, or are intentionally cut down, nearly to the ground. If the poles which supported them are removed, as they generally are, the vineyard becomes a field of bare, black stumps; if they are allowed to remain, it becomes a field of stiff, straight poles, marshalled in regular array. Even in summer and autumn, these vineyards add less to the beauty of a landscape than many other species of verdure. The vines, having reached in their growth the top of the stakes along which they are trained, curl downwards; they are ranged in parallel lines; the clusters avoid the eye, and lurk beneath the leaves. All the beauty that such a vineyard gives to the scene consists merely in the mantle of deep verdure with which it clothes the soft and sunny slopes of the hills, a merit not at all of rare occurrence, even in countries where the grape never ripened. When near, the vineyard is in itself inferior to a hop plantation, which is the very same

thing in kind, with more body and stateliness ; in the distance, it is no greater ornament than a field of prosperous turnips would be. But our northern imaginations, warming at the idea of the vine, just as our blood glows with its juice, bestow on every garden of Bacchus the beauties of Eden.

Strasburgh itself is an irregular, old-fashioned, heavy-looking town, most inconveniently intersected by muddy streams and canals, and full of soldiers and custom-house officers ; for it has the double misfortune of being at once a frontier trading town, and an important frontier fortification. The appearance of the inhabitants, and the mixture of tongues, announce at once that the Rhine was not always the boundary of France. Nearly two centuries have been insufficient to eradicate the difference of descent, and manners, and language. The situation of the town, more than any thing else, has tended to keep these peculiarities alive, and to prevent French manners from establishing, even in a French city, that intolerant despotism which they have often introduced into foreign capitals. As it is the centre of the mercantile intercourse which France maintains with Swabia, Wirtemberg, great part of Baden, and the north of Switzerland, the German part of the population have always among them too many of their kindred to forget that they themselves were once subjects of the Holy Roman Empire, or to give up their own modes of speaking, and dressing, and eating. The stolid Swabian and serious Swiss drover are deaf to the charms of the universal language and kitchen. At Strasburgh you may dine on dishes as impenetrably disguised, or languish over *entremets* as nearly refined away to nothing, as at the tables of the great Parisian

rivals, Very and Vefours ; or, on the other side of the street, for half the money, you may have more German fat, plain boiled beef, and sour cabbage. The German kitchen is essentially a plain, solid, greasy kitchen ; it has often by far too much of the last quality. People of rank, indeed, in the great capitals, are as mad on French cookery as the most delicate of their equals in London ; but the national cookery, in its general character, is the very reverse of that of France ; and it is by no means certain that the national cookery of a people may not have some connexion with its national character. The German justly prides himself on the total absence of parade, on the openess, plainness, and sincerity, which mark his character ; accordingly, he boils his beef, and roasts his mutton and fowls, just as they come from the hands of the butcher and the poulterer. If a gourmand of Vienna stuff his Styrian capon with truffles, this is an unwonted tribute to delicacy of palate. French cookery, again, really seems to be merely a product of the vanity and parade which are inseparable from the French character. Culinary accomplishments are, to the dinner of a Parisian, just what sentiment is to his conversation. They are both substitutes for the solid beef and solid feeling which either are not there at all, or, if they be there, are intended for no other purpose than to give a name. No one portion of God's creatures is reckoned fit for a Frenchman's dinner till he himself has improved it beyond all possibility of recognition. His cookery seems to proceed on the very same principle on which his countrymen laboured to improve Raphael's pictures, viz that there is nothing in nature or art so good, but he can make it better.

The far-famed cathedral is, in some respects, the finest Gothic building in Europe. There are many which are more ample in dimensions. In the solemn imposing grandeur to which the lofty elevations and dim colonnades of this architecture are so well adapted, the cathedral of Milan acknowledges no rival; and not only in some German towns, as in Nürnberg, but likewise among the Gothic remains of our own country and of Normandy, it would not be difficult to find samples of workmanship equally light and elegant in the detail with the boasted fane of Strasburgh. The main body of the building is put together with an admirable symmetry of proportion; and to this it is indebted for its principal beauty as a whole. Connoisseurs, indeed, have measured and criticised; they have found this too long, and that too short: but architectural beauty is made for the eye; and, even in classical architecture, where all has been reduced to measurement, the rules of Vitruvius or Palladio are good only as expressing in the language of art judgments which taste forms independent of rules. The harmony of proportions, and the elegance of the workmanship, appear to still greater advantage in the spire, whose pinnacle is more than five hundred feet above the pavement, and whose mere elevation forms, in the eyes of many people, the only good thing about the cathedral. It has nothing uncommon in its general form. The massive base terminates just at the point where, to the eye, it would become too heavy for the elevation; and it is succeeded by the lofty slender pyramid, so delicately ribbed that it hardly seems to be supported, and bearing, almost to its pinnacle, the profusion of Gothic or-

nement. Yet there is no superfluity or confusion of ornament about the edifice ; there is no crowding of figure upon figure, merely for the sake of having sculpture. With more, it would have approached the tawdry and puerile style of the present day ; with less, it would have been as dead and heavy as the cathedral of Ulm, which, though exquisite in particular details of the sculpture, yet, without being more imposing, wants all the grace and elegance of the fabric of Strasburgh. Few things in art seem so unwilling to submit themselves to good taste as the ornaments of Gothic architecture. How many people imagine that they constitute the essential part of it ; that they are handsome things in themselves, (which, in an hundred instances, they are not,) and, therefore, the more of a good thing the better ; without regarding any ulterior object, or suspecting that these have, or ought to have, some determinate relation to plan and proportion ! In every town we ourselves have things which we facetiously denominate Gothic chapels, because they are covered with little pinnacles, and small curves, and are full of holes. The Gothic in small is fit only for the pastry-cook, or the toy-shop.

The church of St Thomas, which is still devoted to the Protestant worship, contains the monument erected by Louis XV. to Marshal Saxe. It is the most celebrated production of Pigalle, and is a very fair specimen of the style of the French artists of the last century, in which Roubilliac has left us so many works marked with all its beauties and all its defects. The back-ground of the whole is a tall and broad pyramid of grey marble, set against the wall of the church. The pyramid ter-

minates below in a few steps, on the lowest of which rests a sarcophagus. The Marshal is in the act of descending the steps towards the tomb. On the right, the symbolical animals of England, Holland, and Austria, are flying from him in dismay ; on the left, the banner of France is floating in triumph. The warrior's eye is fixed with an expression of tranquil contempt on a figure of Death standing below, thrusting out his raw head and bony arms from beneath a shroud, holding up to the Marshal in one hand an hour-glass in which the sand has run out, and with the other, opening the sarcophagus to receive him. A female figure, representing France, throws herself between them, exerting herself at once to hold back the Marshal, and push away Death. On one side of the whole, a genius, according to the most approved recipe for monument-making, weeps over the inverted torch ; and, on the other, Hercules leans pouting on his club. All is in marble, and large as the life. The individual figures are of moderate merit ; they are full of that exaggeration of feature and attitude of which the French artists have never yet got rid ; but the first impression of the whole composition is extremely striking, though the style is not sufficiently pure to make the impression lasting. It dazzles at first, and immediately fatigues.

The figure of the Marshal himself has often been adduced as an example, to prove that sculpture can deal as advantageously with the tight fantastic garments of modern times as with the loose drapery of antiquity ; but who can look at Marshal Saxe as he stands here, without wishing that the *paludamentum* occupied the place of the coat

and waistcoat ? There may be much industry, and much skill of manipulation, in hewing out accurately buttons and button-holes, laces and ruffles; but this is a merit of which no statuary, who knows the true province and feels the true dignity of his art, will boast; for it lies in a species of imitation which requires manual dexterity rather than genius, and has more in common with the carving of Dutch toys than with the divine art whose proudest triumphs are achieved in creating human forms. Measured by such a standard, old General Ziethen, who, with other heroes of the Seven Years' War, frowns on the Wilhelms-Platz of Berlin in a hussar uniform wrought out in the most laborious and precise detail, would be, what many a Prussian holds it to be, the finest statue in the world. It is the business of sculpture to represent the human form; and every mode of dress, whether ancient or modern, is an obstacle in her way. But custom and propriety, which frequently compelled the ancient artists to adopt a covering, are still more tyrannical towards their modern followers. A naked Cicero would have been as little proper as a corsetted Venus, and a naked statesman or field-marshal of our own age would be more incongruous than either. Where dress, then, is unavoidable, the question seems just to be, what mode of attire trenches least on the peculiar province of the sculptor, and is most susceptible in itself of being worked into graceful forms ? Now, the free and flowing dress of Athens or Rome was not only more graceful and noble in itself than the sharp angles, the stiff lines, the numerous joinings of our multifarious habiliments, but, in the hands of the-sculptor, it was pliant --

wax, to be moulded into any form which beauty or dignity might require. But the artist who is to clothe a statue in a modern dress, has to work on much less manageable materials. His audacious hand must attempt no innovation on the received forms of buckram and broad cloth. In the drapery of his statue, if such an abuse of words may be tolerated, he must turn taste and genius out of doors, and work according to the measures of some tailor of reputation.*

Beyond the fortifications, there is still about a mile to the bank of the Rhine. The wooden bridge thrown across the river, though less ingeniously combined than the destroyed one of Constance, used to be reckoned the most stately structure of the kind in Europe. It is now useless. In the campaigns which conducted the allies to Paris,

* In few modern statues has the difficulty been so successfully surmounted as in Chantry's beautiful statue of the late Mr Horner. By avoiding every thing like exaggeration of the particular parts, and softening them down to a degree which an artist of less taste would not have aimed at, he has identified, as far as might be, the dress with the form. The gown conceals the least poetical peculiarities, and is itself disposed in an arrangement extremely simple and becoming. The sculptor has dispensed with the wig of a Chancery barrister, and who, that is not a disciple of Roubilliac, will not rejoice that he has done so? The French artist executed the statue of President Forbes, in the hall of the Second Division of the Court of Session, at Edinburgh, and bestowed on him the utmost plenitude of judicial curls and tippets. Chantry executed that of President Blair, which adorns the hall of the First Division, clothed him in a more simple drapery, and left the lofty, open brow unencumbered by the official mass of hair. To look at these two statues is sufficient of itself to determine the comparative merits of these different styles.

great part of the bridge towards the German side was cut away, and it has not yet been repaired. The communication is kept up by a bridge floated on boats a little farther down the stream. This is reckoned altogether a more commodious structure. When the ice breaks up, part of the boats are cut away to give it free passage ; and though the communication be thus partially interrupted for a day or two, yet when the ice is once passed, in half an hour the bridge is again formed. If, on the other hand, the floating ice, which descends on this majestic river in huge masses and with terrific impetuosity, should carry away the wooden piers of a bridge like the old one, the interruption continues much longer, for the repairs are at once more tedious and expensive. The ice had broken up two days before, and was still hurrying downwards incessantly ; the bridge had been cut away in the centre, and the passage was made in an ordinary boat, kept up against the current by running along a rope stretched across the opening in the bridge. A French customhouse guards the approach on the French side ; but the search is brief and slight, for nobody minds what you carry out of the country. The playful quarrel about examining the baskets of a number of peasant girls returning from market in Strasburgh, seemed to be pertinaciously kept up by the officers, much more to have an opportunity of ravishing illicit kisses, than from any wish to detect illicit commodities. "Father Rhine" was passed safely and speedily. There comes a new country, new forms, new manners, a new language ; —but, amid all that is new, the old pest of police and customhouse officers. You have just slipped

from the hands of French Douaniers, and are caught in the fangs of German *Mauthbeamten*.

Kehl, the first village on the German side, wears an open and regular appearance, which seldom recurs in the villages farther in the interior of the country. At first, long tracts of willow grounds, and occasional sandy flats, stretching on both sides of the river, mark the extent of its inundations; but, less than a couple of miles from the bank, the country is already one of the most beautiful in Europe. It is the opening of the plain of the Rhine, the *Campagna d'oro* of Germany—every foot of which teems with population, industry, and fertility, and, during two hundred years, has been fattened with the best blood of Europe. The Rhine is its uniform boundary on the west. On the east it is inclosed in the distance by irregular eminences, whose surface is the favourite abode of the grape, while their interior sends forth the mineral springs, which collect to Baden and Hueb all the fashion and disease of this part of Germany. Behind them tower the prouder and shaggy summits of the Hercynian or Black Forest. It has long since lost its extent of sixty days' journey, as well as its Elks and Urochses. What remains is still gloomy with primeval oaks and pines; but from their shades have been expelled even the banditti, who, by the received laws of romance, are as regularly the inhabitants of a German forest, as the dagger or the drug are the weapons of the Italian. Between these boundaries, the plain runs along to the north, varying in breadth according as the hills press closer upon or retire farther from the river. The great road from Switzerland avoids the plain, running along the eminences which border it on the right.

The champaign country, rivalling the plain of Tuscany, as seen from Fiesole, or that portion of Lombardy which stretches out beneath the Madonna di San Luca at Bologna, lies below, and the eye never tires. The general character of the objects, indeed, does not vary; it is a perpetual succession of villages and small towns, lurking among vineyards, corn-fields, and orchards; but, at every turn, they combine themselves into new groups, or lie under new lights. Here a long stretch of the broad and glittering Rhine bursts into view, bounding the distant landscape like a silver girdle; there his place is occupied by the remoter summits of the Vosges. Here you may linger among the cottages of Offenthal, whose vine still retains its character, and hangs its clusters round the window of the peasant; or, close by that little church-yard, you may muse at the tree where Turenne fell on the last of his fields, and make a brief pilgrimage to the rustic chapel beneath whose altar the heart of the hero was deposited.

What the Germans call a Diligence, or *Postwagen*, dragging its slow length through this delicious scene, is a bad feature in the picture. Much as we laugh at the meagre cattle, the knotted rope-harness, and lumbering paces of the machines which bear the same name in France, the French have outstripped their less alert neighbours in every thing that regards neatness, and comfort, and expedition. The German carriage resembles the French one, but is still more clumsy and unwieldy. The luggage, which generally constitutes by far the greater part of the burden, is placed, not above, but in the rear. Behind the carriage, a flooring projects from above the axle of the hind wheels.

equal, in length and breadth, to all the rest of the vehicle. On this is built up a castle of boxes and packages, that generally shoots out beyond the wheels, and towers above the roof of the carriage. The whole weight is increased as much as possible by the strong chains intended to secure the fortification from all attacks in the rear ; for the guard, like his French brother, will expose himself neither to wind nor weather, but forthwith retires to doze in his cabriolet, leaving to its fate the edifice which has been reared with much labour and marvellous skill. Six passengers, if so many bold men can be found, are packed up inside ; two, more happy or less daring, take their place in the cabriolet with the guard. The breath of life is insipid to a German without the breath of his pipe ; the insides puff most genially right into each other's faces. With such an addition to the ordinary mail-coach miseries of a low roof, a perpendicular back, legs suffering like a martyr's in the boots, and scandalously scanty air-holes, the Diligence becomes a very Black Hole. To this huge mass, this combination of stage-coach and carrier's cart, are yoked four meagre, ragged cattle ; and the whole dashes along, on the finest roads, at the rate of rather more than three English miles an hour, stoppages included. The matter of refreshments is conducted with a very philanthropical degree of leisure ; and at every considerable town, a breach must be made in the luggage castle, and be built up again. Half a day's travelling in one of these vehicles is enough to make a man loathe them all his lifetime.*

* In the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, the establishment

It can only be ascribed to the amazing fertility of this country that its population seem to have recovered so rapidly from the devastation with which the war visited them again and again. From Basle to Frankfort there is scarcely a field that has not been trodden down by contending armies. The people are not wealthy ; and, if their practice in domestic comforts were weighed against our own ideas, they would be found wanting ; but they exhibit in full measure, the more indispensable possessions of industry and hilarity, a simple and most affectionate disposition. The family of Baden has long filled a respectable rank among the minor princes of Germany, as ruling with economy and kindness. It went by the side of that of Weimar in supporting the young genius of the country against the preposterous domination of French literature, and did not blush to call Klopstock to Carlsruhe as the ornament of its court. The present Grand Duke was among the first of the German princes to give his people a representative government, when the termination of the war left him and them their own masters. On such a soil, and with a people so industrious and easily contented, a good government, well administered, should produce a rural population that would have no reason to envy any corner of Europe.

The Grand Duke is a popular prince, particularly of the new French mails has created some rivalry, or the government has been brought to bestir itself to facilitate the means of communication in that commercial district of the kingdom. On the great road between Frankfort and Cologne, a species of mail has been established, which they have dignified with the name of *Schnellwagen*, or Velocity Coach, because, by throwing off the carrier's cart, it makes out between five and six miles an hour.

larly in the hereditary dominions of his house. It is in the Swabian part of his territories that he has found it most difficult to conciliate favour ; not that he was undeserving of it, but because the Swabians could not easily throw off their hereditary attachment to the House of Hapsburgh. These hardy fatteners of snails, and distillers of cherry water, a tribe, however, of whose intelligence their countrymen entertain so low an opinion, that, all over Germany, a piece of gross stupidity is proverbially termed a *Schwabenstreich*, longed to return beneath the wing of the double eagle. During the first advance of the allies, when the Emperor and the Grand Duke were together at Freyberg, the former was actually receiving, in one room, an address from the Swabians, praying him to take them back under the imperial sceptre, while the latter, his host and their Sovereign, was under the same roof. The Emperor wept with them over old stories and old attachments, for there is not a more kind-hearted man in his empire ; but other views of policy were imperious, and they remained with their new master. This disposition, in fact, is said to have been part of the secret history of the constitution of Baden ; the government resolved to bestow the boon to turn the popular opinion in its favour.

Except some of the small capitals, which are light and open, the general character of the towns strewn round in all directions does not correspond with the beauty of the country. They are irregular, inconvenient, and gloomy. The inhabitants are content to creep through dark, narrow streets during the day, if one spot be left open and planted with trees for their evening promen-

ade. Carlsruhe, the capital of the Grand Duchy, besides being enlivened by the bustle and parade which the residence of a court in a small town always occasions, has a peculiarly rural appearance : it strikes one just as a large and very handsome country village. There has not been much taste shown in the poplar groves which surround it, and border, in long tedious lines, the roads that approach it. The poplar is not a tree to be planted in masses ; even as forming an alley, it has no breadth of foliage, or depth of shade, to atone for its stiff, pyramidal, unvarying form. Carlsruhe is buried among them, and they sink into utter insignificance when the eye, through the artificial openings, catches the masses of the Black Forest in the back ground.

Without the presence of the court, Carlsruhe would not exist. Its population has been created, and is supported, only by the wants of the court, and the rank and wealth that always follow a court on business or pleasure. Gay and idle people form so large a proportion of the small whole, that poverty and misery do not easily come under the eye of the stranger. The first sight of Carlsruhe tells him it is a place of amusement and elegant enjoyment rather than of business ; he feels himself every where merely within the precincts of a palace ; and, unless he penetrate into the debates of the Chambers, he will not soon discover that the more serious occupations of life are much attended to.

Beyond Carlsruhe the plain, for some miles, becomes broader ; but, in the neighbourhood of Heidelberg, a mountainous ridge, through whose valleys the Neckar finds its way, presses forward.

to the Rhine. Heidelberg rests on the last slope, and at the foot of the ridge; corn and wine crowd upon each other along the Neckar, during all that remains of its course, to the walls of Mannheim. Mannheim itself is the most mathematically regular town in Europe, a mere collection of straight lines and parallelograms, every street and every mass of building like every other. It was not difficult to attain this uniformity in a town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants; but, besides being monotonous, it produces confusion. One encounters more difficulty in finding his way through the streets of Mannheim, than in much larger towns which have not bowed the knee in such absolute subjection to a ground plan, and in which, though the whole be irregular, the parts are noticed and remembered for their own peculiarities. The Cicerones boast of one or two churches, which are very gaudy, and the palace, which is very large and heavy; but the great charms of Mannheim are due to nature. On the north it is skirted by the blue waters of the Neckar, which, at Heidelberg, has quitted for ever its mountain gorge, and here pours itself, placid and slow, into the bosom of the Rhine. The Rhine itself rolls its ample stream on the west, washing the walls; the plain beyond runs back from the left bank, disappearing at length in the shadow of the forests and precipices of the Vosges. Except in the *Rheingau* itself, there are few spots on the Rhine where this imperial river makes so splendid an appearance—the expanse of water, spread out like a mighty lake, its slow majestic motion, its tinge of green, not deep enough to prevent the vivid reflection of the ramparts and towers that bristle on

the one bank, and the cottages, and orchards, and vineyards, that stud the other. It is not wonderful that the coolness which lingers round his waters, even in the greatest heats of summer, should draw gay processions of strollers to the ramparts and bridge to enjoy the magnificent spectacle, or that they should proudly challenge Europe to equal their native stream. If Virgil had still to write, the Po would no longer be the "*Rex fluviorum*," even in Europe, for in every thing but sky and classical association the Rhine is his superior. The artificial embankments of the Po, singular though they be as works of labour and skill, deform his beauty, and the sand with which he threatened to encroach on the Adriatic discolours his own waters. The Rhine that Virgil knew washed no vineyards, and reflected no temples: he had heard of it only as a savage and unadorned stream, rolling itself through interminable woods, and guarding the haunts of barbarians who had checked the flight of the Roman eagle. -

The delights of the situation, and the pleasures of the society, attract a number of resident strangers; for here, too, as being the residence of the Markgravine Dowager, there is something of the parade and elegance of a court. Many of the sojourners are persons of literary habits, and the coteries of Mannheim have gradually been acquiring a character for information and *bon ton*. There is a considerable number of Russians, particularly Livonians. The subjects of the Autocrat of all the Russias seem to have a natural fondness for nestling in every warmer climate, or more civilized country, than their own. These were the circumstances which made Kotzebue choose Man-

heim for his residence, when the notice excited by the surreptitious publication of his unfortunate bulletin induced him to quit Weimar; and it was here, in a small house towards the Rhine, that he fell a victim to the fanaticism of Sand. I found the murderer, who had been executed shortly before, still the subject of general conversation. Though his deed, besides its moral turpitude, has done Germany much political mischief, the public feeling seemed to treat his memory with great indulgence. Most people, except the students, were liberal enough to acknowledge that Sand had done wrong in committing assassination; but they did not at all regard him with disrespect, much less with the abhorrence due to a murderer. The ladies were implacable in their resentment at his execution. They could easily forgive the necessity of cutting off his head, but they could not pardon the barbarity of cutting off, to prepare him for the block, the long dark locks which curled down over his shoulders, after the academical fashion. People found many things in his conduct and situation which conspired to make them regard him as an object of pity, sometimes of admiration, rather than of blame. Nobody regrets Kotzebue. To deny him, as many have done, all claims to talent and literary merit, argues sheer ignorance or stupidity; but his talent could not redeem the imprudence of his conduct, and no man ever possessed in greater perfection the art of making enemies wherever he was placed. Every body believed, too, that Sand, however frightfully erroneous his ideas might be, acted from what he took to be a principle of public duty, and not to gratify any private interest. This

feeling, joined to the patience and resolution with which he bore up under fourteen months of grievous bodily suffering, the kindliness of temper which he manifested towards every one else, and the intrepidity with which he submitted to the punishment of his crime, naturally procured him in Germany much sympathy and indulgence. Such palliating feelings towards the perpetrator of such a deed are, no doubt, abundantly dangerous. If they pass the boundary by a single hair's-breadth, they become downright defenders of assassination, and it is one of the greatest mischiefs of such an example, that it seduces weak heads and heated fancies into a ruinous coquetry with principles which make every man his neighbour's executioner. Still, it would be untrue to say that it was only his brother students who regarded Sand with these indulgent eyes. To them, of course, he appeared a martyr in a common cause. "I would not have told him to do it," said a student of Heidelberg to me, "but I would cheerfully have shaken hands with him after he did it." Even in the more grave and orderly classes of society, although his crime was never justified nor applauded, I could seldom trace any inclination to speak of him with much rigour. When the executioner had struck, the crowd rushed upon the scaffold, every one anxious to pick up a few scattered hairs, or dip a ribbon, a handkerchief, or a scrap of paper, in his blood. Splinters were chipped from the reeking block, and worn in medallions, as his hair was in rings, false and revered as the relics of a saint. To the students of Heidelberg was ascribed the attempt to sow with Forget-me-not the field on which he was beheaded; and which they

have baptized by the name of Sand's Ascension-Meadow. Though punished as an homicide, he was laid in consecrated ground ; and, till measures were taken by the police to prevent it, fresh flowers and branches of weeping willow were nightly strewed, by unknown hands, on the murderer's grave.

At Heidelberg, the university still flourishes, under the liberal administration of the house of Baden, and the students, by far the most important personages in the town, have their full share of the rawness, and rudeness, and caprices, which characterise, less or more, all the German universities. The shapeless coat—the long hair—the bare neck—the huge shirt collar, falling back on the shoulders—the affectedly careless, would-be-rakish air—the total absence of all good-breeding, announce, at once, the presence of the fraternity. But these evil spirits inhabit a paradise. The Neckar, though navigable for small craft, still retains all the freshness of a mountain stream. On its left bank, the town is huddled together at the foot of the rocks, plain, irregular, and old-fashioned. The right bank glows with the vine, ripening beneath higher ridges of rock and wood, which shield it from the north. Behind, the prospect closes as the valley recedes along the windings of the river ; to the west, it opens out at once into the wondrous plain, and terminates only at the Rhine. The palace of the Electors of the Palatinate, dilapidated by lightning, by war, and by time, frowns above the town. Fortunately it is a ruin. In the days of its perfect grandeur, a pile so huge and majestic, and, in many of its details, making fair pretensions to

classical architecture, must have been out of place, and, if the expression may be used, out of keeping with the surrounding scenery. Gothic towers and loop-holed battlements may be perched on the summit of a precipice, or stuck on the side of a narrow and romantic valley; but more ample space, and features more imposing than the merely picturesque, are the fitting accompaniments of such a pile as the castle of Heidelberg must have been, when its halls glittered with the granite columns which had once adorned the favourite palace of Charlemagne. If this was a defect, time and devastation have remedied it superbly; whatever the castle may have been, the ruin is in perfect harmony with the scene; and well deserves its reputation as the most imposing and majestic in Europe. The walls, of a solidity that seemed to rival the rock on which they were founded, lie in the ditches, in confused masses, "like fragments of a former world." Among the stately relics of the hall of the knights, there are still many rich remains of the magnificence which had rendered it the boast of Germany; and, amid the smoke which pollutes its walls, one loves to imagine he can trace the course of the flash that lighted up the conflagration.

The humblest part of the whole, the cellars, have alone escaped destruction, for they are hewn out in the living rock, and, if old tales may be believed, extend far beneath the town. In one of them is still preserved the famed Heidelberg tun, which contains I know not how many pipes of wine. Alas! it is parched and empty, as eloquent a memento of mortal vicissitudes as the ruined castle. When the halls and courts above resound-

ed with the revelry of knightly banquets and feudal retainers, to fill it was a jubilee, and to drain it an amusement. The family of the Palatinate is on the throne of Bavaria, the castle is in ruins, and the tun is empty. It lives only in the drinking songs of the students, and as a lion for the stranger.

At Darmstadt, another small, handsome town, the capital of the Grand Duchy of the same name, and, like Carlsruhe, entirely dependent on the residence of the court, I saw nothing but a very splendid theatre, furnished with an excellent orchestra, and over-crowded with spectators, the greater part of whom had come up from Frankfort for the sake of Sacchini's *Œdipus*. The opera is the ruling passion of the Grand Duke, but his subjects do not willingly see so much money spent on it by a prince who ranks so low among the "German gentles." He has the best orchestra between Basle and Brussels, and the only fortification in his dominions is garrisoned by foreign troops. When, after long reluctance, he at length convoked a representative body under a new constitution, the first thing the representatives did was to quarrel with it as too antiquated and impotent. He trembled for the orchestra, became good natured, yielded them more liberal terms, and, as they left his opera untouched, there have been no more squabbles.

A farther drive of fourteen miles, through a country more sandy than any part of the plain on the Upper Rhine, leads to the banks of the Main; the well-bred listlessness and courtly demeanour of Darmstadt are exchanged for the noise and bustle of Frankfort. Long before reaching the city, the increasing host of carriages and waggons

announced the vicinity of this great emporium. On passing the bridge across the Main, the confusion became inextricable, for it was the Michaelmas Fair. The narrow streets, sunk between tall, old-fashioned piles of building, seemed too small for the busy crowd that swarmed through them, examining and bargaining about all the productions of Europe in all its languages. The outside walls of the shops, and, in many instances, of the first floors, were entirely covered with large pieces of cloth, generally of some glaring colour, proclaiming the name and wares of the foreigner who had there pitched his tent, in French and Italian, German, Russian, Polish, and Bohemian; rarely in English, but very often in Hebrew. The last, however, being a somewhat inconvenient language for sign-posts, was generally accompanied by a translation in a known tongue. Not only the public squares, but every spot that could be protected against the encroachments of wheels and horses, groaned beneath gaudy and ample booths, which displayed, in the most *outré* juxtaposition, all that convenience or luxury has ever invented, from wooden platters, Manchester cottons, or Vienna pipe-heads, to the bijouterie of the Palais Royal or the china of Meissen, silks from Lyons, or chandeliers from the mountains of Bohemia. Every fair presents, on a smaller scale, the same variety and confusion; but the assemblage of men from all quarters of the globe, and these, too, men of business, in search of bargains, not amusement, that is collected in the streets and inns of Frankfort, during the fair, is to be found nowhere else, except, perhaps, in Leipzig on a similar occasion.

If the traveller who happens to arrive at this

most unfavourable of all seasons for the mere traveller, can rest satisfied with a cellar or a garret, the hotels are not the least animated part of the whole. Butler and cook have been preparing during weeks for the campaign; larder and servants are put upon a war establishment; the large hall, reserved in general for civic feasts or civic balls, is thrown open for the daily table d'hôte. In one hotel, above an hundred and fifty persons daily surrounded the table, chattering all languages "from Indus to the pole." The newly decked walls displayed in fresco all the famed landscapes of the Rhine, from Manheim to Cologne; the stuccoed ceiling and gilt cornices far outshone in splendour the hall on the opposite side of the way, in which the heads of the Holy Roman Empire used to be elected and anointed. From a gallery at either end, a full orchestra accompanied each morsel of sausage with a sounding march, or, when Hock and Rudesheimer began to glow in the veins, attuned the company, by repeated waltzes, to the amusements of the evening. The merchants, who flock down from every quarter, are not always allowed to make their journey alone. Their wives and daughters know full well that business is not the sole occupation of a Frankfort fair; that, if there be bills and balances for the gentlemen, there are balls, and plays, and concerts for the ladies; and that a gentleman, on such occasions, is never so safe as when he has his own ladies by his side. Though, in general, neither well informed nor elegantly bred, they are pretty, affable, willing to be amused; they give variety to the promenades, and chit-chat to the table.

Except in the peculiarities of the fair, there is

nothing to distinguish Frankfort from a hundred other large cities. It stretches chiefly along the right bank of the Main, which is discoloured by the pollutions of the city, and certainly is not adorned by the clumsy, shapeless things, called ships, which minister to its commerce. In fact, a river of but moderate size always loses its beauty in passing or traversing a large city. The city itself is generally old : much of it is crazy. There is only one good street in it, the Ziel, and great part of the good houses in that street are inns. Among them is the one where Voltaire was seized, on the requisition of the Prussian resident, when flying from the wrath of the monarch to whom he had so long "washed dirty linen." The growing wealth of Frankfort loves to settle outside of the walls ; for the country in the immediate vicinity, whether up the Main, or back in the valleys of the Taunus, is so rich in natural embellishments, that the affluent naturally prefer it as a residence to the gloom of the town. A number of delightful villas stud the slopes and crown the summit of the Mühlberg, a moderate eminence, which stretches along the opposite bank of the Main, equally celebrated for the wine and the prospect which it yields. There, reposing from the calculations of the counting-house, the merchant contemplates below, in silent rapture, the passage of sail and waggon that bring the materials of his wealth, and the progress of the vines that are to renew the stores of his cellar.

The cathedral, a work of the fourteenth century, is still less interesting in itself, than for its antiquity ; the unfinished tower, the unfinished labour of a whole century, sits heavy on the edi-

fice. The Römer, or Roman, a building now used for the public offices, is supposed to derive its name from having been, if not built, at least used as a warehouse by Lombard merchants, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, while Venice still distributed the productions of the East into the North. It was afterwards applied to a more noble purpose, which alone gives it any interest; within its walls the German Emperors were elected and crowned. There is still preserved, as a solitary remnant of majesty, a copy of the Golden Bull, the document that determined the rights of prince and subject in an empire anomalous while it endured, and not regretted now that it is gone. The cornice above the crimson tapestry, with which the election-chamber is entirely hung, has been allowed to retain the armorial bearings of the electors, and they now witness the deliberations of the senate of Frankfort. The hall where the emperors were crowned can never have been worthy of so august a ceremony.

A city where every man and every moment is devoted to money-making, is not the favourite abode of the arts, even though it be decorated with the epithet of free. Frankfort, indeed, possesses a picture gallery, but I saw little in it worth seeing again. The magnificent legacy of a banker who, some years ago, bequeathed a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds, for the encouragement of the arts, and the support of young artists, will probably produce, as similar eleemosynary institutions commonly have done, an abundant crop of mediocrity. In the suburban gardens of the wealthiest among the merchants is the masterpiece of Dannecker, a sculptor of Wirtemberg, Ariadne on

a leopard. The figure is well cut, but the attitude is unpleasant ; she is too nicely and anxiously balanced on the back of the animal. Never was sculptor so unfortunate in his marble ; the Goddess of Naxos looks as if she had been hewn out of old Stilton cheese : her naked body is covered with blue spots, and blue streaks, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. The citizens have long wished to erect a monument to their great townsman, Göthe ; but the opposition made to it, even from the press, (for Göthe has many detractors,) seems to have convinced them of the propriety of deferring it, at least till the patriarch be dead ; and few men have outlived so many admirers.

Frankfort, in consequence of her commercial relations, is so thoroughly under foreign influence, and so polluted by a mixture of all foreign manners, that her population can hardly be said to have a character of their own. Even the multifarious connexions with all ends of the earth, which have made her citizens in a manner citizens of the world, have unfitted them to be German citizens ; for they judge of the happiness of mankind by the rate of exchange, and the price of wine. Let no one hastily condemn the worthy citizens of Frankfort for thus forgetting, in the pursuits of the merchant and money speculator, what the politician might, perhaps, hold to be the interest of their common country ; or, at least, before pronouncing his doom on their imagined selfishness, let him study the port of London, or Liverpool, or Bristol, and discover, if he can, a purer foundation for English mercantile patriotism.

Of the fifty thousand inhabitants who form the

population of Frankfort, about seven thousand are Jews. Perhaps they might have been expected to increase more rapidly in a city whose favourite pursuits are so congenial to the trafficking spirit of Israel, while its constitution gave them a toleration in religion, and a security of property, which they obtained only at a much later period from more powerful masters. They inhabit chiefly a particular quarter of the town, which, though no longer walled in, as it once was, to separate them from the rest of the community, repels the Christian intruder at every step, with filth much too disgusting to be particularized. In the driving of their traffic, they are importunate as Italian beggars. Lying in wait in his little dark shop, or little tattered booth, or, if these be buried in some obscure and sickening alley, prowling at the corner where it joins some more frequented street, the Jew darts out on every passenger of promise. He seems to possess a peculiar talent at discovering, even in the Babel of Frankfort, the country of the person whom he addresses, and seldom fails to hit the right language. Unless thrown off at once, he sticks to you through half a street, whispering the praises of his wares mingled with your own ; for, curving the spare, insignificant body into obsequiousness, and throwing into the twinkling grey eye as much condescension as its keenly expressed love of gain will admit, he conducts the whole oration as if he were sacrificing himself to do you a favour, of which nobody must know. When all the usual recommendations of great bargains fail, he generally finishes the climax with " On my soul and conscience, sir, they are genuine smuggled goods."

It seems to be the lot of the Jew to make himself singular even in trades which he drives in common with Christians, much more palpably than he differs from them in their religious faith. In a Protestant country a Catholic is not known, nor in a Catholic country a Protestant, till you open his prayer-book, or follow him into his church; but the peculiarities which keep the Jew separate from the world belong to every-day life. It is true, that, all over Europe, individuals are to be found who seldom repair to the synagogue, and have overcome the terrors of barbers and bacon; but these are regarded in heart, by their more orthodox brethren, as the freethinkers and backsliders of the tribes of Israel, whose sinful compliances must exclude them from the church triumphant, though the ungodly portion of Mammon, which they have contrived to amass, may render it prudent to retain them nominally within the pale of the communion below. The peculiarities of the general mass, form a lasting wall of partition between them and their Christian neighbours. In his modes of appellation, in his meats, in his amusements, the Jew is a separatist from the world, uniting himself to a solitary community, not only in his religious faith, which no one minds, but in matters which enter into the spirit, and descend to the details of ordinary life. Whether you dine, or pray, or converse, or correspond with a pure and conscientious Jew, some peculiarity forces upon your notice, that he is not one of the people; and in these, more than in the peculiarities of their religious creed, rests the execution of the curse, which still keeps the descendants of Israel

a distinct and despised people among the Gentile nations.

As a recompense for having lost the elections and coronations of the emperors, Frankfort was made the seat of the Germanic Diet, and would boast of being the seat of government of the whole Germanic body, if the Diet were truly a government. But, except that the presence of the deputies and foreign ministers increases the number of dinners and carriages in Frankfort, the Germans maintain, that the confederation, in which they have been bound, serves no one purpose of a government, but is merely a clumsy and expensive instrument, to enable Austria and Prussia to rule all Germany. The thing looks well enough on paper, they say, for the votes appear to be distributed according to the population of the different states ; but in its working, it manifests only the dictatorial preponderance of powers which they will not acknowledge to be German in point of interest, and only partially German even in point of territory. One-third of the votes, in the ordinary meetings, belongs to Austria, Prussia, England, Denmark, and the Netherlands. The small powers, who form the majority with half and quarter votes, or, as in one case, with the sixth part of a vote each, are entirely dependent on these greater states. These greater states, though possessing territories in Germany, are essentially foreign in their strength and interests, and, enjoying an irresistible influence in the Diet, they have handed over the government of Germany to Austria and Prussia ; while Prussia, again, seems to have thrown herself into the arms of Russia ; and Austria has been for centuries the bigoted

opponent of every thing which might tend to render Germany independent of the house of Hapsburgh. The Emperor Francis did well not to labour after the restoration of the empire ; for instead of remaining the limited and elective head of a disjointed monarchy, he has become the hereditary dictator of a submissive confederation ; instead of negotiating at Ratisbonne, he can command at Frankfort. Thus the Germanic Diet is essentially the representative, not of German, but of foreign interests, guided by potentates who claim a voice in its measures, in virtue of a portion of their territories, and then throw in upon its deliberations the whole weight of their preponderating political and military influence, to guard their own foreign interests, and effectuate schemes of policy which have no relation to the union, independence, or welfare of Germany.

The confederation provides, to be sure, a public treasury and a common army for the defence of the country ; but of what use are a treasury and army which stand at the disposal of foreign influence ? Moreover, it does not leave the states which compose it even political independence among themselves, and the quiet administration of their internal concerns. It seems to be the right of a sovereign to give his subjects as popular institutions as he may think proper ; but the sovereign princes of Germany must previously obtain, through the medium of the Diet, the permission of the courts of Vienna and Berlin. On this body depends the degree to which they shall descend from the old arbitrary prerogative ; for the confederation, while it thus lops off the most unquestionable rights of sovereign states, has formally declared, with ridi-

culous inconsistency, that it can contain only sovereign princes—and all the world knows what a sovereign prince means in the language of Vienna. Freedom of discussion among themselves, and the power of communicating their deliberations to those for whom they legislate, seem to be inseparable from the useful existence of a legislative body ; but, by the provisions of the confederation, this eternal minor placed under the tutelage of foreign powers, the Diet is bound to take care, that neither the discussions in such assemblies themselves, where they exist by sufferance, nor their publication through the press, shall endanger the tranquillity of Germany—and all the world knows by what standard Prince Metternich measures public tranquillity.

Even in the states where representative governments have been established, the confederation deprives them of all power in the most important questions that can be put to a nation, those of peace and war ; for it has expressly provided, that no constitution shall be allowed to impede a prince, who belongs to the confederation, in the performance of the duties which the Diet may think proper to impose upon him. Whether Bavaria or Wirtemberg, for example, shall go to war, is not in every case a question for her own king and parliament, but for the Prussian and Austrian envoys at Frankfort. If the powers which, though essentially foreign, are preponderating, find it useful to employ the money and arms of the Germanic body, the constitution at home is virtually suspended. The Diet is despotic in legislative, executive, and judicial authority ; and, if any part of the territory included in the confederation be

attacked, the whole body is *ipso facto* in a state of war. France quarrels with Austria and the Netherlands ; she attacks the former in Italy, and the latter in the Duchy of Luxembourg, which is a part of the confederation ; the whole Germanic body must fly to arms, for the territory of the confederation is attacked. Although Bavaria, for instance, should have no more interest in the quarrel than his Majesty of Otaheite, she must submit to the misery and extravagance of war, as if an enemy stood on the banks of her own Iser. In vain may her parliament resolve for peace, and refuse to vote either men or money ; it is the duty of their king to go to war for the inviolability of this ricketty and heterogeneous confederation. The decision belongs, not to the monarch and representatives of the Bavarian people, but to the diplomatists of Frankfort ; and if the former be backward, a hundred thousand Austrians can speedily supply the place of tax-gatherers and recruiting officers.

These are the sentiments which are heard every where in Germany ; and, making every allowance for national partialities, there certainly is a great deal of truth in them. The Germanic confederation has nothing equal in it ; it is ruled by foreigners, for even the votes of Hanover obey the ministry of England. Weimar, whose liberal institutions and free press had been guaranteed by this very Diet, was compelled to violate them, and submit to a censorship, at the will of a congress of ministers, whom Germany can justly call foreign, assembled in Carlsbad. If I observed rightly, the preponderance of Austria is peculiarly grating to the powers more properly German.

They know that Austria is the very last among them which can pretend to be reckoned a pure German state; the greatest part of her population does not even speak the language: they are at least her equals in military fame, and they have far outstripped her in all the arts of peace. It is not wonderful that they should feel degraded at seeing their common country subjected to the domination of a power in which they find so little to respect or love. If you wish to know the politics of the confederation, say the Germans, you must inquire, not at Frankfort, but at Vienna or Berlin. One thing is certain, viz. that the southern states, which have adopted popular institutions, must hang together in good and evil report. It is only in a determined spirit of union, and in the honest support of Hanover, that Bavaria, Wirtemberg, and Baden, can be safe. The "*Delenda est Carthago*" of Cato was not more necessary in Rome, than "*Cavenda est Austria*" is in Munich, Hanover, and Stuttgart.

The Diet is held to be utterly impotent even in its most important duty, the preservation of that equality among its own members, without which a confederation is one of the most intolerable forms of oppression. The King of Prussia chose to lay taxes, as was alleged, on the subjects of his neighbour the Duke of Anhalt Cöthen, both of them members of the confederation. The little duke brought his action before the Diet against the great king. All Germany was on tip-toe expectation to see how the supreme government would discharge its duty. The supreme government was much averse to show its impotency in a dispute where all was strength on the one side, and all

weakness on the other, and contrived to have the case settled out of court—a phrase by no means out of place, for the form and nomenclature of proceeding in the supreme executive government of Germany would be intelligible only in the Court of Chancery, or still more in a Scottish Court of Session. Nothing is managed without whole reams of petitions, and answers, and replies, and duplies. A growler of Berlin was asked, “What is the Diet about?”—“Of course, examining the stationer’s accounts,” was the reply.

But these are dry matters. It will be more amusing to follow the course of the Main, a dozen miles upwards from Frankfort, to “The Abode of Bliss,” (Seligenstadt,) a small village which, close on the bank of the river, peeps forth from a decaying forest. It has its name from having witnessed the loves, as it still preserves the remains, of Eginhard and Emma. A scanty ruin, called the Red Tower, is pointed out as having been part of the original residence of the lovers, after Charlemagne prudently consented to save the honour of his daughter, by giving her to the aspiring secretary. Eginhard built a church on the spot, and stored it with relics. The peasantry, having forgotten the names, and never known the history have a version of their own. According to their legend, the daughter of an emperor who was celebrating his Christmas holidays at Frankfort, (and one of them told me his name was Emperor Nero,) fell in love with a huntsman of her father’s train. She fled with her lover, as young ladies will do now and then, when papas look sour, and young gentlemen look sweet. They found refuge and concealment in the forest, an outskirt of the Spes-

sart, which, though now so much thinned, in those days spread its oaks far and wide over the country. They built themselves a hut, and, of course, lived happily. The young man was expert and industrious as a deer-stealer, and the lady boasted acquirements in cookery which subsequently were turned to excellent account. Years pass away; the emperor happens to hunt again in the forest; overcome by hunger, fatigue, and a long chase, he stumbles, with his suite, on the solitary cottage, and asks a dinner. The confounded inmates prepare to set before him the only repast which their poverty affords, venison poached in his own forests. The emperor did not recognise his lost daughter in the more womanly form, and rustic disguise, of the hostess; but the daughter recognised her father; and as woman's wit knows no ebb, she served up to his Majesty a dish which she knew to have been his favourite, and of which he had never eaten except when it was prepared by her own skilful hands. Nero has scarcely tasted of the dish, when he breaks forth into lamentations over the daughter with whom its delicacies are associated, and anxiously interrogates his young hostess from whom she had learned cookery. The runaway and her hunter fall at his feet; Emperor Nero was a kind-hearted old man; every thing is forgiven; he names the spot the Abode of Bliss, in commemoration at once of his dinner and his daughter, carries the pair to his palace, and till his dying day eats of his favourite meal as often as he chooses. The lovers-built a church where their hut had stood, and were buried together within its walls.

Such is the tradition of the Franconian peasant.

There is no doubt that the church was built, if not during the reign, yet shortly after the death of Charlemagne ; but it is just as little doubtful that, in its present form, it belongs to a much later age. What is called modern taste has been guilty of an unpardonable breach of good taste. The bones of Eginhard and his Emma reposed in a massy antique sarcophagus on an antique monument. Some ruthless stone-hewer has been allowed to unhouse the ashes of the lovers from their venerable abode, and to inclose them in a new shining, toy-shop chest. These are men who would set "Margaret's Ghost" to the air of "Pray, Goody," and dash the wall-flower from a ruin to plant tulips in its stead.

This Abode of Bliss boasts another species of beatitude. It is a frontier village of the duchy of Darmstadt towards Bavaria, and the traveller who passes the confines for the first time must submit to a Bacchanalian ceremony. It was here that, in the olden time, the merchants coming to the Frankfort fair from East, North, and South, used to assemble. Here they were accustomed to drink deep congratulations on the journey which they had accomplished in safety, and good wishes to the approaching fair ; and from hence they were conducted in triumph into the city by the town guards of Frankfort. They had procured a huge wooden ladle. The handle depends from a wooden chain about three feet long, and both ladle and chain are cut out of the same piece of wood. This relic is religiously preserved in an inn at Seligenstadt. Every traveller who passes the frontier for the first time must drain the ladle, brimful of wine, (it contains a bottle,) at one draught. This is

the strict rule ; but, in general, he can escape without getting drunk, by promising the bystanders the remainder of the bottle. His name is then enrolled in an Album which has now reached the third folio volume, and contains the names of most crowned heads in Europe during the last two hundred years.

CHAPTER II.

WEIMAR.

Klein ist unter den Fürsten Germaniens freylich der meine,
 Kurs und schmal ist sein Land, mässig nur was er vermag.
 Aber so wende nach innen, so wende nach aussen die Kräfte
 Jeder, da wär ein Fest Deutscher mit Deutscher zu seyn.
Gothe.

As the traveller proceeds northward from Frankfurt towards Saxony, the vine-clad hills of the Main disappear to give place to the Thuringian Forest, which still retains its name, though cultivation has stripped much of it of its honours. The country which it once covered forms a succession of low rounded ridges, which inclose broad valleys swarming with a most industrious population. Except towards Cassel, where many summits still retain their covering of beeches, the corn field and orchard have allowed only an occasional tuft to remain round the cottages for shelter, or to crown the brow of the hill to supply fuel. Between the Thuringian forest and the foot of the Erzgebirge, nestles a crowd of the small princes, who, by family influence, or political services, have saved their insignificant independence. To the territory of Cassel succeeds part of the Grand Duchy of Weimar ;

to a few miles of Weimar succeed a few miles of Gotha; these are followed by a slip of Prussia, and the Prussian fortress Erfurth; you are scarcely out of the reach of the cannon, when you are out of the territory, and find yourself again in the dominions of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

Weimar, the capital of a state whose whole population does not exceed two hundred thousand souls, scarcely deserves the name of a town. The inhabitants, vain as they are of its well-earned reputation as the German Athens, take a pride in having it considered merely a large village. Neither nature nor art has done any thing to beautify it; there is scarcely a straight street, nor, excepting the palace, and the building in which parliament assembles, is there a large house in the whole town. In three minutes a person can be as completely in the country as if he were twenty miles removed. The palace is imposing only from its extent, and it is still unfinished; for the Grand Duke, having made as much of it habitable as was required for his own court and the family of his eldest son, is too economical with the money of his subjects to hasten the completion of his palace, until his little territory shall have recovered from the misery and exhaustion which began with the battle of Jena, and terminated only after the victory of Leipzig.

Close by the town, the Ilm creeps along, a narrow, muddy stream, devoid of rural or picturesque beauty, and confining its boastings to what Schiller has put into its mouth, in "The Rivers;"

Though poor my banks, my stream has borne along,
On its still waters, many a deathless song.

Along the river woods have been planted, walks laid out, rocks hewn into the perpendicular where they were to be found, and plastered up into monstercles where they were not to be found, all to form a park, or, as they often style it, an English garden. In the detail of ornament, the wits of Weimar have fallen into some littlenesses, too trifling perhaps to be noticed, were it not that here we expect to find every thing correct in matters of taste, because Weimar has been the nurse of the taste of Germany. It is quite allowable, for instance, to erect an altar in a shady corner, and inscribe on it GENIO LOCI; but, though a serpent came forth from beneath the altar on which Æneas was sacrificing to the Manes of his father, and ate up the cakes, that is no good reason why a stone snake should wind himself round the altar of the Genius of the English garden of Weimar, and bite into a stone roll laid for him on the top. It is not in Weimar that the gaiety, or the loud and loose pleasures of a capital are to be sought; there are too few idle people, and there is too little wealth, for frivolous dissipation. Without either spies or police, the smallness of the town and the mode of life place every one under the notice of the court, and the court has never allowed its literary elegance to be stained by extravagant parade, or licentiousness of conduct. The nobility, though sufficiently numerous for the population, are persons of but moderate fortunes; many of them would find it difficult to play their part, frugal and regular as the mode of life is, were they not engaged in the service of the government in some capacity or another, as ministers, counsellors, judges, or chamberlains. There

is not much dissoluteness to be feared where it is necessary to climb an outside stair to the routs of a minister, and a lord of the bedchamber gives, in a third floor, parties which are honoured with the presence even of princes. The man of pleasure would find Weimar dull. The forenoon is devoted to business; even the straggling few who have nothing to do would be ashamed to show themselves idle, till the approach of an early dinner hour justifies a walk in the park, or a ride to Belvedere. At six o'clock every one hies to the theatre, which is just a large family meeting, excepting that the Grand Ducal personages sit in a separate box. The performance closes about nine o'clock, and it is expected that, by ten, every household shall be sound asleep, or, at least, soberly within its own walls for the night. It is perhaps an evil that, in these small capitals, the court, like Aaron's serpent, swallows up every other species of society; but at Weimar this is less to be regretted, because the court parties have less parade and formality than are frequently to be found in those of private noblemen in London or Paris: it is merely the best bred, and best informed society of the place.

The Grand Duke is the most popular prince in Europe, and no prince could better deserve the attachment which his people lavish upon him. We have long been accustomed to laugh at the pride and poverty of petty German princes; but nothing can give a higher idea of the respectability which so small a people may assume, and the quantity of happiness which one of these insignificant monarchs may diffuse around him, than the example of this little state, with a prince like the

present Grand Duke at its head. The mere pride of sovereignty, frequently most prominent where there is only the title to justify it, is unknown to him; he is the most affable man in his dominions, not simply with the condescension which any prince can learn to practise as a useful quality, but from goodness of heart. His talents are far above mediocrity; no prince could be less attached to the practices of arbitrary power, while his activity, and the conscientiousness with which he holds himself bound to watch over the welfare of his handful of subjects, have never allowed him to be blindly guided by ministers. Much of his reign has fallen in evil times. He saw his principality overrun with greater devastation than had visited it since the Thirty Years' War; yet in every vicissitude he knew how to command the respect even of the conqueror, and to strengthen himself more firmly in the affections of his subjects. During the whole of his long reign, the conscientious administration of the public money, anxiety for the impartiality of justice, the instant and sincere attention given to every measure of public benefit, the ear and hand always open to relieve individual misfortune, the efforts which he has made to elevate the political character of his people, crowned by the voluntary introduction of a representative government, have rendered the Grand Duke of Weimar the most popular prince in Germany among his own subjects, and ought to make him rank among the most respectable in the eyes of foreigners, so far as respectability is to be measured by personal merit, not by square miles of territory, or millions of revenue.

His people, likewise, justly regard him as ha-

ving raised their small state to an eminence from which its geographical and political insignificance seemed to have excluded it. Educated by Wieland, he grew up for the arts, just as the literature of Germany was beginning to triumph over the obstacles which the indifference of the people, and the naturalization of French literature, favoured by such prejudices as those of Frederick the Great, had thrown in its way. He drew to his court the most distinguished among the rising geniuses of the country; he loved their arts, he could estimate their talents, and he lived among them as friends. In the middle of the last century, Germany could scarcely boast of possessing a national literature: her very language, reckoned unfit for the higher productions of genius, was banished from cultivated society, and elegant literature: at the beginning of the present, there were few departments in which Germany could not vie with her most polished neighbours. It was Weimar that took the lead in working out this great change. To say nothing of lesser worthies, Wieland and Schiller, Göthe and Herder, are names which have gained immortality for themselves, and founded the reputation of their country among foreigners. While they were still all alive, and celebrated in Weimar their *noctes cœnasque deorum*, the court was a revival of that of Ferrara under Alphonso; and here too, as there, a princely female was the centre round which the lights of literature revolved. The Duchess Amalia, the mother of the present Grand Duke, found herself a widow almost at the opening of her youth. She devoted herself to the education of her two infant sons; she had sufficient taste and strength of mind to throw off the prejudices which were weigh-

ing down the native genius of the country, and she sought the consolation of her long widowhood in the intercourse of men of talent, and the cultivation of the arts. Wieland was invited to Weimar to conduct the education of her eldest son, who, trained under such a tutor, and by the example of such a mother, early imbibed the same attachment to genius, and the enjoyments which it affords. If he could not render Weimar the seat of German politics, or German industry, he could render it the abode of German genius. While the treasures of more weighty potentates were insufficient to meet the necessities of their political relations, his confined revenues could give independence and careless leisure to the men who were gaining for Germany its intellectual reputation. The cultivated understanding and natural goodness of their protector secured them against the mortifications to which genius is so often exposed by the pride of patronage. Schiller would not have endured the caprices of Frederick for a day; Göthe would have pined at the court of an emperor who could publicly tell the teachers of a public seminary, "I want no learned men, I need no learned men." Napoleon conferred the cross of the Legion of Honour on Göthe and Wieland. He certainly had never read a syllable which either of them has written; but it was, at least, an honour paid to men of splendid and acknowledged genius.

It was fortunate for Weimar, that the talent assembled within it took a direction which threw off, at once, the long-endured reproach, that Germany could produce minds only fitted to compile dry chronicles, or plod on in the sciences. The wit and vanity of the French, aided by the melancholy

blindness of some German princes, had spread this belief over Europe. It is not difficult to conceive that Voltaire should have treated Germany as the abode of common-place learning, where the endless repetition of known facts or old doctrines, in new compends and compilations, seemed to argue an incapacity of original thinking; but it is more difficult to conceive that a monarch like Frederick, who possessed some literary talent himself, and affected a devoted attachment to literary merit, should have adopted so mistaken an opinion of a country which he must have known so much better than his Gallic retinue. Yet he had taken up this belief in its most prejudiced form. Instead of cherishing the German genius which was already preparing to give the lie to the wits of France, he amused himself with railing at her language, laughing at the *gelehrte Dunkelheit*, or "erudite obscurity" of her learned men, and proscribing from his conversation and his library every thing that was not French, except the reports of his ministers, and the muster-rolls of his army. The delirium spread to less important princes, and caught all the upper ranks of society. The native genius of the country, scarcely venturing to claim toleration, wandered forth in exile to the mountains of Switzerland. On the banks of the lake of Zürich, where a small society of literati had assembled, Wieland followed, unknown and unnoticed, the pursuits which soon placed him among the foremost men of his age. The house of Baden gave its countenance to Klopstock, and Lessing had found protection in Brunswick; but it was Weimar that first embodied, as it were, the genius of the country, and that genius speedily announced itself in a voice which, at once,

recalled Germany from her error. The Parisians, who, a few years ago, would have reckoned it infidelity to the muses to open a German book, have condescended to translate Schiller, and translate him almost as successfully as they do Shakspeare or the Scottish Novels. How truly did Schiller sing of the muse of his country,*

For her bloom'd no Augustan age ;
 No Medicean patronage
 Smiled on her natal hour ;
 She was not nursed by sounds of fame ;
 No ray of princely favour came
 To unfold the tender flower.

The greatest son of Germany,
 Even Frederick, bade her turn away
 Unhonour'd from his throne :
 Proudly the German bard can tell,
 And higher may his bosom swell,
 He form'd himself alone.

Hence the proud stream of German song
 Still rolls in mightier waves along,
 A tide for ever full ;
 From native stores its waters bringing,
 Fresh from the heart's own fountain springing,
 Scoffs at the yoke of rule.

None of the distinguished leaders of the "German Athens" belonged to the Grand Duchy itself. Wieland was a Swabian, and the increasing body of literary light collected round him as a nucleus. The jealousies of rival authors are proverbial, but at Weimar they seem to have been unknown. They often opposed each other, sometimes re-

* Die Deutsche Muse.

viewed each other's books, but admitted no ungenerous hostilities. Wieland rejoiced when Göthe and Herder were invited to be his companions, although both were vehement opponents of the critical principles which he promulgated in the German Mercury. Göthe had even written a biting satire against him, "Gods, Heroes, and Wieland," which, though not intended for publication, had, nevertheless, found its way into the world. Göthe himself has recorded how the young Duke sought him out in Frankfort. Schiller was first placed in a chair at Jena; but the state of his health, which, though it could not damp the fire of his genius, converted his latter years into years of suffering, unfitted him for professional occupation, and he was placed in independence at Weimar.

Wieland, the patriarch of the tribe, seems likewise to have been the most enthusiastically beloved. All who remember him speak of him with rapture, and it is easy to conceive that the author of *Oberon* and of *Agathon*, and the translator of *Cicero's Letters*, must have been a delightful combination of acuteness and wit, no ordinary powers of original thinking united to a fancy rich, elegant, and playful. To the very close of his long life, he continued to be the pride of the old and the delight of the young. Much less a man of the world than Göthe, he commanded equal respect, and greater attachment. Göthe has been accused of a too jealous sensibility about his literary character, and a constantly sustained *authorial* dignity, which have exposed him to the imputation of being vain and proud. Wieland gave himself no anxiety about his reputation; except when the pen was in his hand, he forgot there were such things in the world

as books and authors, and strove only to render himself an agreeable companion. The young people of the court were never happier than when, on a summer evening, they could gather round "Father Wieland" in the shades of Tiefurth; or the garden of his own little country residence. Writers of books sometimes misunderstood the man, and talked of him as a trifler, because he did not always look like a folio; Wieland smiled at their absurdities. Göthe, too, got into a passion with people whose visits he had permitted, and who then put him into their books, not altogether in the eulogistic style which he expects, and, moreover, deserves; but, instead of treating such things with indifference, he made himself more inaccessible, and assumed a statelier dignity.

Poor Schiller, while taking the lead of all his competitors in the race of immortality, could not keep abreast with them in the enjoyments of the world. Tender and kindly as his disposition was, his genius sought its food in the lofty and impassioned. In his lyrical pieces he seldom aimed at lightness, and mere elegance was a merit which he thoroughly despised. Continued sickness of body excluded him, in a great measure, from the world, and the closing years of his too short life were spent in scarcely remitting agony. Yet how his genius burned to the last with increasing warmth and splendour! It would be too much to say that he lived long enough for his fame; for, though he gained immortality, his later productions rise so far above his earlier works, that he assuredly would have approached still nearer to perfection.

No German poet deserves better to be known

than Schiller, yet his most successful efforts are least generally known among us. His merits are by no means confined to the drama; whoever is not acquainted with Schiller's Lyrical Poems, is ignorant of his most peculiar and inimitable productions. In the ballad, he aimed at the utmost simplicity of feeling, and narrative, and diction. It would scarcely be too much to say, that, in this style, his "Knight Toggenburg" has no equal; in German it certainly has none. Its very simplicity, however, is a great obstacle in the way of translation; for this is a quality which is apt, in passing into another language, to degenerate into what is trivial or familiar.

KNIGHT TOGGENBURG.

" Knight, to love thee like a sister
Swears to thee this heart;
Do not ask a fonder passion,
For it makes me smart.
Tranquil would I be before thee,
Tranquil see thee go;
And what that silent tear would say,
I must not—dare not know."

He tears himself away; the heart
In silent woe must bleed;
A fiery, but a last embrace—
He springs upon his steed;
From hill and dale of Switzerland
He calls his trusty band;
They bind the cross upon the breast,
And seek the Holy Land.

And there were deeds of high renown
Wrought by the hero's arm;
Where thickest throng'd the foemen round,
His plume waved in their swarm.

Till, at the Toggenburger's name,
The Mussulman would start :
But nought can heal the hidden woe
The sickness of the heart.

A year he bears the dreary load
Of life when love is lost ;
The peace he chases ever flies ;
He leaves the Christian host.
He finds a bark on Joppa's strand ;
Her sail already fills ;
It bears him home where the beloved
Breathes on his native hills.

The love-worn pilgrim reach'd her hall ;
Knock'd at her castle gate ;
Alas ! it open'd but to speak
The thunder voice of fate :
" She whom you seek now wears the veil ;
Her troth to God is given ;
The pomp and vow of yesterday
Have wedded her to Heaven."

Straight to the castle of his sires
For aye he bids adieu ;
He sees no more his trusty steed,
Nor blade so tried and true.
Descending from the Toggenburg,
Unknown he seeks the vale ;
For sackcloth wraps his lordly limbs,
Instead of knightly mail.

Where from the shade of dusky limes
Peeps forth the convent tower,
He chose a nigh and silent spot,
And built himself a bower.
And there, from morning's early dawn,
Until the twilight shone,
With silent hope within his eye,
The hermit sat alone ;

Up to the convent many an hour
Gazed patient from below,
Up to the lattice of his love,
Until it open'd slow ;

as far beyond our reach, though blazing in our zenith, as to those who caught only his more distant rays.

Of the sages and poets of Weimar, Göthe alone survives. One after another, he has sung the dirge over Herder, and Wieland, and Schiller—"his tuneful brethren all are fled." But, lonely as he now is in the world of genius, it could be less justly said of him than of any other man, that he,

———— "neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest;"

—for no living author, at least of Germany, can boast of so long and brilliant a career. At once a man of genius and a man of the world, Göthe has made his way as an accomplished courtier, no less than as a great poet. He has spent in Weimar more than one-half of his prolific life, the object of enthusiastic admiration to his countrymen; honoured by sovereigns, to whom his muse has never been deficient in respect; the friend of his prince, who esteems him the first man on earth; and caressed by all the ladies of Germany, to whose reasonable service he has devoted himself from his youth upwards. It is only necessary to know what Göthe still is in his easy and friendly moments, to conceive how justly the universal voice describes him as having been in person, manners, and talent, a captivating man. Though he is now seventy-four years old, his tall imposing form is but little bent; the lofty open brow retains all its dignity, and even the eye has not lost much of its fire. The effects of age are chiefly perceptible in an occasional indistinctness of articulation. Much has been said of the jealousy with which he

guards his literary reputation, and the haughty reserve with which this jealousy is alleged to surround his intercourse. Those who felt it so must either have been persons whose own reputation rendered him cautious in their presence, or whose doubtful intentions laid him under still more unpleasant restraints; for he sometimes shuts his door, and often his mouth, from the dread of being improperly put into books. His conversation is unaffected, gentlemanly, and entertaining: in the neatness and point of his expressions, no less than in his works, the first German classic, in regard of language, is easily recognised. He has said somewhere, that he considered himself to have acquired only one talent, that of writing German. He manifests no love of display, and least of all in his favourite studies. It is not uncommon, indeed, to hear people say, that they did not find in Göthe's conversation any striking proof of the genius which animates his writings; but this is as it should be. There are few more intolerable personages than those who, having once acquired a reputation for cleverness, think themselves bound never to open their mouths without saying something which they take to be smart or uncommon.

The approach of age, and certain untoward circumstances which wounded his vanity, have, at length, driven Göthe into retirement. He spends the winter in Weimar, but no man is less seen. Buried among his books and engravings, making himself master of every thing worth reading in German, English, French, and Italian, he has said adieu to the worldly pleasures and gaieties, and even to much of the usual intercourse of society.

Not long ago, he attended a concert, given at court, in honour of a birth-day. He was late; when he entered the room the music instantly ceased; all forgot court and princes to gather round Göthe, and the Grand Duke himself advanced to lead up his old friend.

For nearly five years he has deserted the theatre, which used to be the scene of his greatest glory. By the weight of his reputation and directorship, he had established such a despotism, that the spectators would have deemed it treason to applaud before Göthe had given, from his box, the signal of approbation. Yet a dog and a woman could drive him from the theatre and the world. Most people know the French melodrame, *The Forest of Bondy*, or the *Dog of St Aubry*. The piece became a temporary favourite in Germany, as well as in France, for it was something new to see a mastiff play the part of a tragic hero. An attempt was made to have it represented in Weimar. Göthe, who, after the death of Schiller, reigned absolute monarch of the theatre, resisted the design with vehemence; he esteemed it a profanation of the stage which he and his brethren had raised to the rank of the purest in Germany, that it should be polluted by dumb men, noisy *spectacle*, and the barkings of a mastiff, taught to pull a bell by tying a sausage to the bell-rope. But his opposition was in vain; the principal actress insisted that the piece should be performed, and this lady has long possessed peculiar sources of influence over the Grand Duke. The dog made his debut and Göthe his exit; the latter immediately resigned the direction of the theatre, which he has never since entered, and took advantage of this good pre-

text to withdraw into the more retired life which he has since led.

At Jena, where he generally spends the summer and autumn, he mixes more with the world ; and he occasionally indulges in a month's recreation at Töplitz or Carlsbad, where, among princes and nobles, he is still the great object of public curiosity. Among the erudite professors of Jena, there are more than one who do not seem to entertain much respect for him, and who have written and done mortifying things against him. One of the few clouds, for example, which have passed over the sky of his literary life, was an article in the Edinburgh Review, some years ago, on his Memoirs of himself. It vexed him exceedingly ; but the most vexatious thing of all was, that one of his enemies at Jena translated it into German, and circulated it with malicious industry.

Goëthe stands pre-eminent above all his countrymen in versatility and universality of genius. There are few departments which he has not attempted, and in many he has gained the first honours. There is no mode of the lyre through which he has not run, song, epigram, ode, elegy, ballad, opera, comedy, tragedy, the lofty epic, and that anomalous production of the German Parnassus, the civil epic, (*Bürgerliche Epos*), which, forsaking the deeds of heroes and the fates of nations, sings in sounding hexameters the simple lives and loves of citizens and farmers. Yet the muses have been far from monopolizing the talents of this indefatigable man. As they were the first love, so they are still the favourites of his genius ; but he has coquetted with numberless rivals, and miner-

alogy, criticism on the fine arts, biography and topography, sentimental and philosophical novels, optics and comparative anatomy, have all employed his pen. His lucubrations in the sciences have not commanded either notice or admiration; to write well on every thing, it is not enough to take an interest in every thing. It is in the fine arts, in poetry as an artist, in painting and sculpture as a critic, that Göthe justifies the fame which he has been accumulating during fifty years:—for his productions in this department contain an assemblage of dissimilar excellences which none of his countrymen can produce, though individually they might be equalled or surpassed. Faust alone, a poem which only a German can thoroughly feel or understand, is manifestly the production of a genius quite at home in every thing with which poetry deals, and master of all the styles which poetry can adopt. Tasso deserves the name of a drama, only because it is in dialogue, and it becomes intolerably tiresome when declaimed by actors; but it is from beginning to end a stream of the richest and purest poetry. It is an old story, that his first celebrated work, Werther, turned the heads of all Germany; young men held themselves bound to fall in love with the wives of their friends, and then to blow out their own brains; it is averred, that consummations of this sort actually took place. The public admiration of the young author, who could paint with such force, was still warm, when he gave them that most spirited sketch, Götz of Berlichingen with the Iron Hand, a picture of the feudal manners of their forefathers. The reading and writing world immediately threw themselves into this new channel,

and German presses and German stages groaned beneath the knights, the abbots, the battles, and the banquets, of the fifteenth century. Like every man of original genius, he had novelty in his favour; and, like every successful adventurer in what is new, he was followed by a host of worthless imitators and insipid mannerists.

The regular novels of Göthe are of a very questionable sort. The vivacity of his imagination and fineness of feeling supply good individual pictures and acute remarks; but they cannot be praised either for incident or character. They are often stained, too, with the degradation to which he unfortunately reduces love, where liking and vice follow fast upon each other. "The Apprenticeship of William Meister," for instance, is a very readable book, in so far as it contains a great deal of acute and eloquent criticism; but who would purchase the criticism, even of Göthe, at the expense of the licentiousness of incident, and pruriency of description, with which the book teems? He now devotes himself chiefly to philosophical and critical disquisitions on the fine arts.

It is scarcely possible for a man who has written so much, not to have written much that is mediocre. Göthe, having long since reached that point of reputation at which the name of an author is identified, in the eyes of his countrymen, with the excellence of his work, has been frequently overrated, and men are not wanting who augur that the best of his fame is past. But he can well afford to make many allowances for the excesses into which popular enthusiasm, like popular dislike, is so easily misled; for there will always remain an abundance of original, varied, and power,

ful genius, to unite his name for ever with the literature of his country. He himself said truly of Schiller, that where the present age had been deficient, posterity would be profuse ; and the prophecy is already receiving its fulfilment. To Göthe the present has been lavish, and the future will not be unjust. From his youth, he has been the favourite of fortune and fame ; he has reached the brink of the grave, hailed by the voice of his country as the foremost of her great, the patriarch of her literature, and the model of her genius. In his old age, wrapped up in the seclusion of Weimar, so becoming his years and so congenial to his habits, he hears no sounds but those of eulogy and affection. Like an eastern potentate, or a jealous deity, he looks abroad from his retirement on the intellectual world which he has formed by his precept or his example ; he pronounces the oracular doom, or sends forth a revelation, and men wait on him to venerate and obey. Princes are proud to be his companions ; less elevated men approach him with awe, as a higher spirit ; and when Göthe shall follow the kindred minds whom he has seen pass away before him, Weimar will have lost the pillar of her fame, and in the literature of Germany there will be a vacant throne.

Since the mastiff, backed by the influence of Madame J——n, drove Göthe from the direction of the theatre, it has been rapidly declining from its eminence. He and Schiller had trained the whole *corps dramatique*, and created that chaste, correct style of representation which formed the peculiarity of the Weimar School. Every thing like rant disappeared from the stage, but the opposite extreme was not always avoided ; anxiety to

observe the great rule of not "o'erstepping the modesty of nature," sometimes brought down tragedy to the subdued tone and gesture of serious conversation. The patience with which Göthe drilled the performers into a thorough comprehension of their parts was most meritorious; it produced that accurate conception of character, the foundation of all histrionic excellence, which distinguished the stage of Weimar above every other in Germany, and which, now that the guiding hand and spirit have been withdrawn, is disappearing even there. It was a common saying, that elsewhere particular things might be better done, but in Weimar every thing was well done. The administration passed into the hands of Madame J——n, who, now reigning absolutely in the green-room, has already contrived, by pride, vanity, and caprice, to sow abundantly the seeds both of deterioration and contention. Bad taste in selecting, want of judgment in casting, and carelessness in performing, are become as common in Weimar as any where else. People are not blind to the progress of the corruption; but the predominating influence stands on that foundation which it is most difficult to shake: and, unfortunately, no expression of displeasure is allowed in the theatre itself: it is regarded as a private, court theatre, where good breeding permits only approbation or silence. If a prince maintain a place of amusement for the public at his own expense, he may have some pretext for saying, that you shall either stay away, or be quiet; but, when he takes your money at the door, he certainly sells you the right of growling at the entertainment, if it be badly cooked, or slovenly served up. The liberty of hissing is as essential to

the good constitution of a theatre, as the liberty of the press to the constitution of a state. Three-fourths of all the expenses, however, come out of the pocket of the Grand Duke ; for, to the *abonnés*, a place in the boxes costs only ninepence every evening, and in the pit fourpence. Spectators who are not *abonnés* pay more than double this price ; but these consist only of occasional strangers, and the students who pour over every Saturday from Jena, and throng the pit. These young men have, in such matters, a thorough contempt for *meum* and *tuum* ; with them it is always *abonnement suspendu*. They cannot imagine that any man should have the impertinence to claim his place, if a student has chosen to occupy it ; and they are ready to maintain, at the point of the sword, the privileges of their brotherhood. Schiller's Robbers never fails to bring the whole university to Weimar, for the students seem to find in the bandit life something peculiarly consonant to their own ideas of liberty and independence. When the robbers open the fifth act with the song in which they celebrate the joys of their occupation, the students stand up in a body, and join vociferously in the strain.

It may be thought trifling to say so much about a theatre ; but the only thing that gives Weimar a name is its literary reputation ; and in this reputation the character of the stage formed a popular and important element, and exercised a weighty influence on the public taste. It is, likewise, almost the only amusement to which the inhabitants of this celebrated village have accustomed themselves. Thus their vanity is interested no less than their love of amusement ; and, though it may scarcely be thought advisable, in so poor a coun-

try, to take a large sum from the public revenues to support a theatre, there is no branch of expenditure which the inhabitants would less willingly see curtailed. They are irritated, therefore, that the influence of the Queen of the boards with their master should operate so injuriously on the histrionic republic; they had no fault to find with his gallantry so long as it did not violate the muses. Let not this be ascribed to any want of moral sensibility. We have no very favourable idea of German morality, and, in the larger capitals, particularly those of the South, there certainly is no reason why we should; but Weimar is a spot of as pure morality as any in Europe. At Munich or Vienna, *corrumpere et corrumpi sæculum vocatur*; but the infection has not reached these Thuringians. It is as surprising to find in Weimar so pure a court, round a prince who has shown himself not to be without human frailties, as it is to find in Vienna a society made up of the most unprincipled dissoluteness, round an emperor who is himself one of the purest men alive.

Like all their sisters of Saxony, the ladies are models of industry; whether at home or abroad, knitting and needle-work knew no interruption. A lady, going to a route, would think little of forgetting her fan, but could not spend half an hour without her implements of female industry. A man would be quite pardonable for doubting, on entering such a drawing room, whether he had not strayed into a school of industry. At Dresden this is carried so far, that even the theatre is not protected against stocking wires. I have seen a lady gravely lay down her work, wipe away the tears which the sorrows of Thekla in Wallenstein's

Death had brought into her eyes, and immediately reassume her knitting. The Weimarese have not yet found it necessary to put softness of heart so absolutely under the protection of the work-bag. They are much more attached to music than to dancing; and sometimes a desperate struggle is made to get up a masquerade; but they want the vivacity without which a thing of that sort is the most insipid of all amusements. The higher class leave the masquerades to the citizens, who demurely pace round a room in black dominos, and stare at each other in black faces.

As might be expected from the literary tone which so long ruled, and still lingers round, the court and society of Weimar, even the ladies have not altogether escaped a sprinkling of pedantry; some have been thickly powdered over with it, and, in so small a circle, shake off their learned dust on all whom they jostle. One coterie forms a regular critical club. The gifted members, varying in age from sixteen to sixty, hold their weekly meetings over tea-cups, wrapped up in as cautious secrecy as if celebrating the mysteries of the Bona Dea. A daring Clodius once intruded and witnessed the dissection of a tragedy; but he had reason to repent the folly of being wise, so long as he remained within the reach of the conclave. But altogether, the ladies of Weimar are, in every thing that is good, a favourable specimen of their countrywomen.

The serious pursuits and undeviating propriety of conduct of the Grand Duchess herself, have had a large share in thus forming the manners of her court and subjects. Her Royal Highness is a princess of the house of Darmstadt; she is now

venerable by her years, but still more by the excellence of her heart, and the strength of her character. In these little principalities, the same goodness of disposition can work with more proportional effect than if it swayed the sceptre of an empire; it comes more easily and directly into contact with those towards whom it should be directed; the artificial world of courtly rank and wealth has neither sufficient glare nor body to shut out from the prince the more chequered world that lies below. After the battle of Jena, which was fought within ten miles of the walls, Weimar looked to her alone for advice and protection. Her husband and younger son were absent with the fragments of the defeated army; the French troops were let loose on the territory and capital; the flying peasantry already bore testimony to the outrages which are inseparable from the presence of brutal and insolent conquerors. The hope that she might be useful to the people in this hour of trial, when they could look only to her, prevailed over every apprehension of personal insult and danger; she calmly awaited in Weimar the approach of the French, collected round her in the palace the greater part of the women and children who had not yet fled, and shared with them herself the coarse and scanty food which she was able to distribute among them. The Emperor, on his arrival, took up his abode in the palace, and the Grand Duchess immediately requested an interview with him. His first words to her were, "Madam, I make you a present of this palace;" and forthwith he broke out into the same strain of invective against Prussia and her allies, and sneers at the folly of endeavouring to resist him.

self, which he soon afterwards launched against the unfortunate Louisa at Tilsit. He said more than once with great vehemence, "*On dit que je veux être Empereur de l'ouest ; et,*" stamping with his foot, "*je le serai, Madame.*" He was confounded at the firm and dignified tone in which the Grand Duchess met him. She neither palliated her husband's political conduct, nor supplicated for mercy in his political misfortunes. Political integrity, as a faithful ally of Prussia, had, she told him, dictated the one, and, if he entertained any regard for political principle and fidelity to alliances in a monarch, he could not take advantage of the other. The interview was a long one ; the imperial officers in waiting could not imagine how a man, who reckoned time thrown away even on the young and beautiful of the sex, could spend so much with a princess whose qualifications were more of a moral and intellectual nature. But from that moment, Napoleon treated the family of Weimar with a degree of respect and consideration, which the most powerful of his satellites never experienced. He even affected to do homage to the literary reputation of the town, and showered honours on the poets of Weimar, while he was suppressing universities. The last time he was in Weimar was before he led up his troops to the battle of Lützen. When he learned that part of the contingent of Weimar, as a member of the Confederation of the Rhine, had joined the Allies, he only said smiling, "*C'est la petite Yorckiaide.*" He requested the honour of a glass of Malaga from the hand of the Grand Duchess herself, observing that he was getting old ; and, accompanied by the Grand Duke, and his second

son, Prince Bernard, rode off to attack the enemy at Lützen.

From this moment, till the thunder-clouds which collected at Leipzig had rolled themselves beyond the Rhine, this tranquil abode of the muses witnessed nothing but the horrors of war in all their merciless perfection. That three such armies, as those of France, Russia, and Austria, were let loose on the exhausted land, includes in itself the idea of every possible misery and crime ; but it was lamentable, that as much should be suffered from the declared liberators, as from the real oppressor of Germany. The Russians fairly deserved the name which the wits of the north bestowed upon them, of being Germany's *Rettungsbestien*, or, Brutes of Salvation ; but the Austrians far outstripped them in atrocity, and fired the villages, amid shouts of " Burn the hearts out of the Saxon dogs." There is something exquisitely absurd in an Austrian imagining, that any people of Germany can possibly sink so low as to be inferior to his own. That dreadful period has, in some measure, altered the character of these artless, kindly people ; you can scarcely enter a cottage, that does not ring with dreadful tales out of these days of horror. Old village stories of witches on the Hartz, and legends of Number Nip from the mountains of Silesia, have given place to village records of individual misfortune, produced by worse spirits than ever assembled on the Brocken, or obeyed Rübezahl in the clefts of the Schneekoppe.

It was precisely by its sympathy, its active humanity, and self-denial, amid these horrors, that the reigning family fixed itself so deeply in the

Europe. They are themselves very far behind in printing, partly because the cheapness of a book is essential to its sale, partly because they have introduced few improvements in an art which they invented. A negotiation with a Berlin publisher, for printing a translation of Playfair's Chronology, was broken off, because "paper could not be found large enough for the tables." Dr Müllner was astonished to find it stated in a magazine, that the few copies of Mr Gillies's version of the *Schuld*, which had been thrown off for the author's friends, were elegantly printed; "for," said he, "with us, on such an occasion, it is quite the reverse."

Though there *are* carriages in Weimar, its little fashionable world makes no show in the ring; but, so soon as winter has furnished a sufficient quantity of snow, they indemnify themselves by bringing forth their sledges. They are fond of this amusement, but they are not sufficiently far north to enjoy it in any perfection, or for any length of time. The sledges would be handsome, were not their pretensions to beauty frequently injured by the gaudy colours with which they are bedaubed. By the laws of sledge-driving, every gentleman is entitled, at the termination of the excursion, to salute his partner, as a reward for having been an expert Jehu; and, if once in the line, it is not easy to drive badly. The wholly unpractised, or very apprehensive, plant a more skilful servant on the projecting spars behind; he manages the horses, while his principal, freed of the trouble, tenaciously retains its recompence. The long line of glittering carriages, the gay trappings of the horses, the sound of the bells with which they are cover-

ed, and, except this not unpleasant tinkling, the noiseless rapidity with which the train glides through a clear frosty morning, like a fairy cavalcade skimming along the earth, form a cheering and picturesque scene.

Few things would raise the wrath of an English sportsman more than a German hare-hunt, except, perhaps, an Hungarian stag-hunt, for the game is cut off from every chance of escape, before the attack is made. The Grand Duke of Weimar is an enthusiastic sportsman himself, and, when he takes his gun, every respectable person may do the same and join his train. Peasants are used instead of greyhounds; they surround a large tract of country, and drive the hares before them, into the hands of fifty or sixty sportsmen with double-barrelled guns. It is a massacre, not a hunt. As the circle grows more confined, and only a few of the devoted animals survive, the amusement becomes nearly as dangerous to the sportsmen as to the game; they shoot across each other in all directions; and the *Jagdmeister* and his assistants find sufficient occupation both for their voices and their arms, here striking down, there striking up a barrel, to prevent the sportsmen, in the confusion, from pouring the shot into each other's bodies. A large waggon, loaded with every thing essential to good cheer, attends. After the first circle has been exhausted, the sportsmen make merry, while the peasants are forming a new one, in a different direction, and preparing a similar murderous expedition. The peasants say, that, without this summary mode of execution, they would be overrun with hares; and they very naturally prefer having it in their

power to purchase dead hares for a price which is next to nothing, to being eaten up by thousands of them alive.

The family of Weimar, besides sustaining so honourable a part in protecting the literature of Germany, likewise took the lead in the introduction of free governments. The conclusion of the war was followed, all over Germany, by the expectation of ameliorated political institutions. The Congress of Vienna found it necessary, or prudent, to assume the appearance of liberality ; but, unfortunately, the article regarding this matter, in the Act of Congress, was couched in terms so general, as to leave it to the choice of every prince, (and so it has been interpreted in practice,) whether he would submit his prerogative to the restraints of a legislative body. This disastrous ambiguity, whether the effect of accident or artifice, was the origin of the popular irritation, which immediately ensued in different parts of Germany ; for, amid the variety of meanings of which the words were susceptible, the sovereigns naturally maintained, that only such expositions were correct as implied the continuance of their ancient undefined authority. Some, like the King of Prussia, allowed, that the article bound them to introduce " Constitutions of Estates," but denied that it bound them to do so within any limited period ; and held, therefore, that it lay with themselves to decide, whether they should cease to be absolute princes five, or five hundred years hence. Others, who were willing to submit to a " Constitution of Estates," explained these words of the Congress, as meaning merely the old oligarchical estates, not a legislative body to control, but an

impotent body to advise ; not so much a parliament, as a privy council. A third party put this gloss on the article, that it only bound the sovereigns to each other, but in no degree to their subjects. Dabelow of Göttingen, a man not unknown in the literary world, wrote a book in defence of this last proposition. The students of Göttingen reviewed his work, by affixing a copy to the whipping-post, marching to the author's house, and hailing him with a thrice repeated *Pereat*.

In several of the states, particularly in the south, more honest and liberal sentiments have gradually prevailed ; but it was Weimar that set the example. The Grand Duke, disdaining to seek pretexts in the Act of Congress, and jealous that any other state should take the lead in this honourable course, immediately framed for his people a representative government. He was assuredly the very last prince who could have been exposed to the necessity of making concessions ; his two hundred thousand subjects would as soon have thought of composing a gospel for themselves, as of demanding any share in the administration of public affairs. When the first elections took place under the new constitution, considerable difficulty was occasionally experienced in bringing up the electors, particularly the peasantry, to vote. In defiance of the disquisitions of the liberal professors of Jena, they could not see the use of all this machinery. " Do we not pay the Grand Duke for governing us," they said, " and attending to the public business ? Why give us all this trouble besides ?" Nay, after the experiment of a representative body has been

tried during seven years, many still assert, that matters went on quite as well, and more cheaply, without them.

This miniature parliament consists of thirty-one members, who form only one house. Ten are chosen by the proprietors of estates-noble, ten by the citizens of the towns, ten by the peasantry, and one by the University of Jena. The last is elected by the *Senatus Academicus*, and, besides being a professor, must have taken a regular degree in the juridical faculty. At the general election, which occurs every seventh year, not only the representatives themselves (*Abgeordneten*) are chosen, but likewise a substitute (*Stellvertreter*) for every member, in order that the representation may be always full. If the seat of a representative become vacant by his death, resignation, or any supervenient incapacity, the substitute takes his place till the next general election. The ten members for the nobility are chosen directly by all the possessors of estates-noble, (*Rittergüter*.) A patent of nobility gives the same right. The vote does not bear reference to any fixed value of property; it rests on the nature of the estate; the possessor has a vote for every separate independent estate of this kind which he possesses, however trifling, or however extensive it may be. The whole doctrine of splitting superiorities and creating votes, in which the freeholders and lawyers of one part of our island have become so expert, would be thrown away on the jurisconsults of Saxony. The privilege of granting patents of nobility would give the prince the power of creating electors at pleasure; but the Grand Duke has stripped himself of the preroga-

tive of raising estates to this higher rank, in so far as the elective franchise is concerned, by a provision in the constitution, that, in future, he shall erect *Rittergüter*, to the effect of giving a vote, only with the consent of the chamber. Even ladies in possession of such estates have a vote ; but, if unmarried, they must vote by proxy. A country of female freeholders would afford the most amusing canvass imaginable.

In the representation of the towns and peasantry, the election is indirect. The towns are distributed into ten districts, each of which sends one member. Weimar and Eisenach form districts of themselves, the former as being the capital, and containing a population of seven thousand souls ; the latter, as having some pretensions to be considered a manufacturing town, and containing a population somewhat greater than that of Weimar. In these, as well as in all the towns, great or small, which form the other districts respectively, every resident citizen has a vote, without distinction of religion ; even Jews possess the franchise, though they cannot be elected. The whole body of voters in a town choose a certain number of delegates, in the proportion of one for every fifty houses the town contains, and these deputies elect the member for the district. At least two-thirds of all the citizens having a right to vote must be present at the election of the delegates, and two-thirds of the delegates at the final election of the member. If no election takes place, in consequence of more than a third part of the electors being absent, all the expenses of afterwards proceeding to a new election are borne by the absentees. The member for a district of towns must have a certain and in-

dependent income of about L.75 sterling, (500 rix dollars,) if he be elected for Weimar or Eisenach, and L.45, (300 rix dollars,) if he be chosen to represent the towns of any other district. In estimating this income, no salary is taken into account, whether it be derived from the state or from a private person, whether paid for actual service, or enjoyed as a pension.

The election of the ten representatives of the peasantry proceeds exactly in the same way. In regard to them, likewise, the duchy is divided into ten districts: in each district all the peasants who are major, and have a house within its bounds, choose their delegates in the same proportion to the number of houses as in the towns, and these delegates choose the member. The member must be one of themselves; they are not allowed to take him from the higher class of landed proprietors, which they certainly would easily have been brought to do, had it not been thus expressly prohibited. With the same view of preventing noble families from gaining undue influence in the legislature, it is provided that neither brothers, nor father and son, shall be capable of sitting in the chamber at the same time.

The three sets of members thus elected, with the representative of Jena, form the *Landtag* or parliament of the duchy. They elect their own president, and the election is confirmed by the Grand Duke. He must be chosen from the nobility, and no person is eligible who is in the service of government, or enjoys a salary from it. He holds his office during twelve years, that is, two parliaments, but the house which appoints him may elect him for any longer period, or even

for life. This is scarcely reconcilable with the strict elective principle ; for, as the president thus passes from the dissolved Chamber into the new one, the district for which he originally sat chooses one member less at the new election, and the new Chamber itself finds itself under a president elected by its predecessors. Two assistants are given him by the house, taken indiscriminately from the three estates, but they hold their office only for three years, that is, for one session. The president, and these two assistants, (who have all salaries,) form what is called the *Vorstand*, or Presidency of the Chamber ; they are the organ through which it communicates with the Grand Duke : during the session, they have the general superintendence of the business ; during adjournments and prorogations, they remain in full activity to watch over the course of public affairs, to prepare the matters of discussion that are likely to be brought before the Chamber at its next meeting, to issue writs for new elections where vacancies have taken place, and to apply to the Grand Duke, if they shall think it necessary, to call an extraordinary meeting. The Chamber elects, moreover, its own clerk, pays him a salary, and may dismiss him at pleasure.

Regularly the Chamber meets only once in three years, but the Grand Duke, either of his own accord, or at the request of the *Vorstand*, may, at any time, call an extraordinary meeting. He has the prerogative likewise of dissolving it at any time ; but, in that case, a new chamber must be elected within three months, otherwise the dissolved one revives *ipso jure*. The former members are always re-eligible. The members have

fall privilege of parliament ; their persons are inviolable from the commencement, till eight days after the close of the session ; they are secured in liberty of speech, and legal proceedings cannot be instituted against them without the consent of the chamber. During the session, they have an allowance of about ten shillings a-day, besides a certain sum *per* mile to cover their travelling expenses in coming to Weimar, and returning home. The majority of voices determines every question. The speaker has no casting vote ; in case of equality, there must be a second debate and division ; and, if the Chamber be still equally divided, the right of deciding is in the Grand Duke. In every case, his Royal Highness has an absolute veto.

The powers of the Chamber extend to all the branches of legislation, and its consent is indispensable to the validity of all legislative measures. As it meets only once in three years, the budget is voted for the whole of that period ; but, a standing committee, consisting, besides the Presidency, of three members from the nobles, and three from the representatives of the towns or peasantry, continues, during the long adjournment, to examine annually the public accounts. The independence of the judges, and the liberty of the press, which had been introduced into the grand duchy before this constitution was framed, were confirmed by it.

The Chamber met for the second time in December 1820, and sat no less than four months. The ceremonies at opening it consist of a speech from the Grand Duke, and a banquet in the palace. The members then proceed to business, and, out of San Marino, there is nothing like the simple, honest, well-meaning legislators who are here

brought together. The members elected by the noble proprietors, the professor from Jena, and, perhaps, a few of those who represent the towns; are men of education and experience; but most of the latter, and the representatives of the peasantry, are still more moderate in education than they are in fortune. Yet, in spite of their bluff countenances, homely manners, and shaggy coats, they bring with them two excellent qualities, a very modest distrust of their own judgment, and a most laudable desire to be saving both of their own and of the public money. A county member, as the representatives of the peasantry may in some measure be reckoned, who happened to reside not far from Weimar, walked in every morning to the house with a sufficient quantity of rural viands in his pockets to satisfy the demands of the day, and walked home again in the afternoon with his half guinea untouched. These men, as is perfectly natural, do not find themselves at home in the office of legislators; the transmigration from respectable shopkeepers and small farmers into members of parliament was too rapid to allow them to move easily in the new dress; for there had been nothing in their education, or previous habits of life, to prepare them to act in so very different a capacity. They have no reason to be ashamed of this; an overweening trust in their own qualifications would be no desirable symptom; every man of sense must feel the same uneasiness which they did, at being called from bargaining about rye and black cattle, to deliberate on measures of finance, and decide questions of public law.

To this want of experience, and the want of self-confidence which results from it, are to be as-

cribed several errors into which they have fallen. For instance, they committed a great blunder in shutting their doors against the public ; and it is worthy of notice, as a matter of political opinion, that, on this point, they have stubbornly refused to gratify the Grand Duke. In the speech with which he closed the preceding session, he had stated his wish that, at their next meeting, they would consider the propriety of throwing open their deliberations to the people, and that he desired this publicity himself. They did deliberate ; but the small manufacturers and small farmers, with all their plain sense and honest intentions, were so terrified at the idea of being laughed at for oratorical deficiencies, that they determined, by a great majority, to keep their doors shut, but resolved to print, now and then, an abstract of their journals for the information of the public, always under the proviso that no names should be mentioned. Luden, Professor of History at Jena, immediately let loose upon them his nervous and logical, but cutting pen, and rendered them infinitely more ridiculous than they could possibly have made themselves by dull speeches.

They committed a still more serious mistake in the case of Dr Oken, the Professor of Natural History. This gentleman had lost his chair in the University of Jena, for scolding Prince Metternich, and laughing at the King of Prussia. He had been dismissed without any judicial inquiry or sentence, because he would not give up the publication of a journal which other courts considered revolutionary. He and his friends, therefore, loudly maintained that his dismissal was illegal, and the matter came regularly before the Cham-

ber in the shape of a question, whether the Grand Duke could legally dismiss a public servant, without good cause ascertained according to law? This way of putting the question showed, of itself, that they had no clear idea of the dispute, for it placed ministers of state and public teachers, or even judges, on the same footing. The answer which they gave to it was still less satisfactory; for they decided, though by a very small majority, that the Grand Duke does possess this prerogative; but, at the same time, they voted an address, in which they prayed him to give them an assurance, that, till they should find time to concoct a remedial enactment, he would not dismiss any other public servant in the same way.* The answer of his Royal Highness was rather touchy, and sounded very like a reproach that they should think him capable of doing any thing illegal.

There is a Censorship; but, as it is a child of foreign birth, which Weimar has been compelled to adopt, its existence is no stain on the character

* This vote naturally excited much anger, and spread some dismay, among the gentlemen of the University; it has had no small influence in qualifying their admiration of the popular body. The lawyers among them maintain, to a man, that it is in the very teeth of the law. One of the most distinguished of them said to me with some bitterness, "Oken deserved it for his silly confidence in the representatives of the people, whom he delighted to honour and laud. He would hear of nothing but a discussion before the Chamber, and now he can judge better what sort of thing the Chamber is. Had he made his application to the Supreme Court of Justice, instead of petitioning his representatives of the people, he would have kept his chair, and the Chamber would have been saved from making itself ridiculous."

of the government. The constitution established the freedom of the press, restricted only by the necessary responsibility in a court of law, and the constitution itself was guaranteed by the Diet. Greater powers, however, not only held it imprudent to concede the same right to their own subjects, but considered it dangerous that it should be exercised by any people speaking the same language. The resolutions of the Congress of Carlsbad were easily converted into ordinances of the Diet, and Weimar was forced, by the will of this supreme authority, to receive a censorship. Nay, she has occasionally been compelled to yield to external influence, which did not even use the formality of acting through the medium of the Diet. Dr Reuder was the editor of a Weimar newspaper called the "Opposition Paper," (*Das Oppositions-Blatt*,) a journal of decidedly liberal principles, and extensive circulation. When it was understood that the three powers intended to crush the Neapolitan revolution by force, there appeared in this paper one or two articles directed against the justice of armed interference. They passed over unnoticed; but, in a couple of months, the Congress of Troppau assembled, and forthwith appeared an edict of the Grand Duke suppressing the paper. No one laid the blame on the government. Every body in Weimar said, "An order has come down from Troppau." The politics of Russia must always find an open door in the cabinet of Weimar, for the consort of the heir-apparent is a sister of the Russian Autocrat, and enjoys the reputation of being a princess of more than ordinary talent. Her husband possesses the virtues, rather than the abilities of his parents.

In fact, from the moment the liberty of the press was established, Weimar was regarded with an evil eye by the potentates who preponderate in the Diet. In less than three years there were six journals published in Weimar and Jena, devoted wholly, or in part, to political discussion, and three of them edited by professors of distinguished name in German learning. Their politics were all in the same strain, earnest pleadings for representative constitutions, and very provoking, though very sound disquisition, on the inefficacy of the new form of confederative government to which Germany has been subjected. At Weimar no fault was found with all this; more than one of these journals were printed in the *Industrie-Comptoir*, an establishment under the peculiar protection of the Grand Duke. But a different party, and particularly the government press of some other courts, took the alarm, and raised an outcry against Weimar, as if the radicals of Europe had crowded in to this little territory, to hatch rebellion for the whole continent. Every occurrence was made use of to throw odium on the liberal forms of her government, or torment its administrators with remonstrances and complaints. The Grand Duke really had some reason to say, that Jena had cost him more uneasiness than Napoleon had ever done. By displacing some, suspending others, and frightening all; by establishing a censorship, and occasionally administering a suppression, the press of Weimar has been reduced to silence or indifference.

These free institutions were in no sense the creation of the public mind, or the public wishes, for the people had never thought about the mat-

ter, and felt immovably that they could not be better governed than they had hitherto been. They were as completely a voluntary gift as could well be bestowed ; they were the work of the sovereign himself, and a few men of honesty and talent, setting themselves down to frame as effective, and yet, as the nature of the case required, as simple an organ as possible, by which the public opinion, if so inclined, might control the government. What they have done is honourable to their liberality and prudence. Setting aside the supreme control of the Diet, to which neither the wishes nor the interests of prince and people conjoined can oppose any resistance, if the people of the grand duchy be misgoverned, they can have only themselves to blame ; for the constitution of their legislative body is sufficiently popular, and its powers, if duly exercised, are sufficiently effective. Hitherto they have taken little interest in what it does. Except among men of liberal education, repining professors and silenced editors find neither attention nor sympathy. In Weimar itself during the session of the Chamber, you seldom hear public matters adverted to ; they are still too foreign to all their habits to occupy the citizens. You may possibly stumble occasionally on a couple of ducal statesmen discussing some point in a corner at a party, or during a walk in the park ; or at a table d'hôte, (for, if practicable, the house pays regular deference to the dinner-hour,) a member may let out some dark hints of what passed within doors ; but in society they are never heard of ; political discussions and political parties are there unknown. The coteries of Weimar still keep by the song and the jest, poetry and

painting, the newest play or romance, or the adventures of the last sledge-party to Belvedere or Berka; and nobody, save the professors of Jena, seems to care one farthing how the one and thirty may be earning their ten shillings a-day. This lies partly in the national character. They are young in political life, and, like all their countrymen, get on slowly, though surely. This is the temper which wears best; for, in political education, more than in any other, precocity is the bane of depth and soundness. *Die Zeit bringt Rosen*, says their own proverb;* it may likewise bring an interest in public affairs, and a knowledge of public duties.

Since the termination of the war left the government its own master, it has very wisely avoided that affectation of military parade, by which the smaller princes so often rendered themselves ridiculous, and ruined their finances. Except the few hussars, who act as sentinels at the palace, and occasionally escort its inhabitants on a journey, you may traverse the grand duchy without meeting a uniform. Now, however, that the Diet has ultimately arranged the military contingents of the confederates, Weimar will have to support an army of two thousand men. It will be better able to bear the burden, than the still smaller states which are clustered together in the neighbourhood. The Grand Duke is within a day's journey of the territories of no fewer than twelve sovereign princes. Prussia is the leviathan that is nearest him. Bavaria, Royal Saxony, and Cassel, are within his reach, and are also politically

* Time brings roses.

important. Then comes Weimar itself, like a first-born, among the allied Saxon houses of Gotha, Cobourg, Meinungen, and Hilburghausen. In the vanishing point of the perspective appear the "Wee wee German Lairdies," the double branches of the lines of Reuss and Schwarzenburg.

There is a party in Germany which still asks, how have these petty princes been allowed to retain their independence, when so many others, whose separate existence was in no respect more injurious to the unity and respectability of the common country, have been reduced to the rank of subjects? What has saved Reuss or Sondershausen, when Tour and Taxis has been mediatized? Their voices in the Diet can never be their own; for, though they possess every *ratio* of monarchs, except the *ultima*, what they want is exactly the essential part of political oratory. They necessarily become instruments in the hands of the more powerful; and, so long as they continue to exist, memorials of an empire which is gone, rather than living efficient members of the German people, the country can never be redeemed from foreign tutelage, or acquire that native union which alone can give it the dignity of an independent state. The theory of this party accordingly is, that all foreign powers shall be stripped of their German dominions. Even Prussia and Austria are to be considered extraneous monarchies; for, though they may be useful as allies, they will only be dangerous as curators, and curators they will be, if they are included at all. Then, all the states below second-rates are to be blotted out, and their territories so apportioned among the pure German powers of some importance,

such as Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Saxony, and Hanover, that there shall be two powerful kingdoms in the north, and two in the south. Germany, they say, having thus four efficient, instead of forty inefficient monarchs, will command respect from all the world. England, alas ! has no chance for either of the two northern crowns. The very first step to be taken is to strip us of Hanover, and this party rails furiously at the Congress, for having allowed our royal family to retain it. Even the free towns are to fall, for they are considered as merely English factories, which ruin native industry ; and the twin monarchs of the north are to be specially charged with the duty of liberating God's ocean from our maritime yoke. Such was the plan detailed in the *Ms. aus Süd-Deutschland*, a work which it cost the police a great deal of trouble to suppress. We may congratulate ourselves, that the dictators of Germany have agreed to consider these doctrines as revolutionary ; that, at all events, in the present state of the world, they are impracticable ; and that the Rhine, the Neckar, and the Main, are much more prolific in good wines than in expert seamen.

CHAPTER III.

JENA.

Stoost an ! Jena lebe ! hurrah hoch !
Jena Student Hymn.

THE vicinity of Jena, always one of the most distinguished, and, of late years, by far the most notorious of the German universities, is, to a stranger, no small recommendation of Weimar as a temporary residence ; for a week of the courtly society and enjoyments of the one, interchanged with a week among the raw students and learned professors of the other, forms a pleasant alternation. The peculiarities of the Burschen-life,* considered merely as matters of observation, are seen to much less advantage in the large capitals, than in what are properly termed university towns ;

* It is necessary to mention, once for all, that the word *Bursche*, though it only means a *young fellow*, has been appropriated by the students, all over Germany, to designate themselves. They have agreed to consider themselves as being, *par excellence*, the young fellows of Germany. *Das Burschenleben*, for example, means, not the mode of life of young men in general, but only of young men at college.

towns, that is, which, in a great measure, have been formed by the presence of the university, and are dependent upon it. In Berlin, for example; however much the Burschen may be inclined to tyrannize, they feel that they are but as a drop in the ocean; they are not sufficiently numerous, in reference to the population, to be personages of importance. Besides the keen eye with which a military police, like that of Berlin, watches all their vagaries, and the promptitude with which it would suppress them, the ridicule of two hundred thousand inhabitants is more than the students could well endure, while the manhood of such a population is more than the most persevering Bobadil amongst them would undertake to decimate. It is in towns which consist of scarcely any thing but the university, and in which the inhabitants are dependent on the presence of some hundreds of young men from all the countries of the Confederation, that the sect appears in its true form and colour. In these, the Burschen themselves constitute the public; in these, no taint of extraneous civilization mars the purity of their own roughness and caprices; and, so far from acknowledging any superior, they recognise no equal. These little towns are the empires of Comments, Landsmannschaften, and Renommiren; of beer-drinking and duel-fighting; of scholars who set their masters at defiance, and masters who, for the sake of fees, occasionally truckle to their scholars; and nowhere do all these elements of the *beau ideal* of a modern German university concur in greater perfection than in Jena.

Jena is a few miles to the eastward of Weimar, and stands in a much more pleasing district of

country, on the Saal. The ground separates into two lofty, precipitous, rocky ridges, presenting a striking regularity and uniformity of structure, but so bare, that even in summer no covering of verdure conceals the brown stone. These ridges terminate abruptly, close by the Saal, which meanders through a very delightful valley, where the rich meadows in the bottom, the cultivated slopes of the hills, the cottages and hamlets peeping out from tufts of copsewood, or lurking beneath ancient elms, are all in a pure style of rural beauty. The river itself is a considerable and limpid stream, altogether majestic in comparison with the muddy Ilm of Weimar. It is no wonder that Göthe prefers Jena to the capital for his summer residence. The town itself lies between the foot of the abrupt eminences and the river. There is nothing about it worthy of remark. Many of the houses display a great deal of the ornamental, but somewhat grotesque, style of building which, at one time, was so common in the south of Germany, and of which Augsburg, in particular, is still so full.

Before descending into the town by a road which, in winter at least, is among the very worst in Europe, the traveller passes the field of battle of 1806, of that melancholy day when

— Prussia hastened to the field,
And grasp'd the spear, but left the shield.

Looking at the nature of the ground, the defiles which the French army had to pass, the ascents which it had to climb, and the batteries which it had to encounter, as it advanced from Jena, a person, who is no tactician, finds it difficult to conceive how the Prussians contrived not only to lose

the battle, but to lose it so thoroughly, that it decided the fate of the monarchy. Yet there are few things more absurd than the contempt with which, from the period of this unfortunate battle, it became fashionable for France, and the partial friends of France in other countries, to speak of the Prussian military, an ignorant affectation which even the gigantic efforts of the Liberation War have not been able entirely to explode from among ourselves. A single battle may decide the fate of an empire, but can never decide the military character of a people. If France, under Napoleon, conquered at Jena, Prussia, under Frederick, had been equally triumphant at Rossbach. Whatever errors Prussia may have committed on the heights of Auerstadt, have all been washed out by the waters of the Bober and the Katzbach.

The university was founded in the middle of the seventeenth century, by the sovereign princes of the Ernestine branch of the house of Saxony, Weimar, Gotha, Cobourg, and Meinungen. It is the joint property of these little monarchs, who likewise share the patronage among them. In practice, however, the professors are named only by Weimar and Gotha; for Cobourg and Meinungen have transferred their right to the latter, having probably found that the power of nominating the fourth part of a professor was not worth the expense which the partnership imposed upon them. By the constitution of the university, the new professor should be selected from a list of three candidates given in by the *Senatus Academicus*; but the Senate has allowed this privilege to go so entirely into disuse, that, for a long time, not even the form has been retained, and the sovereign no-

minates directly to the vacant chair. The privilege is said to have been abused by the faculties. I was assured by members of the university that the senate has been known, from mere envy of superior talent, to pass by a man of acknowledged genius, and give in a list of three acknowledged blockheads.

The constitution of the university is the same with that which prevails all over Germany. It consists of the four usual faculties, the Theological, Juridical, Medical, and Philosophical, though, in some instances, the distinction between them is not very accurately observed. As every thing not included under the first three is referred to the philosophical faculty, and as these had been established long before many branches of knowledge rose to the rank of separate sciences, the philosophical faculty assumes a most heterogeneous appearance; Greek and Chemistry, Logic and Mineralogy, Belles-Lettres and Botany, stand side by side in the academical array. For the ordinary departments of study, there are three sets of instructors. The ordinary professors are, as their name imports, the proper corporation; they constitute the faculties, receive salaries, elect from among themselves the members of the senate, confer the degrees, exercise the jurisdiction, and appoint the inferior officers of the university. Jena has twenty-eight; four theologians, no fewer than nine juriconsults, five medical, and ten philosophical professors. The extraordinary professors are in a manner volunteers; they have no seat in the faculty, no share in the authority of the corporation, and receive either no salary, or a very trifling one. The third class, *Doctores privatim docentes*, have in

reality nothing to do with the university, except that they are under its protection, and have its authority to teach; they are merely young men, who, having taken a diploma in some one of the faculties, have obtained the permission of the senate to give lectures, if they can find hearers. There are likewise attached to the university, as every where else in Germany, teachers of the principal modern languages, and masters, moreover, in riding, fencing, dancing, music, and drawing. All these, to be sure, are in reality only private teachers, but they are an indispensable appendix to the university, and, in the eyes of great part of the students, this appendix, like the postscript of a lady's letter, is the most important member of the Alma Mater. A professor of law or theology might be of moderate attainments without doing much mischief; but few would think of attending a university which did not possess able masters in fencing, riding, and dancing. The first of these three is the only personage whom the Burschen recognise as sacrosanct.

The salaries of the professors are small, for how can so poor and insignificant a country be munificent in its learned institutions? They used to be four hundred rix dollars; within these few years they have been raised to five hundred, a sum which does not exceed L.80, and is little more than what is required to bring a respectable student through a well-spent year at Göttingen. This rule, however, is not always strictly observed. When it is wished to bring a person of eminence to the university, and the man knows his own value, (which he generally does,) it is neither unusual nor improper to find him higgling for a hundred or two

hundred dollars more. The teachers are thus very far from being independent of the students and their fees, a dependence which has brought with it both good and bad consequences. It has been useful, as competition always is, by urging the professors to acquire reputation, that they might acquire hearers; but it has been injurious in seducing them to court popularity by relaxing the reins of discipline, and overlooking many of the evils of the Burschen-life, that they might draw crowds to their university by giving it the character of being the one where the follies and vices of the system which German students have established for their own government, were least exposed to punishment and restraint. The fee, like the salary, varies with the reputation of the teacher. The usual fee for a session is five rix dollars (15s. 6d.) yet there are instances of a sturdy higgler beating down even this trifling sum. On the other hand, there are prelections, especially in the medical faculty, which go as high as a guinea. In other branches of expense, the German student has not the same overwhelming advantage; but altogether, living as a respectable Bursche would wish to do, he can enjoy, for half the money, the same education he could command in Scotland. The English universities, in their general character, never come into question; they are seminaries for particular classes. A distinguished member of the juridical faculty at Jena was particularly inquisitive about the economical relations of his brethren in Britain. When I spoke to him of a professor of law, in Edinburgh, for example, adding to his salary the fees of a body of three hundred students at four guineas a-head, for five months' labour, the astonished jurisconsult

could only exclaim, "*O das gesegnete Völklein !*" — "What a blessed flock !"

Even the fees, moderate though they be, are but of recent origin. In the original constitution of the German universities, there was no provision for honoraries ; during many years, the professors continued to deliver their lectures gratis. Michaelis of Göttingen was among the first who openly attacked the system, and a revolution, so desirable to the teachers, was speedily accomplished. The professors argued thus : By law we must give lectures gratis, but that is no reason why we should not likewise give others, not gratis, to those who are willing to pay for them ; and if we only take care that the former shall be good for nothing, and reserve for the latter all that is worth knowing, every body who wishes to learn will choose to pay. This principle once adopted, the progress of the thing was quite natural, and the distinction between public and private lectures in a German program becomes perfectly intelligible. The professors gradually introduced a separate course of prelections, which they called private, and for which they exacted fees. The public, that is, the gratis lectures, rapidly became superficial and uninteresting, while every thing important in the science which he taught was reserved, by the professor, for the golden *privatim*. The natural consequence was, that public or gratis lectures disappeared, and what were called private took their place. These private lectures are, in every respect, except that of expense, the old public lectures ; they are given in the same place, in the same way, on the same topics, but they must be paid for ; because it has unavoidably come to this, that a student as little

thinks of attending, as a professor of delivering, public lectures in the old sense of the word. A student could not find a sufficient number of them to complete any course; and, though he did, to take advantage of them would make him be regarded by his fellows as a charity-school boy. Among the best of professors at Jena, there are few who have ever read a *publicum* in their lives; and they are perfectly right. If it be bad in a wealthy government to make public instructors independent of intellectual exertion, it would be preposterous in a poor one, which cannot give them a decent independence, to deny them the fruits of their intellectual labour. Even where a wandering *publicè* makes its appearance, it is uniformly accompanied with some such significant phrase as, *horis et diebus commodis*; or, *adhuc definiendis*; or the subject of the promised prelections has little to do with the department in question. Thus Lenz, the Professor of Mineralogy, announced, for his private course, mineralogy, and geognosy; but, for his public course, and that, too, only *hora commoda*,—German Antiquities! Some of the professors give a third course, which is announced as *privatissimè*, and must be paid for at a still higher rate than the simply private. Thus, the Professor of Anatomy offers to explain Celsus, and the Professor of Medicine to give lectures on animal magnetism, *privatissimè*,—certainly the only way in which animal magnetism should be taught by any man who does not wish the cheat to be discovered.*

* This delusion, after having been argued and scoffed out of the world, half a century ago, is regaining favour in Germany. It is a remarkable thing that a people so plodding, and so given to matter of fact, as we commonly sup-

No better proof of their love of fees, and, what is much better, of their proverbial industry, can

pose the Germans to be, should be so easily captivated by the most fanciful delusions. From Van Helmont down to Gall and Spurzheim, they have been the dupes of a thousand physical and physiological dreams; craniology and animal magnetism have equally led them astray. Devotion to the former of these occult sciences seems to have been handed over to ourselves, for the sect is much more powerful, and better organized, in Edinburgh than in Vienna; and, if its doctrines do not lead to materialism, phrenology is, at least, an innocent dream. Animal magnetism, however, though a deceit of a much more serious complexion, is not only reckoned worthy, as is stated in the text, of being the subject of prelections by a grave medical professor in an university of reputation, but the same gentleman is one of the conductors of a journal devoted to explain the principles, and commemorate the triumphs, of this sensual romance. It has led, however, to certain scenes of domestic misery and dishonour, which will be much more effectual in restraining its progress, than periods of invective, or volumes of argument. A very melancholy instance occurred in Berlin in 1820, one which was still the great topic of conversation when I was shortly afterwards in that capital, for it had been kept alive by a judicial investigation on a criminal charge preferred against Dr W——, the actor in the affair, the great apostle of the doctrine in Prussia, and, moreover, a professor in the university. The unfortunate victim was a young lady of very respectable family. She had been led, by curiosity, to visit the apartments in which the doctor performs the magnetical process on a number of patients, in presence of each other; and it is at once a very decisive, and a very intelligible fact, in that science, that females are found to be much apter subjects for the influences of this black art than the other sex. In the course of the judicial examinations, rendered necessary by the unhappy issue of the affair, the mysteries of these magnetizing-rooms were partly brought to light; and though there was nothing in them positively scandalous or indecent, there was a great deal that was ridiculous and Paphian, and of a most improper

be found than the numerous subdivisions into which they break down their particular departments

tendency. According to the testimony of the young lady, when she first visited the rooms, accompanied by a female friend, the wizard received them in a spacious and elegant apartment. Voluptuous odours breathed from every corner, and, united with the moderate temperature, produced an effect which the fair one described, with great *savante*, as being "like a May evening among roses." She and her companion were requested not to utter a syllable, lest the solemn work might be disturbed. The patients, all ladies, and ladies of fortune, (for their carriages were in waiting,) were arranged round the room on sofas, sound asleep; some were sitting, others were reclining quite along a sofa, others had more decorously thrown themselves back in the corner. The Doctor bent his head over one of them, and gently lisped, My dear young lady, how long will you still sleep? To this Hibernian interrogation, the sleeping beauty answered, in a languishing, broken voice, St-at-still ha-half-an-hour.—*Dr.* Where are you just now?—*Lady.* Under a blooming elder tree.—*Dr.* What do you see?—*L.* A knight.—*Dr.* What is he like?—*L.* He's a handsome fellow.—*Dr.* Are you speaking with him?—*L.* Yes.—*Dr.* What about?—*L.* About all sorts of things.—*Dr.* What are you catching at?—*L.* At the rose of Jericho.—*Dr.* What do you mean by that? Here the lady's betany had failed her, for she made no answer, squeezed herself into the corner of a sofa, and slept on in silence. The Doctor, therefore, assured his visitors, that this was no complete crisis, but that he would immediately show them wonders; and truly if what follows be not a wonder, the age of miracles must be allowed to have finally passed away. He began his conversation with a second sleeping beauty with the same question; Will you sleep long, my young lady?—*L.* Yes; at least half-an-hour.—*Dr.* Perhaps you would take something?—*L.* Yes, Doctor, yes.—*Dr.* What would you wish to have?—*L.* A piece of almond cake, and a glass of Malaga.—*Dr.* Shall I bring it to you?—*L.* Oh, no; do you take it for me, and that does just as well. The Doctor takes the viands from a cup-

converting each into the subject-matter of a separate course, and not unfrequently superadding to

board, in which such cooling medicines seem to have been always kept in readiness, and putting into his mouth a bit of the biscuit, and some of the wine, continues: How does it taste?—"Excellent," answered the lady, mimicking the act of eating and swallowing, "Excellent—the cake has so balsamic an odour; the Malaga is so sweet and agreeable! But, dear Doctor, eat and drink a great deal;—do you hear?—a great deal;—and let it be good, right good;—do you understand me? By Nardini!—Yes, by Nardini! who bakes such excellent trifles.—Do you hear, dear Doctor?—Trifles!—ah! that's what gives one strength;—do you understand me?" But the Doctor seemed to think this crisis rather too complete; for, knitting his brows, he said, "You are sleeping too long, Miss;" made various motions with his hands, which dispelled, in an instant, the magnetical repose, and recalled to herself the slumbering admirer of Nardini's trifles. As it was getting late, she wished her carriage to be called; but the Doctor thought it proper that she should compose herself after so violent a crisis. He, therefore, again sawed the air with his fingers, stared her right in the face, and, in the twinkling of an eye, she was again fast asleep. He next approached a third, on whom he promised to display the highest excellence of his art. He laid his right hand on the pit of her heart, and with his left, took hold of her right hand. Every motion he now made was repeated by the sleeping patient. He yawned, sighed, laughed, coughed; she yawned, sighed, laughed, and coughed along with him. All motions with his lips, arms, and hands, were immediately repeated. He laid a letter on her lap; she passed her fingers over the lines, and repeated the contents correctly. "Are you now convinced?" exclaimed the Doctor in triumph.

The lady departed, still in doubt; but these amusing scenes had so far shaken her original scepticism, that the magician easily prevailed upon her to arrive at certainty, by having the truth displayed in her own person. The process was carried on in her father's house. She was placed

them prelections which appear to have little connexion with their proper business. Every profes-

on a sofa ; the Doctor took a seat opposite to her, stared her steadfastly in the face, and her eyes began to close involuntarily. After an exordium, which I do not choose to translate, he described waving lines upon the shoulders, arms, and breast, with the points of his perfumed fingers, and an imposing solemnity of gesture. The experiments were repeated with triumphant success, sometimes in the presence of the lady's mother and sisters ; but, *when others were present, the magnetic influence was uniformly less vivacious.* To the poor girl, conviction and ruin came together ; a miscreant could find little difficulty in abusing the mental imbecility which must always accompany such voluptuous fanaticism, and the sensual irritation without which the visionary science has not even a fact. I cannot enter into the details of the miserable and disgusting circumstances which followed. Excess of villainy brought the whole affair before a court of justice, and the Prussian public. It was clear, that what was to become the living witness of their guilt, had met with foul play, and the enraged father preferred against the professor an accusation of a crime which is next to murder, or rather, which threatens a double murder. The judges ordered the recipes of certain medicines which the Doctor had administered to the lady to be submitted to three medical gentlemen for their opinion. The report of these gentlemen rendered it impossible to convict Dr W— of having used the drugs directly for his infamous purpose ; but as, in certain circumstances, their indirect operation would lead to the same issue, the professional persons gave it as their opinion, that the professor, not only a physician in high practice, but likewise an instructor of youth, was bound to explain on what grounds he had administered medicines of a most suspicious class, in circumstances where no prudent medical man would have prescribed them. The man did not choose to do himself this justice ; but the court did not think there was sufficient evidence to convict him of the direct charge ; and, without a conviction, the government did not think it right to dismiss him. The censorship, however, does not

sor, though appointed to teach a particular science, is left to his own discretion as to the manner in which he will teach it : and the Protestant universities are accustomed to boast of this liberty as an advantage which they enjoy over their Catholic rivals, with whom the *how* as well as the *what* of public teaching, and even the text books that shall be used, are laid down by positive rule. In the former, the professor is left entirely to the freedom of his own will. In the course of one session, that is, in about five months, he may go through his science, and immediately begin it again in the next ; but in general, he adopts a plan by which more fees are brought in, and the science is perhaps better taught. He breaks down his subject into separate courses, which are carried on simultaneously ; for he either devotes a certain number of days in the week to one, and the rest to another, or he lectures two or three hours a-day. Thus every thing is taught more in detail, the professors get more money, and have much harder labour. But they are a race most patient of toil. It has been said of Michaelis, that he was so identified with his profession, that he never was happy but when reading lectures, and that all the days in his calendar were white except the holidays. His mantle seems to have descended on the greatest part of his followers between the Vistula and the Rhine. At Jena, Stark, whose peculiar department is the obstetric art, was lecturing at one hour on the theory, and, at a second, in the Lying-in-Hospital, on the

seem to have presented any obstacle to the publication of the details. Professor W—— has lost his character, but retains his chair.

practice of midwifery ; at a third, upon surgery ; at a fourth, on the diseases of the eye, and, at a fifth, was giving clinical lectures in the Infirmary. Kieser, another celebrated member of the same faculty, was occupying two different hours with two separate courses in medicine ; for a third, he announced animal magnetism ; and for a fourth, the anatomy and physiology of plants. Of the two properly medical courses, the first was general pathology ; the second, which, if taken at all, must be taken and paid for as a separate course, was a particular part of the general doctrine, inflammations, but treated more in detail.

One of our own professors, who, though receiving four times the money, impatiently reckons every hour till his five brief months of moderate labour be past, could not hold out for a single year among these gentlemen, for they have two sessions in the year, each about five months. Their only period of relaxation is an interval of a month between one session and the other, which, however, they generally contrive to stretch out to six weeks, by finishing the one course a few days earlier, and commencing the other a few days later, than strict rule allows. The professor who lectured on the Pandects was reading four hours a-day, two of them successively ;—an enormous task both for him and his pupils. This department being so heavy, three gentlemen of the juridical faculty read the Pandects in their turn.

The lawyers have thus hard work, but they are likewise much more amply provided for than their brethren ; their salaries, and the fees derived from students, do not constitute one-half of their emoluments. The juridical faculty, in every German

university, forms a court of appeal for the whole Confederation. In all the states, the losing party in a cause had the right of appealing to an university; this right was confirmed by the Act of Confederation; and even the native Forum, if it find difficulties which require the assistance of more profound jurisconsults, may send the case for judgment to an university. In all these appeals, the members of the juridical faculty become judges; they receive no salary for this part of their duty, but they are entitled to certain fees paid by the litigants, which, at Jena, I have heard estimated as being at least equal to the professorial salary. To this union of the bench with the chair are undoubtedly to be ascribed, in some measure, the distinguished legal talents which have at all times adorned the German universities, and which, in the present day, are far from being extinct. The theoretical studies of the academician are thus daily brought to the test of practice, and he sees, at every moment, how his logical deductions work in the affairs of ordinary life. The prince, likewise, had thus a direct interest to fill these chairs with distinguished men; for, the greater the quantity of profitable business, the smaller was the necessity for supplying or increasing salaries at his own expense.

The lawyers of Jena have still a third source of toil and emolument, equal to either of the preceding, because they constitute the *Ober-appellations-Gericht*, or Supreme Court of Appeal, not only for the grand duchy, but likewise for the other small Saxon Houses, and the two branches of Reuss.* This plurality of offices is not, perhaps,

* By the Act of Confederation it is provided, that every

History, an extremely able and popular gentleman, used to have a much more numerous auditory. When he occasionally delivered a *publicum*, the overflowing audience filled even the court; the windows were thrown open, and his resounding voice was heard distinctly in every corner.

Nothing can exceed the orderly behaviour of the students; they seem to leave all their oddities at the door. Savage though they be esteemed, a stranger may *hospitize*, as they call it, among them in perfect safety, even without putting himself under the wing of a professor. Every man takes his seat quietly, puts his bonnet beneath him, or in his pocket, unfolds his small portfolio, and produces an inkhorn, armed below with a sharp iron spike, by which he fixes it firmly in the wooden desk before him. The teacher has notes and his text-book before him, but the lecture is not properly read; those, at least, which I heard, were spoken, and the professor stood. This mode of communication is advisable only when a man is thoroughly master of his subject, but perhaps it is susceptible of much more effect than the reading of a manuscript. Above all, Martin, the Professor of Criminal Law, and Luden, the Professor of History, harangue with a vivacity and vehemence, which render listlessness or inattention impossible.

Thus the hour is spent in listening, and it is left entirely to the young men themselves to make what use they may think proper, or no use at all, of what they have heard. There is no other superintendence of their studies, than that of the professor in his pulpit, telling them what he himself knows; there are no arrangements to secure,

in any degree, either attendance or application. The received maxim is, that it is right to tell them what they ought to do ; but that it would be neither proper nor useful to take care that they do it, or prevent them from being as idle and ignorant as they choose.

Once outside of the class-room, the Burschen show themselves a much less orderly race ; if they submit to be ruled one hour daily by a professor, they rule him, and every other person, during all the rest of the four and twenty. The duels of the day are generally fought out early in the morning : the spare hours of the forenoon and afternoon are spent in fencing, in *renouncing*,—that is, in doing things which make people stare at them,—and in providing duels for the morrow. In the evening, the various clans assemble in their *commersa* houses, to besot themselves with beer and tobacco ; and it is long after midnight before the last strains of the last songs die away upon the streets. Wine is not the staple beverage ; for Jena is not in a wine country, and the students have learned to place a sort of pride in drinking beer. Yet, with a very natural contradiction, over their pots of beer they vociferate songs in praise of the grape, and twig their jugs with as much glee as a Bursche of Heidelberg brandishes his *römer* of Rhemish. Amid all their multifarious and peculiar strains of jovialty, I never heard but one in praise of the less noble liquor :*

* It is scarcely necessary to say, that these rude rhymes are not translated from any idea that they possess poetical merit, but merely to show the character of the Burschen.

Come, brothers, be jovial, while life creeps along ;
 Make the walls ring around us with laughter and song.
 Though wine, it is true, be a rarity here,
 We'll be jolly as gods with tobacco and beer.
 Vivallerallerallèrè.

Corpus Juris, avaunt ! To the door with the Pandects !
 Away with Theology's texts, dogmas and sects !
 Foul Medicine, begone ! At the board of our revels,
 Brothers, Muses like these give a man the blue devils.
 Vivallerallerallèrè.

One can't always be studying ; a carouse, on occasion,
 Is a *sine qua non* in a man's education ;
 One is bound to get muddy and mad now and then ;
 But our beer jugs are empty—so fill them again.
 Vivallerallerallèrè.

A band of these young men, thus assembled in an ale-house in the evening, presents as strange a contrast as can well be imagined to all correct ideas not only of studious academical tranquillity, but even of respectable conduct ; yet, in refraining from the nightly observances, they would think themselves guilty of a less pardonable dereliction of their academic character, and a more direct treason against the independence of Germany, than if they subscribed to the Austrian Observer, or never attended for a single hour the lectures for which they paid. Step into the public room of that inn, on the opposite side of the market-place, for it is the most respectable in the town. On opening the door, you must use your ears, not your eyes, for nothing is yet visible except a dense mass of smoke, occupying space,

strains, and of the academicians, perhaps, who compose and sing them.

concealing every thing in it and beyond it, illuminated with a dusky light, you know not how, and sending forth from its bowels all the varied sounds of mirth and revelry. As the eye gradually accustoms itself to the atmosphere, human visages are seen dimly dawning through the lurid cloud : then pewter jugs begin to glimmer faintly in their neighbourhood ; and, as the smoke from the phial gradually shaped itself into the friendly Asmodeus, the man and his jug slowly assume a defined and corporeal form. You can now totter along between the two long tables which have sprung up, as if by enchantment ; by the time you have reached the huge stove at the farther end, you have before you the paradise of German Burschen, destitute only of its Houris : every man with his bonnet on his head, a pot of beer in his hand, a pipe or segar in his mouth, and a song upon his lips, never doubting but that he and his companions are training themselves to be the regenerators of Europe, that they are the true representatives of the manliness and independence of the German character, and the only models of a free, generous, and high-minded youth. They lay their hands upon their jugs, and vow the liberation of Germany ; they stop a second pipe, or light a second segar, and swear that the Holy Alliance is an unclean thing.

The songs of these studious revellers often bear a particular character. They are, indeed, mostly convivial, but many of them contain a peculiar train of feeling, springing from the peculiar modes of thinking of the Burschen—hazy aspirations after patriotism and liberty, of neither of which have they any idea, except that every Bursche is bound

to adore them, and mystical allusions to some unknown chivalry that dwells in a fencing bout, or in the cabalistical ceremony, with which the tournaments conclude, of running the weapon through a hat. Out of an university town, these effusions would be utterly insipid, just as so many of the native Venetian canzonette lose all their effect, when sung any where but in Venice, or by any other than a Venetian. Thus, their innumerable hymns to the rapier, or on the moral, intellectual, and political effects of climbing up poles, and tossing the bar, would be unintelligible to all who do not know their way of thinking, and must appear ridiculous to every one who cannot enter into their belief, that these chivalrous exercises constitute the essence of manly honour; but they themselves chant these tournament songs (*Tour-nier-lieder*) with an enthusiastic solemnity which, to a third party, is irresistibly ludicrous. The period when they took arms against France was as fertile in songs as in deeds of valour. Many of the former are excellent in their way, though there was scarcely a professional poet in the land, except young Körner. These, with the more deep and intense strains of Arndt, will always be favourites, because they were the productions of times, and of a public feeling, unique in the history of Germany. Where no reference is made to fencing tournaments, or warlike recollections, there is nevertheless the distinct impress of Burschen feelings.

The following may be taken as a satisfactory example of the ordinary genus of university minstrelsy. It is, by way of eminence, the Hymn, or Burschen-Song, of Jena; it contains all the

texts which furnish materials for the amplifications of college rhymesters, and shows better than a tedious description, how they view the world.

Pledge round, brothers ; Jena for ever ! huzza !
The resolve to be free is abroad in the land ;
The Philistine* burns to be join'd with our band,
For the Burschen are free.

Pledge round, then ; our country for ever ! huzza !
While you stand like your fathers as pure and as true,
Forget not the debt to posterity due,
For the Burschen are free.

Pledge round to our Prince, then, ye Burschen ! huzza !
He swore our old honours and rights to maintain,
And we vow him our love, while a drop's in a vein,
For the Burschen are free.

Pledge round to the love of fair woman ! huzza !
If there be who the feeling of woman offends,
For him is no place among freemen or friends ;
But the Burschen are free.

Pledge round to the stout soul of man, too ! huzza !
Love, singing, and wine, are the proofs of his might,
And who knows not all three is a pitiful wight ;
But the Burschen are free.

Pledge round to the free word of freemen ! huzza !
Who knows what the truth is, yet trembles to brave
The might that would crush it, is a cowardly slave ;
But the Burschen are free.

Pledge round, then, each bold deed for ever ! huzza !
Who tremblingly ponders how daring may end,
Will crouch like a minion, when power bids him bend ;
But the Burschen are free.

* That is, the people.

Pledge round, then, the Burschen for ever 1 huaza !
 Till the world goes in rags, when the last day comes o'er us,
 Let each Bursche stand faithful, and join in our chorus,
 The Burschen are free.

If they ever give vent in song to the democratic and sanguinary resolves which are averred to render them so dangerous, it must be in their more secret conclaves ; for, in the strains which enliven their ordinary potations, there is nothing more definite than in the above prosaic effusion. There are many vague declamations about freedom and country, but no allusions to particular persons, particular governments, or particular plans. The only change of government I ever knew proposed in their cantilenes, is one to which despotism itself could not object.

Let times to come come as they may,
 And empires rise and fall ;
 Let Fortune rule as Fortune will,
 And wheel upon her ball ;
 High upon Bacchus' lordly brow
 Our diadem shall shine ;
 And Joy, we'll crown her for his queen,
 Their capital the Rhine.

In Heidelberg's huge tun shall sit
 The Council of our State ;
 And on our own Johannisberg
 The Senate shall debate.
 Amid the vines of Burgundy
 Our Cabinet shall reign ;
 Our Lords and faithful Commons House
 Assemble in Champagne.

Only the Cabinet of Constantinople could set itself, with any good grace, against such a reform.

But, worse than idly as no small portion of time is spent by the great body of the academic youth in these nightly debauches, this is only one, and by no means the most distinguishing or troublesome, of their peculiarities; it is the unconquerable spirit of clanship, prevalent among them, which has given birth to their violence and insubordination; for it at once cherishes the spirit of opposition to all regular discipline, and constitutes an united body to give that opposition effect. The house of Hanover did not find more difficulty in reducing to tranquillity the clans of the Highlands of Scotland, than the Grand Duke of Weimar would encounter in eradicating the *Landsmannschaften* from among the four hundred students of Jena, and inducing them to conduct themselves like orderly, well-bred young men. The *Landsmannschaften* themselves are by no means a modern invention, though it is believed, that the secret organization which they give to the students all over Germany, has, of late years, been used to new purposes. The name is entirely descriptive of the thing, a *Countrymanship*, an association of persons from the same country, or the same province of a country. These fraternities do not arise from the constitution of the university, nor are they acknowledged by it; on the contrary, they are proscribed both by the laws of the university, and the government of the country. They do not exist for any academical purpose, for the young men have no voice in any thing connected with the university; to be a member of one is an academical misdemeanour, yet there are few students who do not belong to one or another. They are associations of students belonging to the same

province, for the purpose of enabling each, thus backed by all, to carry through his own rude will, let it be what it may, and, of late years, it is averred, to propagate wild political reveries, if not to foment political cabals. They are regularly organized; each has its president, clerk, and councillors, who form what is called the Convent of the Landsmannschaft. This body manages its funds, and has the direction of its affairs, if it have affairs. It likewise enjoys the honour of fighting all duels *pro patria*, for so they are named when the interest or honour, not of an individual, but of the whole fraternity, has been attacked. The assembled presidents of the different Landsmannschaften in a university constitute the *senior convent*. This supreme tribunal does not interfere in the private affairs of the particular bodies, but decides in all matters that concern the whole mass of Burschen, and watches over the strict observance of the general academic code which they have enacted for themselves. The meetings of both tribunals are held frequently and regularly, but with so much secrecy, that the most vigilant police has been unable to reach them. They have cost many a professor many a sleepless night. The governments scold the senates, as if they trifled with, or even connived at, the evil; the senates lose all patience with the governments, for thinking it so easy a matter to discover what Burschen are resolved to keep concealed. The exertions of both have only sufficed to drive the Landsmannschaften into deeper concealment. From the incessant quarrels and uproars, and the instantaneous union of all to oppose any measure of general discipline about to be enforced, the whole senate often sees plainly, that-

these bodies are in active operation, without being able either to ascertain who are their members, or to pounce upon their secret conclaves.

Since open war was thus declared against them by the government, secrecy has become indispensable to their existence, and the Bursche scruples at nothing by which this secrecy may be insured. The most melancholy consequence of this is, that, as every man is bound by the code to esteem the preservation of the Landsmannschaft his first duty, every principle of honour is often trampled under foot to maintain it. In some universities it was provided by the code that a student, when called before the senate to be examined about a suspected Landsmannschaft, ceased to be a member, and thus he could safely say that he belonged to no such institution. In others, it was provided, that such an inquiry should operate as an *ipso facto* dissolution of the body itself, till the investigation should be over; and thus every member could safely swear that no such association was in existence. There are cases where the student, at his admission into the fraternity, gives his word of honour to do every thing in his power to spread a belief that no such association exists, and if he shall be questioned either by the senate or the police, steadfastly to deny it. Here and there the professors fell on the expedient of gradually extirpating them, by taking from every new student, at his matriculation, a solemn promise that he would not join any of these bodies; but where such principles are abroad, promises are useless, for deceit is reckoned a duty. The more moderate convents left it to the conscience of the party himself to

mical civilization, a degree above the obstinate "Wild Ones;" but yet they do not acquire, by their tardy and compelled submission, a full claim to all Burschen-rights. They are merely entitled to the protection of the fraternity which they have joined, and every member of it will run every man through the body who dares to insult them, in word or deed, otherwise than is prescribed by the Burschen code. By abject submission to the will of their imperious protectors, they purchase the right of being abused and stabbed only according to rule, instead of being kicked and knocked down contrary to all rule.

Associations are commonly formed for purposes of good-will and harmony; but the very object of the *Landmannschaften* is quarrelling. So soon as a number of these fraternities exist, they become the sworn foes of each other, except when a common danger drives them to make common cause. Each aspires at being the dominant body in the university, and, if not the most respected, at least the most feared in the town. They could be tolerated, if the subject of emulation were; which should be victor at cricket or foot-ball; it would even be laudable if they contended which should produce the greatest number of decent scholars. But unfortunately, the ambitious contest of German Burschen is simply, who shall be most successful at *renowning*, that is, at doing something, no matter what, which will make people stare at them, and talk about them; or, who shall produce the greatest number of *scandals*, that is, who shall fight the greatest number of duels, or cause them to be fought; or, who will show the

quickest invention, and the readiest hand, in resisting all attempts, civil or academical, to interfere with their vagaries. If opportunities of mortifying each other do not occur, they must be made; the merest trifles are sufficient to give a pretext for serious quarrels, and the sword is immediately drawn to decide them, the "consummation devoutly to be wished," which is at bottom the grand object of the whole. At Jena the custom has been allowed to grow up of permitting the students to give balls; the Senate has only tried to make them decent, by confining them to the Rose, an inn belonging to the university, and therefore under its control. If they be given any where else, the Burschen cannot expect the company of the fashionable ladies of Jena, the wives and daughters of the professors. Now, a Landsmannschaft which gives a ball, *renowns* superbly; it makes itself distinguished, and it must, therefore, be mortified. The other Burschen station themselves at the door, or below the windows; they hoot, yell, sing, whistle, and make all sorts of infernal noises, occasionally completing the joke by breaking the windows. This necessarily brings up an abundant crop of *scandals*; and it can easily happen, that as much blood is shed next morning, as there was negus drunk the night before. A Landsmannschaft had incautiously announced a ball before engaging the musicians; the others immediately engaged the only band of which Jena could boast, for a concert on the same evening. The dancers would have been under the necessity of either sacrificing their fete, or bringing over an orchestra from Weimar; but the quarrel was prevented from

coming to extremes by the non-dancers giving up their right over the fiddlers, on condition that the ball should be considered as given by the whole body of Burschen, not by any particular fraternity. A number of students took it into their heads to erect themselves into an independent duchy, which they named after the village in the neighbourhood of Jena, whither they regularly repaired to drink beer. He who could drink most was elected Duke, and the great officers of his court were appointed in the same way, according to their capacity for liquor. To complete the farce, they paraded the town. Though all this might be extremely good for sets and children, in students it was exquisitely ridiculous; but it attracted notice; it was a piece of successful *renowning*, and their brethren could not tamely submit to be thrown into the shade. A number of others forthwith erected themselves into a free town of the empire—took their name from another neighbouring village—elected their Burgomaster, Syndic, and Councilors—and, habited in the official garb of Hamburg or Frankfort, made their procession on foot; to mark their contempt of ducal pomp, and point themselves out as frugal citizens. The two parties now came in contact with each other; and it was daily expected, that their reciprocal caricatures, like angry negotiations, would prove the forerunners of an open war between his Serene Highness and the Free Town.

The individual Bursche, in his academical character, is animated by the same paltry, arrogant, quarrelsome, domineering disposition. When fairly imbued with the spirit of his sect, no rank can

command respect from him, for he knows no superior to himself and his comrades. A few years ago, the Empress of Russia, when she was at Weimar, visited the university Museum of Jena. Among the students who had assembled to see her, one was observed to keep his bonnet on his head, and his pipe in his mouth, as her Imperial Majesty passed. The Prorektor called the young man before him, and remonstrated with him on his rudeness. The defence was in the genuine spirit of Burschenism: "I am a free man; what is an Empress to me?" Full of lofty unintelligible notions of his own importance and high vocation, misled by ludicrously erroneous ideas of honour, and hurried on by the example of all around him, the true Bursche swaggers and renowns, choleric, raw, and overbearing. He measures his own honour, because his companions measure it, by the number of *scandals* he has fought; but neither he nor they ever waste a thought on what they have been fought for. To have fought unsuccessfully is bad; but if he wishes to become a respected and influential personage, not to have fought at all is infinitely worse. He, therefore, does not fight to resent insolence, but he insults, or takes offence, that he may have a pretext for fighting. The lecture-rooms are but secondary to the fencing-school; that is his temple; the rapier is his god, and the Comment is the gospel by which he swears.

This *Comment*, as it is called, is the Burschen Pandects, the general code to which all the Landsmannschaften are subject. However numerous the latter may be in a university, there is but one Comment, and this venerable body of law descends from generation to generation, in the special keep-

ing of the senior convent. It is the holy volume, whose minutest regulations must neither be questioned nor slighted; what it allows cannot be wrong, and what it prohibits cannot be right. "He has no Comment in him," used to be a proverbial expression for a stupid fellow. It regulates the mode of election of the superior officers, fixes the relation of "Wild ones" and "Renouncers" to the true Burschen, and of the Burschen to each other; it provides punishment for various offences, and commonly denounces excommunication against thieves and cheaters at play—especially if the cheating be of any very gross kind. But the point of honour is its soul. The comment is, in reality, a code, arranging the manner in which Burschen shall quarrel with each other, and how the quarrel, once begun, shall be terminated. It fixes, with the most pedantic solicitude, a graduated scale of offensive words, and the style and degree of satisfaction that may be demanded for each. The scale rises, or is supposed to rise, in enormity, till it reaches the atrocious expression, *Dummer Junge*, (stupid youth,) which contains within itself every possible idea of insult, and can be atoned for only with blood. The particular degrees of the scale may vary in different universities; but the principle of its construction is the same in all, and in all "stupid youth" is the boiling point. If you are assailed with any epithet which stands below *stupid youth* in the scale of contumely, you are not bound immediately to challenge; you may "set yourself in advantage;"—that is, you may retort on the offender with an epithet which stands higher than the one he has applied to you. Then your opponent may retort,

if you have left him room, in the same way, by rising a degree above you; and thus the courteous terms of the Comment may be bandied between you, till one or the other finds only the highest step of the ladder unoccupied, and is compelled to pronounce the "stupid youth," to which there is no reply but a challenge. I do not say that this is the ordinary practice; in general, it comes to a challenge at once; but such is the theory of the Comment. Whoever submits to any of these epithets, without either setting himself in advantage, or giving a challenge, is forthwith punished by the comment with *Verchiss*, or the lesser excommunication—for there is a temporary and a perpetual *Verchiss*, something like the lesser and greater excommunication in ecclesiastical discipline. He may recover his rights and his honour, by fighting, within a given time, with one member of each of the existing *Landsmannschaften*; but if he allows the fixed time to pass without doing so, the sentence becomes irrevocable: no human power can restore him to his honour and his rights; he is declared infamous for ever; the same punishment is denounced against all who hold intercourse with him; every mode of insult, real or verbal, is allowable and laudable against him: he is put to the ban of this academical empire, and stands alone among his companions, the butt of unceasing contumely and scorn.

In the conduct of the duel, itself, the Comment descends to the minutest particulars. The dress, the weapons, the distance, the value of different kinds of thrusts, the length to which the arm shall be bare, and a thousand other minutiae, are all fix-

ed, and have, at least, the merit of preventing every unfair advantage. In some universities the sabre, in others the rapier, is the academical weapon; pistols nowhere. The weapon used at Jena is what they call a *Schläger*. It is a straight blade, about three feet and a half long, and three-cornered like a bayonet. The hand is protected by a circular plate of tin, eight or ten inches in diameter, which some burlesque poets, who have had the audacity to laugh at Burschenism, have prefaced with the appellation of "The Soup Plate of Honour." The handle can be separated from the blade, and the soup plate from both,—all this for purposes of concealment. The handle is put in the pocket, the plate is buttoned under the coat, the blade is sheathed in a walking-stick, and thus the parties proceed unsuspected to the place of combat, as if they were going out for a morning stroll. The tapering triangular blade necessarily becomes roundish towards the point; therefore, no thrust counts, unless it be so deep that the orifice of the wound is three-cornered; for, as the Comment has it, "no affair is to be decided in a trifling and childish way merely *pro forma*." Besides the seconds, an umpire and a surgeon must be present; but the last is always a medical student, that he may be under the Comment-obligation to secrecy. All parties present are bound not to reveal what passes, without distinction of consequences, if it has been fairly done; the same promise is exacted from those who may come accidentally to know any thing of the matter; to give information or evidence against a Bursche, in regard to any thing not contrary to the Comment, is an inexpiable offence. Thus life may easily be lost without the

possibility of discovery ; for authority is deprived, as far as possible, of every means by which it might get at the truth. It is perfectly true, that mortal combats are not frequent, partly from the average equality of skill, every man being in the daily practice of his weapon, partly because there is often no small portion of gasconade in the war-like propensities of these young persons ; yet neither are they so rare as many people imagine. It does not happen, indeed, that either of the parties is killed on the spot ; but the wounds often superinduce other mortal ailments ; and still more frequently, they lay the foundation of diseases which cling to the body through life. A professor, who perhaps has had better opportunities of learning the working of the system than any of his colleagues, assured me, that instances are by no means rare, of young men carrying home consumption with them, in consequence of slight injuries received in the lungs. On the occasion of the last fatal duel at Jena, the government of Weimar gave this gentleman a commission to inquire into the affair. He declined it, unless he were authorized, at the same time, to act against the Landsmannschaften generally. On receiving this power, he seized a number of their *Schläger*, and sent to jail a score of those whom he believed to be most active in the confraternities. But the impression of this unwonted rigour was only temporary ; although the fraternities sought deeper secrecy, they were not at all less active.

Yet, let it only become necessary to oppose the inroads of discipline, to punish the townsmen, or to do some extravagant thing that will astound

the governments, and these bodies, which thus live at daggers-drawing with each other, are inseparable. They take their measures with a secrecy which no vigilance has hitherto been able to penetrate, and an unanimity which has scarcely been tainted by a single treason. The mere townsmen are objects of supreme contempt to the Bursche; for, from the moment he enters the university, he looks on himself as belonging to a class set apart for some peculiarly high vocation, and vested with no less a privilege than that of acknowledging no law but its own will. The citizens he denominates Philistines, and considers them to exist only to fear, honour, and obey, the chosen people, of whom he himself is one. The greater part of the inhabitants are dependent, in some professional shape or other, on those who attend the university, and must have the fear of the Burschen daily and nightly before their eyes. To murmur at the caprice of the Academic Israel, to laugh at their mummeries, or seriously resist and resent their arrogance, would only expose the unhappy Philistine to the certainty of having his head and his windows broken together; for he has no rights, as against a Bursche, not even that of giving a challenge, unless he be a nobleman or a military officer. When the Burschen are in earnest, no civil police is of any earthly use; they would as little hesitate to attack it, as they would fail in putting it to flight. I saw Leipzig thrown into confusion, one night, by the students attempting to make themselves masters of the person of a soldier who, they believed, had insulted one of their brethren in a quarrel on the street about

some worthless woman. . Although it was late, the offended party had been able speedily to collect a respectable number of academic youth, to attack the guard-house ; for a well-trained Bursche knows the commerz-houses, where his comrades nightly congregate to drink, smoke, and sing, as certainly as a well-trained police-officer knows the haunts of thieves and pick-pockets.

The most imminent danger which the Landsmannschaften have hitherto encountered, arose from the students themselves. The academical youth seemed to have brought back from the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, a spirit of more manly union ; and, perhaps, an earnest contest against French bayonets had taught them to look with less prejudiced eyes on the paltriness of their own ridiculous squabbles. A few leading heads at Jena proposed that the Landsmannschaften should be abolished, and the Comment abrogated ; not, however, with the view of crushing all associations, but that the whole body of the students might be united in one general brotherhood, under a new and more reasonable constitution. The Landsmannschaften did not yield without a struggle, but the Burschenschaft (for so they baptized the new association, because it comprehended all Burschen) finally triumphed ; renowning dwindled away, and venerable dust began to settle on the Comment. It is agreed on all hands, that, during the existence of this body, the manners of the university improved. In the investigation afterwards instituted by the Diet, the professors bore witness, that greater tranquillity, order, and respect for the laws, had never been manifested in Jena, than un-

der the Burschenschaft. There was nothing compulsory in it ; no constraint was used, no insult or contempt was permitted towards those who did not choose to join it. So far was it already advanced in civilization, in comparison with the former brotherhoods, that besides prohibiting the introduction of dogs into its solemn assemblies, it would allow no man either to smoke, or to remain covered in them. It was even provided, that the orator should turn his face to the Burschen while he was addressing them, and take his seat again when he had finished.* This spirit of uniformity, going out from Jena, shook the old institutions in other universities ; till at length, when the students had assembled from every corner of Germany, in 1817, to celebrate on the Wartburg the anniversary of the Reformation, and of the battle of Leipzig, the destruction of the Landsmannschaften was unanimously voted, and the all-comprehending Burschenschaft was to take their place. But this proved its ruin. It had been resolved, not merely to melt into one organized association the whole body of students in their respective universities, but to form a supreme council of delegates from them all, to direct and give unity to the whole. The fears which the governments had long entertained ; that political objects were concealed beneath the Burschenschaft, now became certainty. The organization of the body, and the regular contributions by which funds were to be created ; the re-

* Seriously, these were all regulations of the Burschenschaft of Jena. We may judge from them of the decorum which reigns in a Landsmannschaft meeting.

solution to wear the sword and plume as the proper ornaments of a chivalrous student, and to adopt a sort of uniform in the singular dress which is still so common amongst them, were all regarded, if not as indications of dangerous designs, at least as instruments which could easily be used for dangerous purposes. The very language in which they announced their objects, so far as any distinct idea could be drawn from its mystical verbosity, covered them with political suspicion.* The words country, freedom, and independence, were perpetually in their mouths; and people naturally asked, how is this new Ger-

* I can only assure the reader, that the following declaration in the Constitution of the Universal Burschenschaft is as accurately translated as I myself could understand it. "The Universal German Burschenschaft comes into life, by presenting an ever-improving picture of its countrymen blossoming into freedom and unity—by maintaining a popular Burschen-life, in the cultivation of every corporeal and intellectual power—by preparing its members for a popular life, in a free, equal, and well-ordered community, so that every one may rise to such a degree of self-consciousness, as to represent, in his pure personality, the brightness of the excellency of a German popular life." To avoid the charge of wilful misrepresentation, I subjoin the original. "Die allgemeine Deutsche Burschenschaft tritt nun ins Leben dadurch, dass Sie sich, je länger je mehr, darstellt als ein Bild ihres in Freyheit und Einheit erblühendes Volkes, dass Sie ein volksthümliches Burschenleben, in der Ausbildung einer jeden leiblichen und geistigen Kraft erhält, und im freyen, gleichen, und geordneten Gemeinwesen, ihre Glieder vorbereitet zum Volksleben, so dass jedes derselben zu einer solchen Stufe des Selbstbewusstseyns erhoben werde, dass es in seiner reinen Eigenthümlichkeit den Glanz der Herrlichkeit des Deutschen Volksleben darstellt."

manic Academic Diet to benefit any one of the three? What means this regular array of deputies and committees among persons who have no duty but that of prosecuting their studies? To what end this universal Burschen Tribunal, which is to extend its decrees from Kiel to Tübingen, and direct the movements of a combined body from the shores of the Baltic to the foot of the Alps? These questions were in every body's mouth; and it is unjust to say that they were merely politic alarms sounded by the minions of suspicious and oppressive governments. He must be a credulous man who can believe, that from eight to ten thousand students, animated by the political ardour which, of late years, has prevailed all the universities of Germany, could be thus organized, without becoming troublesome to the public tranquillity; and he must be a very imprudent man, who could wish to see the work of political regeneration, even where it is needed, placed in such hands. Members of the university of Jena itself, who are no lovers of despotism, do not conceal their conviction, that, although the founders of the Burschenschaft were sincere in their desire of abolishing the old murderous distinctions, yet that they laboured after this union, only with the view of using it as a political instrument. The governments denounced the new associations; in Jena, they had first breathed, and in Jena they first expired. The Burschenschaft obeyed the order of the Grand Duke for its abolition. The Landemannschaften immediately came forth from their graves; the Comment once more became the rule of faith and life; renouncing and scandalizing re-

assumed their ancient honours; and, as formerly, the Burschen still quarrel, and fight, and swear loudly to make good their "academical liberty."

It is amusing to listen to the pompousness with which these young men speak of this *Akademische Freyheit*, when it is known that it means precisely nothing. To judge from the lofty periods in which they declaim about the blessings it has showered on the country, and the sacred obligations by which they are bound to maintain it, we would conclude that it invests them with no ordinary franchises; while, in truth, it gives them nothing that any other man would wish to have. To be dressed, and to look like no other person; to let his beard grow, where every good Christian shaves; to let his tangled locks crawl down upon his shoulders, where every well-bred man wears his hair short; to clatter along the streets in monstrous jack-boots, loaded with spurs, which, from their weight and size, have acquired the descriptive appellation of pound-spurs; to rub the elbow of his coat against the wall till he has made a hole in it,* where ordinary people think it more respectable to wear a coat without holes; to stroll through the streets singing, when all decent citizens are in bed; to join his pot companions nightly in the ale-house, and besot himself with beer and tobacco; these, and things like these, are the ingredients in the boasted academical freedom of a German student. In every thing connected with the university, he has neither voice nor influence: in this re-

* This actually occurred in Jena; it was *Renowning*; it was something to be stared at.

spect, a boy of the Greek or Latin class at Glasgow, when he gives his vote for the Rector Magnificus, is entitled to look down with contempt on the brawling braggars of Göttingen or Jena. These modes of liberty the Bursche enjoys in common with every silly or clownish fellow in the country; for they consist merely in being singular, ridiculous, and ill-bred, where other people, who have the same right, choose to act otherwise. The Landmannschaften themselves are tyrannical in their very essence. So far from being his own master, the Bursche is chained in word and deed; he is tied down by the strict forms of a fantastic code which he did not frame, which he cannot alter, to which he has not even voluntarily submitted himself, and from which its provisions deny him the power of withdrawing. Dread of the contumely that is heaped on a "Wild One," or of the still more lamentable slavery which awaits a "Renouncer," forces him into the fraternity; and, once within the toils, he is not allowed to break loose, however galling they may be to his feelings, or revolting to his judgment. Yet, amid the very rattling of their chains, these men have the impudence to prate about liberty as their distinguishing privilege.

It is itself, however, no slight peculiarity, that all these peculiarities do not last longer than three years. When the student has finished his *curriculum*, and leaves the university, he is himself numbered among the Philistines; the prejudices, the fooleries, and the hot-headed forwardness of the Bursche depart from him, as if he were waking from a dream; he returns to the ordinary modes

of thinking and acting in the world; he probably never wields a rapier again, or quarrels with a mortal, till his dying day; he falls into his own place in the bustling competition of society, and leads a peaceful industrious life, as his fathers did before him. His political chimeras, too, like all the rest of his oddities, are much less connected with principle than his turbulence would seem to imply; they are modes of speech, which, like the shapeless coats, and daily fencing matches, it has become the fashion of the place to adopt, rather than any steady feeling or solid conviction. The Burschen peculiarities are taken up because they belong to the sort of life to which the person is, for a time, consigned; but they do not adhere to the man, or become abiding parts of his character; once beyond the walls of the town, and they fall from him with the long hair. Were it otherwise, the consequences would already have been visible. Did these young men carry into the world the same vague and heated ideas, and the same dangerous readiness to act upon them, which are reckoned part of their duties at college, it might furnish good grounds for the political precautions of alarmed governments, but it would likewise render them unavailing; for the great mass of the people would speedily be leavened. These are the very men, who, in many cases, form the army, who instruct the people, who occupy all the lower, and not a few of the higher departments in the provincial governments. There does not seem to be much more reason to fear that a swaggering and unruly German Bursche will become a quarrelsome and riotous German citizen, than there would be to apprehend that a hoy of

Eton would grow up to be a radical leader in Parliament, because at school he had borne a share in a barring out.

The decay of discipline which disfigures most of the universities, and the manifold forms of licentiousness and insubordination which have necessarily arisen from it, are intimately connected with the jurisdiction of the university. The senate possessed exclusive jurisdiction in civil causes as well as in criminal prosecutions; it wielded likewise all the powers of police over this portion of the community. In capital offences, if any such occurred, the criminal was generally turned over to the regular authorities; but, in all other cases, he was amenable only to the Prorektor and Senate of his university. The modes of punishment were fines, expulsion, or imprisonment; for every German university has a gaol attached to it, though the duration is not very severe in itself, and, in the eyes of the Burschen, is attended with no disgrace. They do not think the less of a man because he has been sent to the college prison for some act of insubordination; it raises his character as a proved, tried Bursche; it tells for him like a feat of *Renowning*; it adds as much to his academic glory as if he had "tweaked a Philistine." He moves to his dungeon "with military glee," perfectly aware, that, by a little inconvenience, he is purchasing much influence and respectability among his companions.

It is long since doubts began to be entertained of the efficiency of this exclusive jurisdiction vested in the professors. These doubts originated in the laxity with which the jurisdiction has been exer-

aised, and this ruinous laxity is inherent in the system. Notwithstanding all that has been written and said in its defence, it must be manifest to every one who knows the German universities, that, in point of fact, it has done mischief, and may be ranked among the principal causes of the decay of discipline. Where students live in the manner just described, and the maintenance of the public peace, as well as of academical good order, is intrusted to the university itself, the duties of the Prorector and Senate are at once laborious and invidious. The discipline of the university depends entirely on the rigour with which these gentlemen discharge their duty ; and this mode of administration is favourable neither to uniformity nor to firmness. As the Prorector is changed every half year, all the good which a man of vigilance and determination has effected in six months may be undone, as it often has been undone, during the following six, by the carelessness, the laxity, or the connivance of his successor. He has, to be sure, a committee of the Senate, to assist him in the ordinary business ; but, though this diminishes his responsibility, it does not in any way mend the matter ; for it has long been the prevailing spirit of every German faculty to wink, as much as possible, at the irregularities of their pupils, and relax the reins of discipline ;—because, to hold them with a firm hand exposes the masters to odium. If it was natural for the students to prefer a kindly, paternal, indulgent jurisdiction of this kind, on whose fears and comforts they could operate in so many ways, to the legal sternness and strictness of a police magistrate, it was equally natural, that the professor

should choose to be a favourite among the young men, on whom, in some measure, his fame, his fees, and even the quiet of his life, depended, rather than to be detested by them as a tyrannical master, or a too rigorous judge. The Burschen speedily saw their advantage. Feeling that weak hands guided the chariot of the sun, they got the bit between their teeth, and started off in their unrestrained course, setting all the universities on fire. For the rigorous among their teachers they had hootings and *pereats*; for the indulgent they had *vivats* and serenades. It was nothing uncommon to see a venerable professor descend from among his folios to the filial youths who fiddled beneath his window at fall of night, and, with cap in hand, while tears of tenderness diluted the rheum of his aged eyes, humbly thank the covered crowd for the inestimable honour. It is, no doubt, very amiable in these gentlemen to say, that the spirit of a young man must not be broken, or his honour severely wounded; that he is not to be punished as a criminal, but gently reclaimed, like a child who has gone astray, by the paternal hand of his instructors; but the efficiency of paternal authority has its bounds, even where the natural relation gives it greater weight than the metaphorical paternity of the university fathers,—and the Burschen have long since been far beyond these bounds. When the question is, whether the professors shall throw off the father, and assume the judge, or see the discipline of the university, and the manners of its students, wrecked before their eyes, these amiable common-places are the root of all evil. The question had come to this a century ago, and the matter has every year

been growing worse. Göttingen had not existed many years before discipline was so miserably neglected, in consequence of this system of truckling, that Münchhausen appointed a Syndicus, or superior magistrate, who had no connexion with the university, to superintend the execution of the laws. It has ended at length, as the abuse of a privilege always does end, in the curtailment of this exclusive jurisdiction of which the professors were so proud and so chary. As the ordinary irregularities of the students have been mixed up, of late years, with political feelings, to which even some of the teachers incautiously lent their countenance, the governments have in general found it prudent to conjoin civil assessors with the academical authorities, and to narrow, on the whole, the limits of their exclusive jurisdiction.

I am not even sure that the easy footing on which the professors of Jena seem to live with their students is altogether desirable ; for, in such matters, mistaken affability can do more mischief than even superciliousness. There is no harm in waltzing in Germany, and no harm any where in playing whist or the piano ; but a German sage, who has to manage German Burschen, should be the last man to forget the proverb which makes familiarity and contempt mother and daughter. The professors have lately formed a *Landmannschaft*, as it were, of their own, to *Renown*, by giving themselves and the students an entertainment every Sunday evening in the Rose, the same favoured inn to which they have restricted the Burschen-balls. The professors alone are members of the association ; but each of them has the privi-

lege of inviting as many students, or strangers, as he thinks proper. The very intention of the thing was, if not to gratify the young men by a mark of attention for good behaviour, and mortify the disorderly by exclusion, at least to give them some chance of civilization, by submitting them to the polish of well-behaved company, and respectable ladies. On alternate evenings there is a regular concert, for few Burschen do not play some instrument, and play it well. On the others there are tea-tables, and card-tables, a little music, and a little dancing. The ladies sing, play the piano, perhaps waltz for an hour, and by nine o'clock all is over, in a decent Christian way,—if either of these epithets can be applied to such a mode of spending Sunday evening. The dethroned Professor of Natural History was waltzing most vigorously, while the Professor of Greek hopped vivaciously about as *arbiter elegantiarum*. Who, after this, will talk of Heavysterns and Heavysides as representatives of German erudition? Who will style German professors dull book-worms, when they thus flutter like butterflies? It is perfectly true, that a select number of the young men thus amuse themselves, for a couple of hours, like well-bred persons, under the eyes of their academical superiors; but this has a very partial and temporary effect. The teacher and the taught, those who should command, and those who should obey, are brought together in a fashion by no means favourable to rigid discipline. I cannot believe that the students, accustomed to see their professors thus occupied, and to be thus occupied along with them, on Sunday evening, can regard them as very au-

thoritative personages on Monday morning. Besides, it can only extend to a very limited number; while thirty or forty of the most respectable youngsters are growing smooth under the hands of academical ladies, the three or four hundred, who stand most in need of reformation, are hatching academical rebellions over jugs of beer.

Jena used to muster about eight hundred students, but, within the last five years, the number has diminished to nearly one-half, and, as in most other German universities, the large proportion which is supported entirely or partly on charity excites surprise. It has been the bane of these seminaries that the liberality of the public, and the mistaken piety of individuals, converted them, in some measure, into charity schools. Bursaries and exhibitions, when kept within proper bounds, may do much good; but, in this country, we have no idea of the extravagant length to which they have been carried in the German universities, the Protestant as well as the Catholic, and, above all, in the department of Theology. At the Reformation, there was a large demand for preachers in the Protestant market, and it was thought, that part of the ecclesiastical revenues, thrown open to the state by the downfall of Popery, could not be better employed than in encouraging the manufacture; the production of clergymen was cherished by a bounty. In the Catholic countries, again, the public seminaries had always a great deal of the *hospitium* in them: theology is frequently taught in the cloister; and to assist the rising priesthood is one great end of monastic wealth. A hierarchy, whose constitution provides for the finished priest so many

similar frightful deeds, if they could only be worked up to the same pitch of devotedness with Kotzebue's assassin,—and that even some of her chairs were prostituted to teach sedition, and, indirectly at least, to palliate assassination. It cannot be denied, that there was enough in Jena to teach a man very troublesome, because very vague, though ardent political doctrines; but there was nothing at all to teach him murder. Sand's former companions and instructors uniformly speak of him as a reserved, mystical person, who kept aloof even from the noisy pastimes of his brethren. In fact, the storm had long been gathering over Jena. Jena had arranged the Wartburg festival, which was treated as downright rebellion; Jena had given birth to the Burschenschaft, an institution of most problematical tendency; among the professors of Jena had appeared the periodical publications which disturbed the sleep of all the diplomatists of Frankfort and Vienna. The murder of Kotzebue, a man the manner of whose death did Germany more mischief than all the servile volumes he could have written, furnished unfortunately too good a pretext for crushing the obnoxious university. Jena was proscribed; some of the states expressly prohibited their youth to study there; in all it was allowed to be known, that those who did study there would be looked on with an evil eye.

If it be impossible to acquit some of the professors of having been misled, by their zeal for political ameliorations, incautiously to countenance the extravagances of their pupils, the imprudence has brought a severe punishment on all;—for all

have suffered most sensibly from the diminution in the number of students. They have been attacked, too, with suspensions, depositions, and threats. Fries, the Professor of Metaphysics, attended the festival on the Wartburg, where the students burnt certain slavish books; he was suspended from his office, and has not yet been restored. The most unfortunate, as the most imprudent of all, was Dr Oken, the Professor of Natural History. The scientific world allows him to be a man of most extensive and accurate learning in all the departments of his science. His character is entirely made up of placidity and kindness; in conversation he seems studiously to avoid touching on political topics; he is apparently, and the voice of his colleagues declares him to be in reality, among the most tranquil, mild, easy-minded men alive. He, too, was at the Wartburg, and in the contest of opinion which arose in Germany about the establishment of internal liberty, Dr Oken, like most of his colleagues, took the liberal side. He was editor of the *Isis*, a periodical publication devoted entirely to natural science; but he now began to consecrate its pages to political discussion. He wrote galling things, and the manner in which he said them was perhaps more provoking than what was said. From his style of learning, he was probably the very last man in the university that should have meddled with politics; yet, unfortunately, he meddled with them in a more irritating way than any other person. Russia, Austria, and, it is said, Prussia, insisted that he should be dismissed as the most dangerous of Jacobins, who was organizing a revolution in the bosom of the

university. The Grand Duke, who loves not harshness, long resisted taking so decisive a step against a man so universally beloved for his personal, and respected for his scientific character; but all he could gain was, that Dr Oken should have the choice of giving up his journal, or resigning his chair. The professor refused to do either, saying very justly, that he knew no law which rendered them incompatible. His doom was fixed. In June 1819 he was dismissed from his office, without any farther inquiry, or any sentence of a court of justice. The standing commission of the Weimar parliament gave its approbation to the measure at the time, and, as has been already mentioned, when the question was afterwards brought before the whole chamber, that body, to the astonishment of all Germany, voted the dismissal to be legal.

It is unnecessary to say, that the fall of the professor increased the idolatry of the Burschen towards him. On his deposition, they presented to him a silver cup, which he displays on his frugal board with an honest pride, bearing the inscription, *Wermuth war Dir gebothen; trinke Wein*.* A person in Weimar, who had cultivated natural history, left behind him, at his death, a valuable collection of foreign and native insects, which his widow wished to sell. No sooner did the students learn that Oken was in treaty for it, than they purchased it at their own expense, and presented it to him in the name of the Burschen. The patience and equanimity with which he has

* Wormwood was offered thee; drink wine.

borne his misfortune have conciliated every body. The Isis, reclaimed from her political wanderings, has returned to chemistry and natural history, with equal benefit to her master, and to the sciences; and all join in the hope, that Dr Oken will soon be restored to the chair which he filled so usefully.

Luden, Professor of History, would probably have shared the same fate, had he not read the signs of the times more accurately, and retired seasonably from the contest. In his own department, he has justly the reputation of being one of the best heads in Germany. He possesses great learning; he is acute, nervous, and eloquent, occasionally intolerably caustic, and sometimes over hasty and fiery in his opinions, or rather in defending them. The party that numbers Luden among its champions is sure to be deficient neither in learning, nor logic, nor wit. His class has always been the most numerously attended in the university, for the marrow of his prelections consists, not in narrations of historical facts which any body can read in a book, but in elucidations and disquisitions springing out of these facts, which, if not always correct, are always clever. He is an idolater of Sir William Temple, of whom he has written a life. "If I know any thing," said he, one day in his lecture, "of the spirit of history; or if I have learned to judge of political institutions and political conduct, it is to Sir William Temple that I owe it all." In the beginning of 1814, when Germany was about to put forth all her power to banish the long-endured domination of France, Luden began the publication of his

Nemesis. As its name imports, the great object of the journal was to arouse and keep alive the public feeling, and it is said to have been wonderfully successful. After the general peace arose internal political irritation. The *Nemesis*, having nothing more to do with France, now became the bulwark of the liberals of Germany. The opposite party dreaded it more than any other, both from the talent which it displayed, and the weight of the editor's character, who was well known to be no visionary, and to be perfectly master of the subjects that were treated in his journal. Neither did it give them the same convenient handle as the imprudent *Isis*; for it indulged in nothing personal, or irritating, or disrespectful. It was no book for the many; it dealt only in sober political disquisitions, and erudite historical illustrations, tainted with a good deal of that metaphysic which belongs to all German politicians. Perhaps these very qualities rendered a victory over the *Nemesis* indispensable, and Luden's unfortunate collision with Kotzebue furnished too good an opportunity for at least harassing the editor.

An article in the *Nemesis*, written by Luden himself, in which he took a view of the condition and policy of the leading European powers, contained some remarks on the internal administration and foreign policy of Russia,—not, indeed, in the style of eulogy, but just as little in that of insult or disrespect. Kotzebue was finishing his second report to the Emperor of Russia on the occurrences of German literature, when this tract came under his eye. Already in open war with all universities and all professors, he inserted a very par-

tial and unfavourable notice of it in his bulletin, suppressing every thing respectful or laudatory that was said of Russia, setting every thing censorious in the most odious light, and accompanying the whole with virulent remarks, equally injurious to the public and private character of the author. Kotzebue's reports were written in French, and were transcribed by a person in Weimar, before being sent to St Petersburg. The copyist was no adept in French; and being doubtful of some passages, he requested his neighbour, Dr L——, to read them for him. It so happened, that these sentences were among the most virulent against Luden, of whom Dr L—— was an intimate acquaintance. The latter, struck with their character, prevailed on the copyist to leave the manuscript with him for a few hours, transcribed all that related to his friend, and sent it off to Jena. A new number of the Nemesis was in the press; Luden sent the extracts from Kotzebue's report to be printed in it, accompanied with a very ample and bitter commentary. This journal was printed in Weimar; Kotzebue learned, it was never discovered how, that a portion of his bulletin, and a portion which he was not at all desirous that Germany should know, was to appear in the next number; and, on his application, the Russian Resident demanded, that this alleged violation of private property should be prevented. Count Edling, who was at that time foreign minister, immediately ordered Bertuch not to proceed with the printing of that number of the Nemesis. But it so happened, that great part of the impression was already thrown off; and, as there was no order

not to *publish*, the printed copies were sent to Jena to be distributed. Kotzebue stormed ; all the numbers of the *Nemesis*, containing the obnoxious article, were seized and condemned. The seizure was in vain, for Oken immediately republished it in the *Isis*. The *Isis* was seized and condemned, and Wieland immediately reprinted it in his "*Friend of the People*." * This journal, too, was seized and condemned ; but the matter was known by this time over all Germany. Kotzebue, detected in his malevolence, thwarted in all his attempts at suppression, and the object of general dislike, was exasperated to the utmost. He railed at the government of Weimar, in good set terms, threatened the grand duchy with the vengeance of the Russian Autocrat, and retired, fuming, to Mannheim. Criminal proceedings were instituted against Luden ; the court at Weimar sent the case for judgment to the University of Leipzig, which condemned the professor to pay a fine, or go to prison for three months ; but, on an appeal to the supreme court at Jena, the sentence was reversed. It was now his turn to attack. He prosecuted Kotzebue for defamation ; and the court at Weimar, which seems to have been determined to keep clear of the matter altogether, sent the case to the

* This was the son of the great Wieland. He had some talent, but was unsteady. His "*Friend of the People*" was suppressed ; then he tried to re-establish it under the title of "*The Friend of Princes*,"—but various princes would have nothing to do with such friends ; then it assumed the name of "*The Patriot* ;" but no printed Proteus can escape a vigilant police, and at last Wieland died, just at the proper time, when he had nothing to do.

juridical faculty of Würzburg. That university ordained Kotzebue to recant what he had written against Luden, as being false and injurious, and to pay the costs of suit. The progress, and, still more, the judicial termination of this affair, could not be agreeable to the Court of St Petersburg, whose influence, from family connexions, must always be powerful at Weimar. Harassed by the troublesome consequences of the quarrel, foreseeing the progress of the policy, that, in a few months, introduced a censorship, under which he would have disdained to proceed, and apprehending, perhaps, a similar fate to that which so soon overtook Dr Oken, Professor Luden gave up together the struggle and the Nemesis.

CHAPTER IV.

WEISSENFELS—LEIPZIG—DRESDEN.

Gott segne Sachsenland,
Wo fest die Treue stand
In Sturm und Nacht.

Saxon National Hymn.

FROM Weimar, the territory of the grand duchy still stretches a dozen miles to the northward, along the great commercial road between Frankfurt and Leipzig, till it meets the southern frontier of Prussia, on the summit of the Eckartsberg, a woody ridge into which the country gradually rises, and from time immemorial a chase of the House of Weimar. There is less culture and less population, than in the southern districts, for the country is cold and hilly. The villages are generally in the hollows, on the bank of some small stream, rural enough in their accompaniments, but frequently betraying in themselves utter penury. One wonders where the people come from who pay the taxes in this country. Districts have been known to pay in agricultural produce, from inability to raise money. It can only be an in-

corrigible attachment to old habits, that induces the peasantry still to use so much wood in building their cottages, where stone is abundant, fuel scarce and expensive, and fires frequent and destructive. A watchman, appointed for the special purpose, (*Der Feuerwächter*,) looks out all night from the tower of the old castle in Weimar, to give the alarm if fire appear within his horizon. I have seen a village of forty-eight houses reduced to a heap of ashes in a couple of hours, except the church, which was of stone. From the materials used in building and roofing, and the connexion of the houses with each other, every peasant is exposed, not only to his own mischances, but to those, likewise, of all his neighbours; for, if one house in the village take fire, the probability always is, that very few will escape. Yet the peasant will rather run the risk of having his house burnt about his ears twice a-year, than be at the expense of insuring it. In the last session of the *Landtag*, a plan was introduced for establishing an insurance company by public authority, the insurance in which should be compulsory. It no doubt sounds strange to talk of compelling people to do themselves a good turn; but, without some similar intervention of public authority, the want of capital and enterprise is a sufficient bar to the establishment of such institutions.

At Weissenfels, which has its name (the White Rock) from the range of precipices whose foot is washed by the Saal, the stranger regards with much indifference, in the vaults of the old castle, the cumbersome coffins of uninteresting princes, and visits with reverence the apartments in which

the bleeding body of Gustavus Adolphus was deposited after the battle of Lützen. An inscription, commemorating the event, records, among other things, that the heart of the hero weighed ten pounds some ounces. Part of the wall of the room had been stained with his blood, and it was long anxiously preserved, till the plaster was cut out, and carried off by Swedish soldiers. The spot itself is still religiously protected against all whitewashings, and, covered by a sliding pannel, retains its old dirty hue.

Dr Müllner, the great living dramatist of Germany, honours Weissenfels with his residence. He is a doctor of laws, and an advocate, a profession which supplies tragedy writers in more countries than one; but he gets into so many disputes with neighbours and booksellers, that he is jocularly said to be his own best client. He certainly has more of the spirit of poetry in him than any of his living rivals, except Göthe; but many of his finest passages are lyric, rather than dramatic. His appearance betokens nothing of the soul which breathes in his tragedies. He was still in bed at mid-day, for he never begins his poetical labours till after midnight. He spends the hours of darkness with the ladies of Parnassus, disturbs the whole neighbourhood by the vehemence with which he declaims his newly composed verses, and late in the morning retires to bed. He speaks willingly of his own works, and seems to have a very proper sense of their merits. His general humour is extremely dry and sarcastic. Göthe had sent him over from Weimar a number of Blackwood's Magazine, containing a critique on the

Schuld, with specimens of a translation. He took Blackwood to be the name of the author of the Magazine, and a distinguished literary character; nor did he seem to give me his full belief, when I assured him, that that gentleman was just a bookseller and publisher, like his friend Brockhaus in Leipzig. He was overjoyed to learn that we have more than one translation of Leonora, for "the yelpers," he said, were beginning to allege that Bürger had stolen it from an old Scottish ballad. We cannot claim that honour, but some of Dr Müllner's brethren plunder us without mercy or acknowledgment. A very meritorious piece of poetry was once pointed out to me in the works of Haug, the epigrammatist, as a proof that the simple ballad had not died out with Schiller. It was neither less nor more than a translation of our own delicious "Barbara Allan," whom Haug has converted, so far as I recollect, into "Julia Klängen."

Haug has written too many epigrams to have written many good ones; they want point and delicacy. He has no fewer than an hundred on the Bardolphian nose of an innkeeper who had offended him. One of his best is in the form of an epitaph on a lady of rank and well-known gallantry, and the idea is new:

As Titus thought, so thought the fair deceased,
And daily made one happy man, at least.*

* Hier schlummert die wie Titus dachte,
Und täglich einen glücklich machte.

It was in the name of the same lady, who spoke much too boldly of her contempt for the calumnies of the world, that he afterwards sung,—

I wrap me in my virtue's spotless vest ;
That's what the world calls, going lightly dress'd.

The difference between courtship and marriage has been the theme of wits since the first bride was won, and the first epigram turned. Haug does not belie his trade :

She. You men are angels while you woo the maid,
But devils when the marriage-vow is said.

He. The change, good wife, is easily forgiven ;
We find ourselves in hell, instead of heaven.

A continued plain extends from Weissenfels to Leipzig. At Lützen, the road runs through the field on which Gustavus and Wallenstein, each of them as yet unconquered, brought their skill and prowess to the trial against each other for the first, the last, the only time. Close by the road is the spot where Gustavus fell under repeated wounds, buried beneath a heap of dead piled above his corpse in the dreadful conflict which took place for his dead body. A number of unhewn stones, set horizontally in the earth, in the form of a cross, mark the spot. On one of them is rudely carved in German, "Gustavus Adolphus, "King of Sweden, fell here for liberty of conscience." A shapeless mass that rises from the centre of the cross, and, since that day, has been called "The Stone of the Swede," bears merely the initials of the monarch's name. Though in a

field, and close upon the road, neither plough nor wheel has been allowed to profane the spot. Some pious hand has planted round it a few poplars, and disposed within the circle some rude benches of turf, where the wanderer may linger, musing on the deeds and the fate of a heroic and chivalrous monarch. This rude memorial, standing on his "deathbed of fame," produces a deeper feeling of reality and veneration than many mountains of marble—than "sculptured urn and monumental bust,"—so powerful are the associations which locality can call up.

Immediately beyond Lützen, Royal Saxony begins to "rear her diminished head,"—a portion of Germany which, in the arts and elegancies of life, as well as in industry, acknowledges no superior. Leipzig gives at once full proof of the latter. The banker, the merchant, and the bookseller, would assuredly find in it a great deal that is worthy of his notice, but to the traveller who has none of those sources of interest, it presents, after Frankfurt, little that is new. To any other foreigner, a town like the one or the other is infinitely more amusing than to a Briton; for to the former it is novel and unique, and hence the wonderment with which they speak, and the pride with which they boast of it. The German, the Russian, the Pole, the Austrian, the Italian, the Swiss, and, in an hundred instances, the Frenchman, has seen nothing like such a scene of commercial activity, and possibly will see nothing like it again:—such regiments of bales, such mountains of wool-packs, such firmaments of mirrors, such processions of porters and carters, are to him a new world; and

when the novelty has worn off, he forms his opinion of the place, at last, according as he has been seeking money or amusement. But to a Briton, fresh from his own country, the chandler's shop of Europe, and the weaving factory of the universe, a town like Leipzig has not even the charm of novelty in what renders it striking and interesting to most other people. Only individual groups now and then attract his notice.

Leipzig does not equal Frankfort in pomp and bustle, but it is a much more imposing and better built town. There is an odd mixture of the old and the new, which is far from producing any unpleasant effect. Few towns exhibit so much of the carved masonry which characterised the old German style of building, joined with so much stateliness. The whole wears an air of comfort and substantiality, which accords excellently well with the occupations and character of the inhabitants. Many of the shops would make a figure even in London; but then they are full of English wares, and many of those who frequent them are full of English mannerism. The dandyism of Bond Street lounges at the desks and behind the counters of Leipzig, in more than its native exaggeration. The more sober inhabitants, well acquainted with our imitation-shawls, denominate these young countrymen of their own, Imitation-Englishmen. But Frankfort has immeasurably the advantage in every thing outside of the town. The level, well-cultivated, monotonous country round Leipzig, poor in natural beauty, but rich in historical recollections, abundantly supplies the wants, without offering any thing to gratify the taste, of

the citizens. The field where Gustavus took vengeance on the ferocious Tilly, for the sack of Magdeburg—the field where Gustavus himself fell—the field where, in our own day, united Germany “broke her chains on the oppressor’s head,” all surround this peaceful mart of commerce. Leipzig has seen more blood shed in its neighbourhood, and more merchandize pouring wealth through its streets, than any other city of Germany.

Many parts of the city still bear distinct traces of the obstinate conflict which took place, when the Allies, in the heat of victory, forced their way into the town. The houses in the principal streets of the suburb through which the infuriated Prussians advanced, are riddled with shot; and the inhabitants, far from wishing to obliterate these memorials of the *Völkerschlacht*, or Battle of the People, as they term it, have carefully imbedded in the walls cannon-balls which had rebounded. The Elster, which runs through part of the suburbs, and occasioned the final destruction of the French army, is in reality but a ditch, and neither a deep nor a broad one. Where it washes the garden of Mr Reichenbach’s summer pavilion, it received Poniatowski, who, already wounded, took his way through the garden, when all was lost, and sunk, with his wounded horse, in this apparently innocuous rivulet. A plain stone marks the spot where the body was found; and, in the garden itself, an unadorned cenotaph has been erected by private affection to the memory of the Polish chief.

In the cemetery, one of the largest and most homely in Europe, whose most interesting grave is that of Gellert, the pious father of German liter-

rature, I observed an old epitaph, extremely characteristic of the reigning spirit of the place, but in much too light a strain to be imitated, though undoubtedly the writer held it, in his day, to be a very ingenious combination of piety and bank business. It is in the form of a bill of exchange for a certain quantity of salvation, drawn on and accepted by the Messiah, in favour of the merchant who is buried below, and payable in heaven, at the day of judgment.

Every citizen of Leipzig boasts of the church of St Nicholas, and its paintings, as a splendid proof of the good taste of his mercantile city in the arts, and the munificence with which it has cherished them. It has the singular merit of being in the form of a square, a very questionable innovation. The Corinthian pillars, which separate the nave from the aisles, are handsome objects in themselves, but the barbarous or fantastic architect has enveloped the capitals in sprawling bunches of palm leaves, a deplorable substitute for the acanthus. He seems to have had some idea in his head of making the roof appear to rest on palm trees. In general, it is difficult to judge of architectural beauty in the interior of a Protestant church, provided with all its accommodations; for the arrangements required, or supposed to be required, by the Protestant service, are frequently incompatible with architectural effect. The galleries, for example, take all beauty from the pillars which they divide; and here there is a double tier of them. Santa Maria Maggiore, and San Paolo fuori delle Mura, (while it yet stood,) present the noblest architectural perspectives in Europe; but what would be-

come of them, if their pillars were loaded with galleries?

The altar-piece of this church, as well as the host of Scriptural paintings which cover the walls of the choir, are all from the pencil of Oeser, an artist of the last century, who enjoyed, in his day, a reputation which the church of St Nicholas does not justify. To the uninitiated eye, at least, his productions here are deficient in expression, in effect, and variety of grouping, and languish under a weak monotonous colouring. The modern German painters have very generally forsaken the department in which the old artists of their country performed such wonders: that palm has passed to Scotland. Labouring to form themselves, as it is styled, after the Italian masters, they degenerate into insipid mannerists, and fill the world with eternal repetitions of Madonnas and Holy Families.

As Frankfort monopolizes the trade in wine, so Leipzig monopolizes the trade in books. It is here that every German author (and in no country are authors so numerous) wishes to produce the children of his brain, and that, too, only during the Easter fair. He will submit to any degree of exertion, that his work may be ready for publication by that important season, when the whole brotherhood is in labour, from the Rhine to the Vistula. Whatever the period of gestation may be, the time when he shall come to the birth is fixed by the Almanack. If the auspicious moment pass away, he willingly bears his burden twelve months longer, till the next advent of the Bibliopolical Lucina. This periodical littering at Leip-

Reprinting, which gnaws on the vitals of the poor author, and paralyzes the most enterprising publisher. Each State of the Confederation has its own law of copy-right, and an author is secured against piracy only in the state where he prints. But he writes for all, for they all speak the same language. If the book be worth any thing, it is immediately reprinted in some neighbouring state, and, as the pirate pays nothing for copy-right, he can obviously afford to undersell the original publisher. Wirtemberg, though she can boast of possessing in Cotta one of the most honourable and enterprising publishers of Germany, is peculiarly notorious as a nest for these birds of prey. The worst of it is, that authors of reputation are precisely those to whom the system is most fatal. The reprinter meddles with nothing except what he already knows will find buyers. The rights of un-saleable books are scrupulously observed; the honest publisher is never disturbed in his losing speculations; but, when he has been fortunate enough to become master of a work of genius or utility, the piratical publisher is instantly in his way. All the states do not deserve to be equally involved in this censure; Prussia, I believe, has shown herself liberal in protecting every German publisher. Some of the utterly insignificant states are among the most troublesome, for reprinting can be carried on in a small just as well as in a great one. The bookseller who published Reinhardt's Sermons was attacked by a reprint, which was announced as about to appear at Reutlingen, in Wirtemberg. The pirate demanded fourteen thousand florins, nearly twelve hundred pounds, to give up his de-

sign. The publisher thought that so exorbitant a demand justified him in applying to the government, but all he could gain was the limitation of the sum to a thousand pounds.

Such a system almost annihilates the value of literary labour. No publisher can pay a high price for a manuscript, by which, if it turn out ill, he is sure to be a loser, and by which, if it turn out well, it is far from certain that he will be a gainer. From the value which he might otherwise be inclined to set on the copy-right, he must always deduct the sum which it probably will be necessary to expend in buying off reprinters, or he must calculate that value on the supposition of a very limited circulation. At what rate would Mr Murray pay Lord Byron, or Mr Constable take the manuscript of the *Scottish Novels*, if the statute protected the one only in the county of Middlesex, and the other only in the county of Edinburgh? Hence it is that German authors, though the most industrious, are likewise the worst remunerated, of the writing tribe. I have heard it said, that Göthe has received for some of his works about a louis d'or a-sheet, and it is certain that he has made much money by them; but I have often likewise heard the statement questioned as incredible. Bürger, in his humorous epistle to Gökingk, estimates poetry at a pound per sheet, law and medicine at five shillings.

The unpleasing exterior of ordinary German printing, the coarse watery paper, and worn-out types, must be referred, in some measure, to the same cause. The publisher, or the author who publishes on his own account, naturally risks as

little capital as possible in the hazardous speculation. Besides, it is his interest to diminish the temptation to reprint, by making his own edition as cheap as may be. The system has shown its effects, too, in keeping up the frequency of publication by subscription, even among authors of the most settled and popular reputation. Klopstock, after the Messiah had fixed his fame, published in this way. There has been no more successful publisher than Cotta, and no German writer has been so well repaid as Göthe; yet the last Tübingen edition of Göthe himself is adorned with a long list of subscribers. What would we think of Byron, or Campbell, or Scott, or Moore, publishing a new poem by subscription?

Mr Brockhaus is allowed to be the most efficient publisher in Leipzig, and consequently among the first in Germany. He is a writer, too; for, on miscellaneous, particularly political topics, he frequently supplies his own manuscript. He is supposed to have made a fortune by one work on which he ventured, the *Conversations-Lexicon*, a very compendious Encyclopædia. The greatest fault of the book is a want of due selection; personages of eternal name, and topics of immutable interest, are contracted or omitted, to make way for men and matters that enjoy only a local and passing notoriety. Even a Britannica, with a Supplement, should not waste its pages on short-lived topics, and only the *quinta pars nectaris* of human knowledge and biography should be admitted into an Encyclopædia of ten octavo volumes. The book, however, has had a very extensive circulation, and often forms the whole

library of a person in the middling classes. It would have proved still more lucrative, had the writers, among whom are many of the most popular names of Germany, shown greater deference to the political creeds of the leading courts. The numerous political articles, not merely on subjects of general discussion, but on recent events, important and unimportant, are all on the liberal side of the question; moderate, indeed, argumentative, and respectful, but still pointing at the propriety of political changes. The book was admitted into the Russian dominions only in the form of an *editio castigata*; from this tree of knowledge were carefully shaken all the fruits which might enable the nations to distinguish between good and evil, before it was allowed to be transplanted beyond the Vistula. Even in this ameliorated state, it began to be regarded as, at least, lurid, if not downright poisonous, and ultimately it was prohibited altogether.

Brockhaus is, by way of eminence, the liberal publisher of Germany. He shuns no responsibility, and stands in constant communication with all the popular journalists and pamphleteers. His *Zeitgenosse*, or *The Contemporary*, was a journal entirely devoted to politics. It frequently contained translations of leading political articles from the *Edinburgh Review*; and these, again, were sometimes reprinted and circulated as pamphlets. The *Hermes* is of the same general character, a quarterly publication, which apes in form, as well as matter, one of our most celebrated journals. In 1821, his weekly journal, *The Conversations-Wochenblatt*, was prohibited in Berlin, and short-

ly afterwards, it was thought necessary to erect a separate department of the censorship for the sole purpose of examining and licensing Brockhaus's publications. The prohibition was speedily removed, and I believe (but I had left Berlin before it happened) that likewise the separate censorial establishment was of brief duration. Brockhaus has brought himself out of all political embarrassments with great agility and good fortune, and still rails on at despots and reprinters.

Beyond Leipzig the small river Mulda is crossed by a ferry, and that, too, on the great road which connects Leipzig with Dresden, Bohemia, Silesia, and Austria. There is no sufficient excuse for this most inconvenient arrangement. The Mulda is a trifling stream in comparison with the Elbe, and is less exposed to inundations; yet no difficulty has been found in building even stone bridges across the Elbe. It is on a solid, though somewhat clumsy structure of this kind, that you pass the river at Meissen; and, though still a dozen miles from Dresden, you are already in the country, which, by its mixture of romantic nature with the richest possible cultivation, has acquired to Dresden the reputation of being surrounded by more delightful environs than any other European capital. All the way to the city the road follows the Elbe, which pours its majestic stream between banks of very opposite character. The left rises abrupt, rocky, woody, and picturesque; the right swells more gradually into graceful and verdant eminences, whose slopes towards the river are covered with vineyards. In all these features of natural beauty, the Elbe is inferior to the Rhine.

but only to the Rhine; and on the Rhine there is no town where the enjoyment always derived from beautiful scenery is so much heightened by the pleasures of society; and the splendid productions of art. Much as a stranger may have heard of Dresden, the approach to it from this side does not disappoint his expectations. From the rich and picturesque scenery of nature, he enters at once among palaces, passes the Elbe; from the New Town to the Old, on a noble bridge,—a most refreshing sight to a Briton,—is immediately stopped by the gorgeous and imposing pile of the Catholic church, and turns from it to the royal palace. What were once lofty ramparts now bear spacious alleys along the river, and innumerable laughing groups are perpetually enjoying in them the scene, or the shade. The gaiety of the hurrying equipages, the crowd of passengers, the vivacity and hilarity of the people, give a most favourable first impression of the “German Florence.” It is true, that such figurative terms of comparison are often used very loosely; but, although a German, be he from the north or from the south, is always a very different person from an Italian; though the cloudless sky that burns above the Arno be more constant than the sun which shines upon the Elbe; and though the capital of Saxony neither possesses the Medicean Venus, nor has famed schools of painters and sculptors to be the wonders of the world; yet, in its natural beauties, in the character of its inhabitants, in its love of the arts, and what it has done for them, Dresden may be fairly enough said to be to Germany what Florence is to Italy.

The city is divided by the Elbe. Originally it stood entirely on the left bank. That portion is still the largest and most characteristic part of the whole, and, as it contains the palace, is likewise the most fashionable. The general style of building is simple, austere, and, therefore, when in due dimensions, imposing. It is easily seen, that the Saxon nobles, in building palaces, thought chiefly of convenience and duration, not of pillared portals and airy verandas. The houses are lofty, and the streets narrow, as in all old towns in this part of the Continent; but some of the principal streets are of ample breadth, and lined with very stately, though unadorned buildings. There is not a square, properly so called, in the whole city, except two immense market-places, one of which, the Altmarkt, is a fine specimen of the ordinary civil architecture of Germany, and does not lose in comparison even with the *Hof* of Vienna. Here, however, as everywhere else, of late years a love of trivial ornament has been creeping in, which assuredly is far inferior to the substantial simplicity of former times. People will have pilasters, ay, and pillars, too, and entablatures, and pediments, where there is no space for them, and where, though there were space, they would have no beauty. In our own cities, while public buildings have long been conducted with much good taste in the south, and some aspirations after it seem to be rising in the north, how often do we see a cheesemonger's wares reposing in state round the base of—Doric pillars, I suppose, they must be called, or flitches of bacon proudly suspended from the volutes of the Ionic!

The *Neustadt*, or New Town, on the opposite bank of the Elbe, is more open, for the attachment to narrow streets was beginning to give way when it was commenced ; but it is built in a more trivial style : at least, it has that appearance to the eye ; for, as few people of fashion have hitherto emigrated across the Elbe, there is not the same frequent intermixture of stately mansions. The principal street, however, which runs in a right line from the bridge, is the finest in Dresden. Were it better planted, it would rival the *Linden* of Berlin.

The bridge which connects these two parts of the city, striding across the river with eleven noble arches, is the first structure of the kind in Germany. In architectural symmetry and elegance, it cannot vie with many of the French, or with some of the Italian bridges ; but the streams which these cross are ditches, compared with the magnificent river which pours its waters under the walls of Dresden. There is not a single stone bridge on the Rhine, from where it leaves the Lake of Constance, to where it divides itself among the flats of Holland.* The Danube, at Ratisbonne, is a much more manageable stream than the Elbe ; and, moreover, the bridge at Ratisbonne is ugly, unequal, and not even uniform. The good Viennese, so far from attempting to throw a stone bridge across the Danube where he passes near

* I cannot trust to my recollection whether the bridge on the Rhine at Lauffenburg, between Schaffhausen and Basle, is of wood or stone ; but there the river could be surmounted by a bridge infinitely more easily than the Elbe at Dresden.

their capital, extol it as an unparalleled triumph of art that, a few years ago, they built a wooden bridge, on stone piers, over a narrow branch of the main stream, which washes the wall. The bridges on the Oder at Frankfort and Breslau, and that on the Vistula at Cracow, are all of wood. The best proof of the solidity of the bridge of Dresden is, that it has hitherto resisted ice and inundations, both of which are peculiarly destructive on this part of the river. The inundations come down from the mountains of Bohemia very rapidly, and, owing to the nature of the country through which the river flows till it approaches the city, with irresistible impetuosity. The northern confines of the Saxon Switzerland are not more than ten miles above Dresden, and the Elbe, till it has quitted this singular district, traverses only deep narrow valleys, or rugged gorges, through which it seems to have opened a passage. There is no breadth of plain, as there is along the Rhine, over which an inundation can spread itself out. The accumulated mass of water is hurried down to Dresden with accumulating impetus. I have seen the Elbe rise sixteen feet above its ordinary level within twelve hours. Such a course in a river is ruinous for bridges. That of Dresden, which has set the Elbe at defiance, could not resist gunpowder; the French blew up the centre arch, to facilitate their retreat to Leipzig. Of course, it was perfectly right to repair it; but why has that barbarous mass of artificial rock, surmounted by an uncouth crucifix, been restored, to disfigure the centre of the bridge, after it had fortunately been blown up along with the arch? It is an incum-

brance, and a very ugly one : having been once fairly got rid of, it really did not deserve to be restored. Yet the Emperor of Russia has thought proper to commemorate, by an inscription, that he restored what disfigures the finest bridge in Germany. The slender iron rail, too, which occupies the place of a balustrade, is altogether trivial. This is no draw-bridge across a canal.

The prospect from the bridge itself is celebrated all over Germany, and deserves to be so. Whether you look up or down the river, the towers and palaces of the city are pictured in the stream. A lovely plain, groaning beneath population and fertility, retires for a short distance from the further bank, then swells into an amphitheatre of gentle slopes, laid out in vineyards, decked with an endless succession of villages and villas, and shut in, towards the south, by the summits of the Sächsische Schweiz, a branch of the mountains of Bohemia.

The royal palace—but who can tell what the royal palace of Dresden is? it is composed of so many pieces, running up one street, and down another, and so carefully is every part concealed that might have looked respectable. One sees no order; the eye traces no connexion among the masses of which it is made up, and seeks in vain for a whole. Unfortunately, that portion which, from its situation, could have made some show—that which fronts the open space at the entrance of the bridge, is the most unseemly of all, and has the air of a prison.

The royal family which inhabits this palace has the best of all testimonies in its favour, that of the

people. Its younger branches, indeed, nephews of the king, are persons of whom scarcely any body thinks of speaking at all ; but the king himself is the object of universal reverence and affection. The Saxons, though too sensible to boast of his talents, maintain that he is the most upright prince in Europe ; and all allow him those moral qualities which most easily secure the affection of a German people, and best deserve the affection of any people. Though Napoleon flattered their pride by treating their country with great respect, and even restored, in some measure, the Polish supremacy of the Electorate, by creating for it the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, they are no fonder of France than their brethren ; but neither do they conceal their grudge against the powers who punished Saxony for Napoleon's kindness, by giving so much of its territory to Prussia. Germans are the very last people with whom partitioning schemes should be tried. Attachment to his native prince is part of a German's nature ; no man finds so much difficulty in conquering old affections and prejudices.

For a century the Saxons have been accustomed to have a king of a different religion from their own. The electoral crown, which, from the first thesis of Luther, had been the boast and bulwark of the Reformation, was regained for the church of Rome by the throne of Poland. The difference, however, does not seem to produce any cause of discontent or complaint, except that the most important personages about the court are naturally Catholics. The royal family is surrounded by them, and, it is asserted, is studiously kept in the

trammels of the priesthood. There is no intolerance, no exclusion of Protestants; but it is not possible for so devout and priest-ridden a Catholic as the king is, to consider the heretical among his courtiers as equally fit companions for the royal presence, and depositaries of the royal confidence, with the orthodox; and it is just as little possible that the Catholic priesthood should not govern absolutely so devout a king. Protestantism suffers, too, in another way. Where any portion of the Roman hierarchy, perhaps of any hierarchy, nestles, the spirit of proselytism is immediately aroused. Where it rules a court, and basks in the light of royal favour, it arms itself with much more powerful weapons than argument. As the Elector of Saxony was converted by the prospect of a new crown, his subjects may be just as easily converted by the prospect of facilitating their advancement to honours, offices, and salaries.

In one thing the king and his capital never have agreed, and never will agree; the king loves quiet and priests, his subjects love mirth and ballet-dancers. This people, abounding in corn and wine, living in a laughing and beautiful country, and infected, in part, by the crowds of strangers who flock together to admire the riches of their capital, are fond of society and amusement. They are more light-hearted, they have more easy gaiety about them, than any other tribe of their countrymen; nor is it soiled by the gross sensuality of Vienna. The king has no liking for any of these things; the passing pleasures of life have no charm for him. This does not arise from his advanced age, for it has always been so; it is in his charac-

ter, and has been greatly fostered by feelings of devotion, degenerating almost into the ascetic. The court of Dresden indulges so little in pomp, or even in the ordinary amusements of fashionable society, that one could scarcely discover it to exist, were it not for the royal box in the theatre, and the grenadier guards at the gate of the palace. The Protestant gaiety of the people does not scruple to lay the blame of this sequestered life on the priests. In particular, they allege that the ecclesiastics, to insure the continuance of their domination, have educated the princes, not like young men, but like old women ;—kept back, no doubt, from much that is bad, but likewise from much more that is good in the world ; allowed to grow up in ignorance of every thing but what it pleased their bigoted and ghostly instructors they should know ; and thus bent into an unnatural quietude of life, and passiveness of character, which are perhaps not a whit more desirable than a certain degree of irregularity. This is not the social character that will captivate the Saxons. Augustus II. was, both in Poland and Saxony, the most splendid of sovereigns ; under him, Dresden was “ the Masque of Germany.” Augustus III. loved pleasure to extravagance. The present king has hurried himself and his court into the other extreme. It was reckoned no small triumph, a few years ago, that the royal countenance was obtained to a mimic tournament, at which the young nobility, armed from the antiquated trappings of the *Rusthammer*, tilted valiantly, in the arena of the riding-school, at stuffed Turks, and fleshed their maiden sabres in pasteboard Saracens.

If Saxony has a minister at the Sublime Porte, how would he excuse his master, should the Great Turk get into a great passion, as he very reasonably might do, at such amusements being allowed in the court of an ally?

I observed nothing particularly worthy of notice in the churches of Dresden, either in their architecture or ornaments. Every body tells you to admire the *Frauenkirche*, as being built after the model of St Peter's; and it is like St Peter's in so far as both have cupolas, but no farther. I doubt not but the dome of St Peter's might be placed, like an extinguisher, over the whole crowded octangular pile of the *Frauenkirche*.

The Catholic church, as being devoted to the religion of a very devout royal family, is that on which most splendour has been lavished. It was built, in the earlier part of the last century, on a design of the Italian Chiaveri. The quantity of ornament and the waved façade, with its interrupted cornices and broken pediments, announce at once the degenerated taste which had appeared in Italy nearly a hundred years before, and erected such piles as the Salute at Venice, and the church Della Sapienza in Rome, which disfigures one side of a quadrangle designed by Michael Angelo. The building gains by its situation; for it faces the Elbe, just at the entrance of the bridge, unencumbered by any adjoining edifice, except a black, covered gallery, certainly an unseemly appendage, which, for the convenience of the royal family, connects it with the palace. The elevations of the lower part are harmonious, and the effect of the whole is gorgeous; but there is a to-

tal want of simplicity and grandeur, and the parapets are bristled round with grim sandstone saints. The more simple and elegant form of the interior is injured by the galleries for the accommodation of the court. The royal pew, quite cased in glass, is literally a hot-house.

It was only here that I observed that decent custom strictly enforced, (which was universal in the earlier ages of the church,) of making all females take their places on one side, and all males on the other. During mass, domestics of the royal household, armed with enormous batons, patrol the nave and aisles to enforce the regulation, and remove all pretences as well as opportunities of scandal. The system of separation was not observed, however, above stairs, among the adherents of the court; there the wolves and the sheep were praying side by side. This decorum, too, has its origin in the purity of the royal character, though truly the citizens of Dresden seem to value this most estimable virtue much more lowly than it deserves. His Majesty banished from the Temple of Venus at Pilnitz, the portraits of ladies celebrated for their beauty and gallantries, which had given the apartment its name; and he retires every night to his lonely couch in the conviction that Vesta presides over his capital. It is most honourable to himself, that, both by his own example and by police regulations, he has done all in his power to render it a fitting abode for the Goddess; but it is a pity that he should be so very much deceived as to the effect of either. At the same time, debauchery has not the unblushing notoriety of Munich, or Vienna.

As all Germany praises the music in this church, it must be good, for the Germans are judges of music ; yet, though I heard it in Easter, when the sacred harmony of Catholics puts forth all its powers, I must confess, that but little pleasure was derived from the noise of a score of fiddles, which the organ, though built by Silberman, could not conquer, and the voices of the choir, though adorned by that of an eunuch, could not sweeten. It is not merely the casual associations which may fill the head with reels and country-dances, as if it were intended to

Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven ;

these are instruments whose tones, to an untutored err, at least, do not harmonize with feelings of solemnity and devotion ; and the crowd of them usually pressed into the service of the church, takes all distinctness and effect from the vocal music, which in reality becomes the accompaniment, instead of being the principal part of the composition. After hearing Mozart's Requiem, for example, performed at Berlin, with the full complement of fiddles, so much did it gain in effect, merely from their absence, that I could scarcely recognise the composition when given in Vienna simply by the choir and the organ, except where the trumpet, re-echoing along the lofty roof of St Stephen, seemed to send its notes from the clouds, as it bore up the accompaniment at—

*Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.*

tain elevation, they begin to dilate again as they rise higher, as if an inverted truncated cone were placed on a right truncated cone, resembling exactly, but on an infinitely greater scale, what often occurs in caverns, where the descending stalactite rests on an ascending stalagmite.

The abyss which lies deep sunk behind the summit called the Bastey, though not so regular as some others, is the most wonderful of all, in the horrid boldness and fantastic forms of its rocks. The *Ottawalter Grund* is so narrow, and its walls are so lofty, that many parts of it can never have felt sunshine. I trode, through the greater part of it, on snow and ice, when all above was warm and cheery, and butterflies were sporting over its frozen bosom. Some small cascades were literally hanging frozen "in their fall." In one place the walls are not more than four feet asunder. Some huge blocks, in their course from the summit, have been jammed in between them, and form a natural roof, beneath which you must creep along, above the brook, on planks, if the brook be small, or wading in water, if it be swollen; for the rivulet occupies the whole space between the walls in this narrow passage, which goes under the name of "Hell." When, in one of these lanes, you find an alley striking off on one side, and, having squeezed your body through it, another similar lane, which you soon find crossed by another of the same sort, you might believe yourself traversing the rude model of some gigantic city, or visiting the ruined abodes of the true *terre filii*.* When, again, from some

* And once they had inhabitants. Among the loftiest

elevated point, you overlook the whole mass; and see these stiff bare rocks rising from the earth, manifesting, though now disjoined, that they once formed one body, you might think yourself gazing on the skeleton of a perishing world, all the softer parts of which have mouldered away, and left only the naked, indestructible framework.

The *Bastei*, or Bastion, is the name given to one of the largest masses which rise close by the river on the right bank. One narrow block, on the very summit, projects into the air. Perched on this, not on, but *beyond* the brink of the precipice, you command a prospect which, in its kind, is unique in Europe. You hover, on the pinnacle, at an elevation of more than eight hundred feet above the Elbe, which sweeps round the bottom of the precipice. Behind, and up along the river on the same bank, rise similar precipitous cliffs, out and intersected like those already described. From the farther bank, the plain gradually elevates itself into an irregular amphitheatre, terminated by a lofty, but rounded range of mountains. The striking feature is, that, in the bosom of this amphitheatre, a plain of the most varied beauty, huge columnar hills start up at once from the ground; at great distances from each other, overlooking, in lonely and solemn grandeur, each its own portion of the domain. They are monuments which the

and most inaccessible of the cliffs which overlook the Elbe, remains of the works of human hands are still visible. A band of robbers, by laying blocks across the chasms, had formed bridges, frail in structure, and easily moved when security required it; and, in the upper floors, as it were, of this natural city, they long set regular power at defiance.

Elbe has left standing to commemorate his triumph over their less hardy kindred. The most remarkable among them are the *Lilienstein*, and *Königstein*, which tower, nearly in the centre of the picture, to a height of above twelve hundred feet above the level of the Elbe. They rise perpendicularly from a sloping base, formed of *debris*, and now covered with natural wood. The access to the summit is so difficult, that an Elector of Saxony and King of Poland thought the exploit which he performed in scrambling to the top of the *Lilienstein* deserving of being commemorated by an inscription. The access to the *Königstein* is artificial, for it has long been a fortress, and, from the strength of its situation, is still a virgin one. Besides these, the giants of the territory, the plain is studded with many other columnar eminences of the same general character, though on a smaller scale, and they all bear, from time immemorial, their particular legends—for the mountains of Saxony and Bohemia are the native country of tale-telling tradition, the cradle of Gnomes and Kobolds. In the deep rents and gloomy recesses of the *Lilienstein*, hosts of spirits still watch over concealed treasures. A holy nun, miraculously transported from the irregularities of her convent, to the summit of the *Nonnenstein*, that she might spend her days in prayer and purity in its caverns, is commemorated in the name of the rock; and the *Jungfernsprung*, or Leap of the Virgin, perpetuates the memory of the Saxon maid, who, when pursued by a brutal lustling, threw herself from the brink of its hideous precipice, to die unpolluted.

CHAPTER V.

DRESDEN.

THE ARTS—LITERATURE—CRIMINAL JUSTICE
—THE GOVERNMENT.

DRESDEN has the advantage of being lively and entertaining at all seasons of the year, though the classes of persons who produce and enjoy its pleasures vary most sensibly with the state of the thermometer. The winter entertainments of the higher ranks are just what they are elsewhere. Those who find balls, routs, and card parties dull in other countries, will not find them a whit less so in Saxony. The middle and lower orders seek their pleasures in the theatre; for no rank in Germany reckons play-going a sin. The King himself is so extravagantly fond of music, that besides a regular troop of actors, he supports two operatic companies, one Italian and the other German, and has at the head of his chapel Weber, the first of the living theatrical composers of Germany, and Morlacchi, who fills a very respectable rank after the despotic Rossini. Spring comes on, and

the native heroes of the winter disappear, to be replaced by strangers. The great body of the citizens take their turn in the cycle of amusement, and take it out of doors. On the first of May, as regularly as the year comes round, the royal family removes to Pilnitz. The nobility and gentry, all, in short, who are not too poor, fly to their country-seats, or to the baths of Bohemia; the superb orangery is brought forth from its winter covering, and placed round the *Zwinger*, to blossom in the open air; the picture gallery is thrown open; Böttiger commences his prelections on ancient statues, in the collection of antiques; foreigners crowd into the city from all parts of Europe; and Dresden, with its laughing sky, climate, scenery, and people, becomes, for a season, the coffeehouse of Germany.

It is to its collection of pictures that Dresden is indebted for the reputation which it enjoys as being the centre of the arts in Germany. No gallery, on this side of the Alps, deserves, as a whole, to be placed above it. Munich is richer in the choice works of Rembrandt; and, since the acquisition of Nürnberg, likewise in those of Dürer; Brussels can show much finer pictures of Rubens; Potsdam some splendid historical pieces of Vanduyke; and Paris, among the straggling glories which still remain to the Louvre, more perfect samples of one or two of the Italian masters; but, as a collection of excellent pictures, in all styles, none of them can claim superiority over the royal gallery of Dresden. The Flemish and German schools had been gradually accumulating, especially under the magnificence which overwhelmed

Saxony from the moment her electors mounted the throne of Poland ; but it was poor in the works of the Italian masters, till Augustus III. raised it at once to its present eminence, by purchasing, for about L.180,000, (1,200,000 rix dollars,) the whole ducal gallery of Modena, which contained, among others, the far-famed Correggios. A good specimen of Raphael was still awaiting, and, for something more, it is said, than L.8000, (17,000 ducats,) a convent at Piacenza was prevailed on to part with his Madonna di San Sisto, which, I suppose, gold could not now purchase. While lingering among these great productions of a captivating art, it is likewise a pleasant feeling, that they have had the rare fortune to be treated with reverence by every hostile hand. Frederick bombarded Dresden, battered down its churches, and laid its streets in ruin, but ordered his cannon and mortars to keep clear of the picture gallery. He entered as a conqueror, levied the taxes, administered the government, and, with an affectation of humility, asked permission of the captive Electress to visit the gallery as a stranger. Napoleon's policy, too, led him to treat Saxony with much consideration, and was the guardian angel of her pictures. Not one of them made the journey to Paris.

The Outer Gallery,* as it is called, is entirely filled with the productions of the northern schools, and displays, in an immense number of pictures,

* The arrangement of the building is somewhat peculiar ; it is one square within another, as if formed by dividing a very broad gallery running round a square, by building within it a partition parallel to the sides of the square. The lights of the outer square are from the street,

all the merits and deficiencies of the masters of Germany, Flanders, and Holland. The principle of these schools was, not to embellish nature, but to imitate her with almost literal precision. Animals, and objects of still life; the ingenious effects of artificial, or the chequered play of natural lights and shades; busy figures, surrounded by household goods, or the implements of a profession; the grotesque groups, and gross dissipations of a fair; the hard-favoured, but expressive countenances, the ale-jugs, and low indelicacies of carousing boors, were transferred to the canvass with an accuracy of imitation, and patience of finishing, which have never been rivalled. Such subjects scarcely admitted of embellishment; what existed before the painter's eyes must be copied "severely true;" no *beau idéal* sprung into life beneath the pencil of the artist, creating upon the canvass forms which perhaps never existed in nature, but which, nevertheless, are at once recognised to be the perfection of nature. It would be absurd to suppose, that all the boors of Teniers are portraits, and all his cottage or wedding scenes taken from the life; so far he must have proceeded on the same princi-

those of the inner from the court which the square contains. The inner gallery is set apart for the Italian, and the outer is filled with the ultramontane schools—using ultramontane in the Italian sense of the term. As the lights come from only one side, care has been taken to place all the good pictures on the opposite side—apparently a very obvious arrangement, yet one, the neglect of which, in many private collections, spoils many excellent pictures. The best of all lights is that which comes from above, as partly in the Tribune of Florence, and entirely in the upper room at Bologna.

ple as if he had been composing a Madonna, and made his boors and weddings what they possibly never were, but yet easily might be ; but forms of ideal beauty or dignity, and the expression of the higher passions, were not regularly within the sphere, and never constituted the character, of the school. Even those masters who sought immortality in another path, Rubens, for example, or Rembrandt, seldom approach this lofty and captivating ideal. They compose their pictures with skill, they seduce the eye by peculiar charms of colouring, and they may be unrivalled in the artificial management of light and shade ; yet is not the effect produced by their most finished pictures not only specifically different from what we feel when contemplating the Madonna of Raphael, the Saviour or St Jerome of Correggio, Fra Bartolomeo's St Mark, Guido's Aurora, or Titian's Assumption of the Virgin, but is it not one of a more prosaic nature, less imposing to the imagination, less elevating and interesting both to feeling and to taste ?

The pictures of Teniers, Ostade, and Gerard Dow, the northern landscapes of Ruisdael, the vivid groups of Wouvermann, with his never-failing grey horse, are all among the most successful and characteristic productions of these celebrated masters. In Ruisdael's famous Hunt, earth and sky, wood and water, speak so feelingly the cold, drizzling haze of a raw autumnal morning in a northern region, that the spectator is happy, on turning from the picture, to find himself in sunshine. Dow and Ostade could not compete with Teniers in effect of grouping and expression of

vulgar character, but they are at least his equals in minuteness of finishing, and surpass him in delicacy and vivacity of colouring. There is a beautiful small picture by Gerard Dow, representing a hermit at prayer before a crucifix, at the door of his hut. A book lies open before him, and so industriously is every part finished, that you actually see the letters glimmering through the paper from the opposite page. The most wonderful instance of this finishing and colouring, because it contains the most minute and heterogeneous objects, is an alchemist's work-shop of Teniers. Tables, stools, chairs, furnaces, alembics of various sorts, dead and dried fishes, stuffed beasts, living mice, boxes of wood and paper, vials of white, and bottles of green glass ; in short, all kinds of lumber, utensils, and instruments, are scattered about in the most grotesque confusion, and every single object is in form and colouring the most deceiving imitation of nature imaginable. His *Temptation of St Anthony*, though possessing much of the same excellence, is not equal to those of *Hell Breughel*.* The monsters are of the same kind, but the whole wants the fantastic richness of Breughel—all the merit, in point of composition, which such a picture can possess.

* There were two brothers of this name, *Hell Breughel*, so called from the delight he took in painting hell and witch scenes, which in general display a grotesque richness of fancy, quite at home in such pictures ; and *Velvet Breughel*, who derived his name from the smoothness and softness of his colouring. Their father, too, had a nickname, *Peter the Droll*, for he dealt largely in the very broadest comic which even the Dutch school allowed.

Yet Teniers repeated the subject in another picture at Potsdam, and introduced his wife and mother-in-law as devils. With the old lady he kept no measures ; but he satirized his help-mate only by allowing the tip of a tail to peep out from beneath the sweeping train of her gown. Vandyke's portraits of Charles I., of his Queen Henrietta, and their children, especially the last, are splendid pictures.

There is no very good picture of Rembrandt or Rubens. The Judgment of Paris, by the latter, is inferior to a hundred of his works even in colouring, and is, perhaps, the very worst of them all in regard to the forms ; at least, if there be others in which the forms are absolutely as gross and clumsy as they are here—the Magdalene at Hanover, for example—yet the deficiency strikes us in this picture with greater force, because it is a subject from which we expect the most perfect forms of beauty in both sexes. Paris, a heavy, awkward, hard-featured, ploughman-looking fellow, is seated beneath a tree, naked, indeed, but covered with an enormous broad-brimmed hat. He is thus a fitting judge and companion for the three blowsy, fat, flabby wenches, under whom the painter has, it might be imagined, caricatured the three goddesses. It is no wonder that Paris looks puzzled ; it would require a wiser man to decide which of the three is the least ugly. It is extremely possible that many of the trivial pictures which bear the name of this great artist were never touched by his pencil ; but, among his undoubted works, there is enough of the same deficiency to convince us, that he shared deeply the general character of

the northern schools, a felicitous imitation of nature without ennobling her. It was long before he acquired an accuracy in drawing equal to the captivating colouring of which he was master so early. One can scarcely believe the Deposition from the Cross at Antwerp, the Crucifixion of St Peter at Cologne, or the Ascension of the Virgin, (inferior only to Titian's,) in the gallery at Brussels, to have proceeded from the same pencil which produced so many masses of flesh—flesh, indeed, painted to the life, but in forms more gross and shapeless than even the nymphs of Flemish boors ever were.

Taste is so very flexible a thing, that you may almost foretell whether an ordinary spectator's inclination will lean to the painters of the south or of the north, according as the one or the other have first taught him to feel and admire the power of the art. Whoever has the treasures of the German and Flemish masters opened up to him, only after coming fresh from revelling in the galleries of Italy, to whose beauties memory still returns with the fondness of a first love, is sure to be unjust to the former. To this are partly to be ascribed the superior attractions that struck me in the inner gallery of Dresden, which contains the Italian schools, although it can safely rest on its own absolute merits, for there are pictures which Jew and Gentile must be equally loth to quit. Raphael's *Madonna di San Sisto* "shines inimitable on earth;" if any picture deserves to be placed by its side, it must be his own *Transfiguration*, or Titian's *Assumption of the Virgin* in the Academy of Venice. The composition of this wonderful picture is simple in the extreme. The Virgin hovers

on a cloud, in an upright attitude, with the holy infant in her arms. The Pope St Sixtus, from whom the picture has its name, arrayed in his sacerdotal robes, kneels upon her right. He looks up to the Virgin in trembling devotion; every feature breathes pious wonder and self-humiliation; his clasped hands and withered countenance seem ready to sink beneath the burden of religious awe. St Barbara kneels on the left; but her youthful and beautiful countenance is lighted up with a mild and unrestrained joy, and is bent towards the earth, as if turning away from the glory that shines round the Madonna. In the bottom of the picture are seen the heads and breasts of two cherubs, the best, in their kind, which the art has produced. One of them has his little arms folded; the other is resting his head on one hand. Nature never created, nor could a poet's fancy imagine, more touching forms of infantine innocence and beauty, joined, at the same time, to a tinge of seriousness and awe, which gives them a peculiar character, without being at all unnatural, and falls in delightfully with the whole style of the picture. We feel instantly that these are children, indeed, but children of a higher order, and employed in a holy service. The Madonna herself, all simplicity and serenity, free from every taint of exaggerated rapture, or affected attitude, floats between the heaven and earth, that are mingled in her countenance, clasping her infant to her bosom with the fondness of a mother, and, at the same time, with the dignity of a superior being.

It would be difficult to analyze the impression

which the whole composition produces : in fact, a picture or a statue which can be completely copied in language is seldom worth seeing. Besides the beauty of the forms, and the vivid and highly diversified expression of countenance, its great enchantment seems to lie in the prevailing tone of mild character, in the heavenly tranquillity that is spread over the whole composition. One always returns with longing from the other famed works of the gallery, to rest on the simple beauty of these matchless forms ; and I almost think it impossible to gaze on this picture without becoming, for the time, a better man. Like the harp of David, it puts every evil spirit to flight.

After this Madonna are always ranked the five great pictures of Correggio, which formerly adorned the gallery of Modena, and the first place among them is universally assigned to the Night. It represents the holy family at night, illuminated only by the glory which surrounds the infant—and hence its name. The mother and child occupy the centre of the picture, so that the light diffuses itself in all directions upon the other figures, producing an extremely vivid effect, and giving the personages an incredible degree of *relief*, by the strong masses of shade against which it is set off. Only the face and bosom of the mother are illuminated, as she bends over the infant on her lap. Three peasants form the other group. One of them, a girl, starts back in childish astonishment from the supernatural light ; a coarse herdsman, who is admirably contrasted with the elegant form of the virgin herself, looks in with an almost savage wonder ; the third has his eyes directed to heaven,

with a more pleasing expression of admiration and devotion. In the back ground Joseph foddereth the ass; and, through an opening in the wooded landscape, the morning is seen to dawn over the distant country, giving the picture the force of a religious allegory. Artists would probably have some fault to find with every individual figure in the composition; but the variety of form, countenance, and character, all differently lighted up, according to the position in which the personages stand to the infant, work together to form an admirable whole. In fact, the picture has often been set down as Correggio's masterpiece; and certainly, in so far as the effect produced by the artificial management of the light is concerned, he has painted nothing great in the same kind, and no other master has painted any thing equally great. Yet it is doubtful whether, in the more poetical merits of the art, there are not better pictures of Correggio in Parma. The Madonna di San Giralamo makes an impression, not so vivid at first, but much more lasting. The three other great paintings, the St George, the St Francis, and the St Sebastian, all represent similar groups,—the virgin and child surrounded by various saints, but all in natural lights. St John, in the second of these, looking out from the picture towards the spectator, and pointing to the young Redeemer, is one of the most animated and eloquent of all Correggio's figures. The little picture, the Magdalene reclining on the ground, wrapt up in a blue mantle, and reading a book, is a most simple painting, but inimitable from its very simplicity, its pure beauty of form, and fulness of expression. It derived a

greater merit, in the eyes of a certain mason, from the gems with which the frame was thickly set; he broke into the gallery one night, and stole the picture.

Perhaps it is unfortunate for the effect of these pictures of Correggio, that they are so much alike, and all together. They form, indeed, a series, exemplifying the style of the painter in the different stages of its improvement, and this is repeated to you again and again as the great recommendation of the collection: "We have a sample of Correggio in all his styles." But those gradations, which may be extremely discernible and interesting to the artist and connoisseur, are lost on the ordinary spectator, who only asks of a picture that it shall speak to him, and make him feel. If the beauty of the first of them which falls under the eye be properly appreciated, the effect of the others is diminished; for the subjects, the grouping, and the general spirit, are very similar in all of them, and the varieties in the style of colouring are not very striking. The gradations in the style of Correggio are not at all like those of Raphael, one of whose pictures, painted by him while he was under Perrugino, could not easily be recognised as a work of the same master who produced the Transfiguration; they are even much less marked than those of Guido. Moreover, all these pictures, with the exception of the Magdalene, represent subjects in which Correggio has less variety than in others. In the Madonna, more than in any other figure, the great painters are easily discovered; for, with all of them, she is more or less purely ideal, and the ideal of a painter of original genius does not

readily change. No one, I believe, accustomed to the galleries of Rome, Florence, and Bologna, ever found much difficulty in recognising a Madonna of Raphael, of Guido, or of Da Vinci. Correggio is more a copyist of himself in the Mother of God than any other artist of equal name. With his Madonnas in your memory, look at his portrait of his mistress in Potsdam, and you see at once that all the former have been created by ennobling the latter. Raphael occasionally made use of his Fornarina to lend a feature for the maiden-mother, but Correggio never forsakes his beloved; in all his Virgins of celebrity she is distinctly recognizable; it is only in the Magdalene that no trace of her is to be found. It would be woful stupidity to say that Dresden has too much of Correggio; *that* is impossible; but perhaps it has too much of the same subjects; and this, I doubt not, is one reason, why spectators, not artists themselves, are thrown into much less lively raptures by these pictures than they had been led to expect. To my own feelings, the Madonna di San Sisto stands at an immeasurable distance above any of them.

Julio Romano's Pan and Satyr is another picture to make one wish he had kept to his frescoes, where he seldom failed to be among the foremost. Raphael never forgot, in his frescoes, the grace and elegance of his oil painting; the scholar, on the other hand, gave himself entirely up to the boldness, and even harshness, so naturally produced by fresco painting, and transferred the same style to canvass, where it is much less in its place. Hence, in so many of his oil paintings, there is a roughness of execution and colouring, and a want

of accurate and finished outline, which are not always redeemed by the boldness of his attitudes and the strength of his shades. A Holy Family, though of somewhat outré composition, representing the infant standing in a basin of water, to be washed by his mother, while St Anne holds a towel to dry him, is a better picture ; but still there are hands and feet which would have been allowable only in the War of the Giants, and which Julio's master would not have admitted even in a fresco. There is a copy of the St Cecilia ascribed to him ; the copy is masterly, but the tradition is uncertain ; nor is it easy to believe that a painter so celebrated and so occupied as an original artist as Julio Romano was, can have spent his time on the innumerable copies which are every where current in his name.

The picture which represents a martyr with the fire kindling at his feet, and is ascribed to Michael Angelo, is just such a figure as he would have painted, and probably its very prototype may be found in the Vatican ; but it is in oil, a circumstance always injurious to the authenticity of any picture pretending to be from the pencil of an artist who used it so very seldom in oil painting, which he declared to be fit only for women and lazy men. The gallery is weak in the Venetian, and Bolognese, and Florentine schools, though there is one of those voluptuous beauties of Titian, commonly called Venuses, and a very beautiful half figure of St Cecilia by Carlo Dolce, a favourite subject of copying among the female amateurs. Of Da Vinci, the great father of the Lombard school, there is only a portrait of Sforza, the celebrated usurper

of Milan, who was too fortunate in having Leonardo to paint him, and Guicciardini to write his history ; it is a portrait that belongs to the very first class in every respect.

The crowds of copyists which fill the gallery during the summer months, show that the possession of this rich collection has not been altogether favourable to the growth of original genius. A sure and lucrative employment is found in making miniature copies ; originality of style and composition dies out ; or, when the painter ventures to work after his own taste and imagination, he unconsciously degenerates into mannerism. Dietrich was a skilful landscape painter, but he possessed a dangerous facility of pencil. Mengs, the first of modern German artists, though by birth a Bohemian, is more properly to be given to Italy, where he spent his life. Within these few years, Kügelchen gained a great name. His pictures are distinguished by great elegance of forms, with much softness and tenderness, a sort of fairy lightness, in the colouring. A murderer cut him off too early. Dresden still contains many painters, and a love of the art is widely diffused ; but the painters are copyists, and the love of the art is dilettanteism. During summer and autumn, the gallery is filled with professional and amateur artists, copying the celebrated pictures, or individual groups or figures from them, for money or amusement. Many of them, especially of the mere amateurs, are ladies, and here the pride of rank which, in every thing else in Germany, is so unyielding, gives way. The countess pursues her task by the side of her more humble companion,

who is copying for her daily bread, under the gaze of every strolling stranger. It is nothing uncommon to find ladies repairing to Dresden from distant capitals, to spend part of the summer in copying pictures.

One of the most complete collections of copperplates in Europe, containing every thing that is interesting in the history of the art, or valuable for practical excellence, forms a supplement to the pictures. The earliest is of the date of 1466, and is said to be the earliest yet known. What a leap the art takes at once from the uncouth forms of Schöngauer and Mecklin, to the drawing and finishing of Dürer ! It is amusing to observe the minutiae by which the connoisseur distinguishes an original plate from the copies, often excellent, which have been made of most celebrated engravings. In a portrait, the graver had slipped at a letter in the word *Effigies*, so that this letter is accompanied in the original, by a slight scratch, more difficult to be observed than the fragment of a hair. The copyist either had not observed the defect, or had thought proper to correct it ; and the absence of this blemish is the only test by which the copy can be distinguished from the original. In an early work of Dürer, which contains a town, the omission of a small chimney,—which is not more than a point,—and, in another, a still slighter variation in the ornaments of a helmet, alone detects the copy. Money is liberally spent in carrying on the series in the works of the modern masters of all countries. Whoever wishes to study the history of this beautiful art, and to be initiated into the mysteries of *connoisseurship*, can

find no better school than the cabinet of Dresden. It overflows with materials, and is under the direction of a gentleman, who not only seems to be thoroughly master of his occupation, but has the much rarer merit of being in the highest degree patient, attentive, and communicative.

The Saxons, to complete their school of arts, have procured a quantity of ancient sculptures, purchased and begged from different quarters of Italy, and casts in gypsum of the great works, which could neither be bought nor begged. The latter are from the hands of Mengs himself, and, besides perfect accuracy, many parts of the figure, such as the hair, are finished with a much higher degree of industry and precision than is usually found in this department of the plastic art. Both collections are under the direction of Böttiger, than whom Germany recognises no greater name in every thing connected with ancient art and classical antiquities. With, perhaps, less taste in the arts themselves, he is allowed to be master of much more extensive and profound erudition concerning them, than Winckelman, in whom his *Contributions to the History of Ancient Painting*, corrected many errors, and supplied many deficiencies. This erudition, which Heyne and Wolff in vain urged him to lay out in some great work, instead of squandering it, by fits and starts, among a hundred different subjects in tracts and reviews, is quite in its place in his lectures, or even in the *Abendzeitung*, the polite journal of Dresden, which is often made the vehicle of his lucubrations ; but it is formidable to a listener in ordinary conversation. When Böttiger bends his

head, and half shuts his eyes, the hearer may reckon on encountering a flood-tide of erudition and superlatives, which, however, the kindliness and simplicity of the old man render perfectly tolerable.

It would be unpardonable to pass over in silence the treasures of the *Grüne Gewölbe*, or Green Vault, of which every Saxon is so proud; and whoever takes pleasure in the glitter of precious stones, in gold and silver wrought, not merely into all sorts of royal ornaments, but into every form, however grotesque, that art can give them, without any aim at either utility or beauty, will stroll with satisfaction through the apartments of this gorgeous toy-shop. They are crowded with the crowns, and jewels, and regal attire of a long line of Saxon princes; vases and other utensils seem to have been made merely as a means of expending gold and silver; the shelves glitter with caricatured urchins, whose body is often formed of a huge pearl, or an egg-shell, the limbs being added in enamelled gold. The innumerable carvings in ivory are more interesting, as memorials of a difficult art, which was once so highly esteemed in Germany, and of the minute labour with which German artists could mould the most reluctant materials into difficult forms. One is dazzled by the quantity of gems and precious metals that glare around him; he must even admire the ingenuity which has fashioned them into so many ornaments and unmeaning nick-nacks; but there is nothing that he forgets more easily, or that deserves less to be remembered.

The *Rusthammer*, too, (the armoury,) is not

merely a museum, containing a few specimens of what sort of things spears and coats of mail were, but is just what a well-stored armoury must have been in the days of yore. Were Europe thrown back, by the word of an enchanter, into the middle ages, Saxony could take the field, with a duly equipped army, sooner than any other power. We cannot easily form any idea of the long practice which must have been necessary to enable a man to wear such habiliments with comfort, much more to wield, at the same time, such arms with agility and dexterity. But the young officers of those days wore armour almost as soon as they could walk, and transmigrated regularly from one iron shell into another, more unwieldy than its predecessor, till they reached the full stature of knight-hood, and played at broadsword with the weight of a twelve pounder on their backs, as lightly as a lady bears a chaplet of silken flowers on her head in a quadrille. There is here a complete series of the suits set apart for the Princes of Saxony; the smallest seemed to be intended for boys of ten or twelve years of age. It would be difficult to find a man who could promenade in the cuirass of Augustus II., which you can hardly raise from the ground, or wear his cap, which incloses an iron hat heavier than a tea-kettle; but Augustus, if you believe the Saxons, was a second Sampson. They have in their mouths innumerable histories of his bodily prowess; such as, that he lifted a trumpeter in full armour, and held him aloft on the palm of his hand; that he twisted the iron bannister of a stair into a rope, and made love to a coy beauty by presenting in one hand a

bag of gold, and breaking with the other a horse-shoe.

Among the relics is the first instrument with which Schwarz tried his newly invented gun-powder. The fire is produced by friction. A small bar of iron, placed parallel to the barrel, is moved rapidly forwards and backwards by the hand; above it is a flint, whose edge is pressed firmly against the upper surface of the bar by a spring; the friction of the flint against the bar strikes out the fire, which falls upon the powder in a small pan beneath.

These are some of the treasures and curiosities, the collections of arts and of trifles, which have made the Saxons so proud of their capital, and draw to it men of genius and taste, as well as men of mere idleness and dissipation. The general tone of society bears the same impress of lightness and gaiety. Though there are many men of high literary reputation in Dresden, regular literary coteries are not favourite forms of social life; the pedantry and affectation which generally surround them do not suit the meridian of Dresden. But it can easily happen that, after sipping your tea amid chit-chat, you are doomed to hear some one read aloud for a couple of hours. The yawning gentlemen may deserve some commiseration; but the ladies are not to be pitied, for they are universally the great patronesses of these evening congregations, and knitting goes on just as rapidly as if they were tattling with each other. Tieck, a poet of original genius himself, and a worthy co-operator in the labours which have so successfully transplanted Shakspeare to the soil of

Germany, is peculiarly celebrated for his elocutionary powers. I have heard him read, at one stretch, the whole of Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar, in Schlegel's translation, to an enraptured tea-auditory, with a different modification of voice for every character; and really the combined merits of the translation and elocution left little to be desired.

Yet, with all its love of gaiety and novelty, Dresden is, I take it, the only respectable European capital in which no newspaper, properly so called, is published. The *Abendzeitung* is intended for tea-tables, and is filled with sentimental tales and verses, old anecdotes which interest nobody, and critiques on the performances in all the great German theatres, which interest every body. There is no political newspaper, owing probably to the vicinity of Leipzig; where people perhaps believe political newspapers can be better managed, because political matters are more attended to, and better understood. It cannot be because the censorship is more strict at Dresden than at Leipzig, for all the Leipzig newspapers are admitted; and at the Resource,—a club of gentlemen for reading newspapers, and eating dinners—I found not only the French journals, but the Morning Chronicle and the Times along-side of the Courier.

Though French is still the conventional language of courtiers and waiters, English is very generally cultivated among the well-educated ranks. The German which they speak, and fondly speak, has no rival in purity, except the dialect of Hanover; and the preference given by grammarians to the latter rests on small points of pronunciation,

in which analogy perhaps favours Hanover, but the ear allows her little superiority. So far is the nicety of Hanover from fixing itself in the pure German states as the mark of a well-educated man, that I have known Hanoverians, when living in Saxony, renounce their native pronunciation, to avoid the charge of affectation. I have sometimes hesitated whether German, on the lips of a fair frolicking Saxon, was not just as pleasing a language as Italian in the mouth of a languishing, voluptuous Venetian,—though those who judge of the former of these tongues merely from the apocryphal saying of Charles V., that it was a language fit to be spoken only to horses, will, no doubt, think it very ridiculous that any such doubt should ever be entertained. I do not mean that the accents, considered merely as the materials of sound, fall so softly on the ear; but German is so much more poetical in the ideas which these accents suggest and represent than any other living language, that it possesses a much higher merit, because, in addition to the philosophical regularity of its structure, it paints in much more vivid colours. Even the roughness to the ear is by no means so frequent or striking as we are apt to imagine; while the expressions awake so many feelings and associations, that the merely sensual claims of the ear are, in a great measure, disregarded. A traveller who has heard a postilion grumble about his *Trinkgeld*, or a couple of peasants curse and swear at each other in an ale-house, and who, whenever he is in company that is suitable for him, hears and speaks only French, immediately writes down that German is a horrible

language which splits the ear, and furnishes merely a coarse medium for saying coarse things. What would we think of Italian were it judged of in the same way? Where are there upon earth more grating and atrocious sounds than the dialects of the Milanese and Bolognese?

One of the least pleasing features of this gay and elegant capital is the number of condemned malefactors employed in cleaning the streets, fettered by the leg, and kept to their labour by the rod of an overseer, and the muskets of sentinels. Here, just as in Italy, these miscreants have the impudence to ask charity in the name of heaven from the passenger whose pocket they would pick, or whose throat they would cut, if the chain were but taken from their ankle. The time not consumed in labour is spent in a miserable and corrupting confinement, in dungeons which are always loathsome, and sometimes subterraneous. Having heard a professor of Jena rail, in his lecture, at the mal-administration of English prisons, in a style which I suspected no German who looked nearer home was entitled to use, I took occasion to visit one of the prisons of Dresden. It was crowded with accused as well as condemned prisoners, and seemed to have all the usual defects of ill-regulated gaols, both as to the health and moral welfare of its inmates. They were deposited in small dark cells, each of which contained three prisoners; a few boards, across which a coarse mat was thrown, supplied the place of a bed, and the cells were overheated. Many of the prisoners were persons whose guilt had not yet been ascertained; but, possible as their innocence

might be, it was to some the sixth, the eighth, even the twelfth month of this demoralizing confinement. One young man, whom the gaoler allowed to be a person in a respectable station of life, had been pining for months, without knowing, as he said, why he was there. The allegation might be of very doubtful truth, but the procrastinated suffering, without any definite point of termination, was certain. Till the judge shall find time to condemn them to the highway, or dismiss them as innocent, they must languish on in these corrupting triumvirates, in dungeons, compared with which the cell they would be removed to, if condemned to die, is a comfortable abode. I could easily believe the assurance of the gaoler, that when they leave the prison, they are uniformly worse than when they entered it.

Such arrangements, under a system of criminal law like that which prevails all over Germany, are hideous;—because it is a system which sets no determinate limit to the duration of this previous confinement. The length of the imprisonment of an accused person depends, not on the law, but on the judge, or on those who are above the judge. The law, having once got the man into gaol, does not seem to trouble itself any farther about him. There are instances, and recent ones too, of persons being dismissed as innocent after a five years' preparatory imprisonment. People, to be sure, shake their heads at such things, with "aye, it was very hard on the poor man, but the court could not sooner arrive at the certainty of his guilt or innocence." No doubt, it is better, as they allege, that a man should be unjustly imprisoned

five years, than unjustly hanged at the end of the first; but they cannot see that, if there was no good ground for hanging him at the end of the first, neither could there be any for keeping him in gaol during the other four. They insist on the necessity of discovering the truth. Where suspicious circumstances exist, though they acknowledge it would be wrong to convict the man, they maintain it would be equally wrong to liberate him, and therefore fairly conclude that he must remain in prison "till the truth comes out." To get at the certain truth is a very excellent thing; but it is a very terrible thing, that a man must languish in prison during a period indefinite by law, till his judges discover with certainty whether he should ever have been there or not. The secrecy in which all judicial proceedings are wrapt up at once diminishes the apparent number of such melancholy abuses, and prevents the public mind from being much affected by those which become partially known.

All this leads to another practice, which, however it may be disguised, is nothing else than the torture. It is a rule, in all capital offences, not to inflict the punishment, however clear the evidence may be, without a confession by the culprit himself. High treason, I believe, is a practical exception; but in all other capital crimes, though there should not be a hook to hang a doubt upon, yet, if the culprit deny, he is only condemned to, perhaps, perpetual imprisonment. There is no getting rid of the dilemma, that, in the opinion of the man's judges, his guilt is either clearly proved, or it is not. If it be clearly proved, then the whole

punishment, if not, then no punishment at all, should be inflicted; otherwise, suspicions are visited as crimes, and a man is treated as a criminal, because it is doubtful whether he be one or not.* If his judges think that his denial proceeds merely from obstinacy, he is consigned to a dungeon, against whose horrors, to judge from the one I was shown, innocence itself could not long hold out; for death on the scaffold would be a far easier and more immediate liberation, than the mortality which creeps over every limb in such a cell. It is a cold, damp, subterraneous hole; the roof is so low, that the large drops of moisture distilling from above must trickle immediately on the miserable inmate; its dimensions are so confined, that a man could not stretch out his limbs at full length. Its only furniture is wet straw, scantily strewed on the wet ground. There is not the smallest opening or cranny to admit either light or air; a prisoner could not even discern the crust of bread and jug of water allotted to support life in a place where insensibility would be a blessing. I am not describing any relic of antiquated barbarity; the cell is still in most efficient opera-

* The established practice has been vigorously attacked of late years, especially by Feuerbach, a high name in German jurisprudence. The query, Whether evidence that would be insufficient to convict without the confession of the culprit, should justify a lower degree of punishment, or free him from all punishment, was the subject of a prize question in 1800. A summary of the controversy may be found in the third and fourth volumes of the *Archiv des Criminalrechts*, edited by Professors Klein, Kleinschrod, and Konopack.

tion. About four years ago, it was inhabited by a woman convicted of murder. As she still denied the crime, her judges, who had no pretence for doubt, sent her to this dungeon, to extort a confession. At the end of a fortnight, her obstinacy gave way; when she had just strength enough left to totter to the scaffold, she confessed the murder exactly as it had been proved against her.

Such a practice is revolting to all good feeling, even when viewed as a punishment; when used before condemnation, to extort a confession, in what imaginable point does it differ from the torture? Really we could almost be tempted to believe, that it is not without some view to future utility, that, in a more roomy apartment adjoining this infamous dungeon, all the regular approved instruments of torture, from the wheel to the pincers, are still religiously preserved. A number of iron hooks are fixed in the ceiling; a corresponding block of wood runs across the floor, filled with sharp pieces of iron pointing upwards; in a corner were mouldering the ropes by which prisoners used to be suspended by the wrists from the hooks, with their feet resting on the iron points below. The benches and table of the judges still retain their place, as well as the old-fashioned iron candlestick, which, even at mid-day, furnished the only light that rendered visible the darkness of this "cell of guilt and misery." Fortunately, the dust has now settled thick upon them, never, let us hope, to be disturbed.

The worst of all is, that this species of torture (for, considering what sort of imprisonment it is, and for what purposes it is inflicted, I can give it

no other name) is just of that kind which works most surely on the least corrupted. To the master-spirits of villainy, and long-trying servants of iniquity, a dark, damp hole, wet straw, and bread and water, are much less appalling than to the novice in their trade, or to the innocent man, against whom fortuitous circumstances have directed suspicion. How many men have burdened themselves with crimes which they never committed, to escape from torture which they never deserved ! What a melancholy catalogue might be collected out of the times when the torture was still inflicted by the executioner ! And, alas ! very recent experience robs us of the satisfaction of believing they have disappeared, now that Germany has substituted for the rack so excruciating a confinement. A lamentable instance happened in Dresden while I was there, (1821.) Kügelchen, the most celebrated German painter of his day, had been murdered and robbed in the neighbourhood of the city. A soldier, of the name of Fischer, was apprehended on suspicion. After a long investigation, his judges found reason to be clearly satisfied of his guilt ; but still, as he did not confess, he was sent to the dungeon, to conquer his obstinacy. He stood it out for some months, but at last acknowledged the murder. He had not yet been broken on the wheel, when circumstances came out which pointed suspicion against another soldier, named Kalkofen, as having been at least an accomplice in the deed. The result of the new inquiry was, the clearest proof of Fischer's total innocence. Kalkofen voluntarily confessed, not only that he was the murderer of Kügelchen,

but that he had likewise committed a similar crime, which had occurred some months before, and the perpetrator of which had not hitherto been discovered. The miscreant was executed, and the very same judges who had subjected the unhappy Fischer to such a confinement, to extort a confession, now liberated him, cleared from every suspicion. As the natural consequence of such duration in such an abode, he had to be carried from the prison to the hospital. He said, that he made his false confession, merely to be released, even by hastening his execution, from this pining torture, which preys equally on the body and the mind. This is the most frightful side of their criminal justice. It may be allowed, that there are few instances of the innocent actually suffering on the scaffold; such examples are rare in all countries; though it is clear that, in Germany, the guiltless must often owe his escape to accident, while the law has done every thing in its power to condemn him. But even of those who have at length been recognised as innocent, and restored to character and society, how many, like poor Fischer, have carried with them, from their prison, the seeds of disease, which have ultimately conducted them to the grave, as certainly as the gibbet or the wheel!

The Estates of Saxony were sitting at Dresden, and part of them came to a quarrel with the government; the civic provosts set themselves in downright opposition to the anointed king, or, at least, to the anointed king's ministers. The Estates have as yet undergone no change; they retain their antiquated form, their old tediousness, expensiveness, and inefficiency—a collection of

courtly nobles and beneficed clergymen, or laymen enjoying revenues that once belonged to clergymen, called together as old-fashioned instruments which the royal wishes must condescend to use, but can likewise command. The great mass of the population, exclusive of the aristocracy, can be said to have a voice only through the few representatives of the towns, in the mode of whose election, again, there is nothing popular. It was they alone, however, who showed a desire to question the conduct of the higher powers. They complained that their rights had been violated in the imposition of taxes; they called for the accounts of those branches of the administration for which extraordinary supplies were demanded; when this was refused, they requested permission to make their proceedings public, as a justification of themselves to the people. This, too, was refused, and they then addressed a remonstrance to the *Ritterschaft*, or assembly of the nobility, requesting that body to join them in making good their reasonable demands. To all inquiries in Dresden how the matter had gone on, and what proceedings the *Ritterschaft* had adopted, the universal and discouraging answer was, *man weiss nicht*, "nobody knows."

In fact, in a body so constituted, there is always one predominating and irresistible interest, that of the aristocracy. In numbers, and still more in influence, they form by far the greater part of those who are called to this assembly of indefinite powers, of advisers rather than controllers. This influence is, in every case, at the disposal of the crown; because, from the habits of society, and

the want of all political independence where there has never been a public political life, those who ostensibly hold it know no higher reward than the smiles of the crown. You would more easily prevail with them to vote away the money or personal security of the people without inquiry, than to run the risk of being excluded from the next court dinner. The defect, therefore, does not lie in the aristocracy possessing a powerful interest; for every country which pretends to exclude them from it is forcing its political society into unnatural forms, and can scarcely promise itself a stable or tranquil political existence: it lies in their possessing this influence only in form, while it really belongs to the executive, and still more, in their allowing no other class to have any influence at all.

Amid the feudal relations under which this form of government originated, and which alone could give it any justification, the nobility were really almost the only persons (exclusive of the towns that acknowledged no sovereign but the empire) who could be trusted, to any useful purpose, with political power. The connexion between them and the lower ranks was so unequal, that any influence given to the latter only increased the power of the former. A noble could have used their votes just as arbitrarily in wresting from a neighbour the representation of a county, as he used their swords in wresting from him a pretty daughter, or a score of black cattle. Out of their own body, no class pretended to any rights, because there were none which could be maintained against

the brute force that had every where constituted the sword interpreter of public law. But this exclusive influence was likewise a very effective one against the monarch. Those very feudal relations which enabled them to abuse every body else, enabled them likewise to prevent the monarch from abusing any body without their permission. If even the head of the Holy Roman Empire called them around him to punish a disobedient count, or an impertinent provost, they took their own way, and followed their own likings, in the quarrel. The army of the empire was half assembled, made half a campaign to do nothing at all, and, in the course of centuries, down to the Seven Years' War, when the phantom for the last time took a bodily form, fully justified the ridicule attached to the very name of the *Reichs-executions-armee*. But it is long since all the relations of society were totally changed in both respects. The excluded classes have become more proper depositaries of a certain portion of political influence; still earlier, the excluding classes had become altogether unfit to monopolize an influence intended to check the monarch, because they had degenerated into a body of courtly retainers, dependent on that very monarch, commanded by him to ratify his pleasure, requested perhaps to advise, and, if they disapproved, destitute of every instrument to make their disapprobation efficient. They were powerful men, and, in opposing the monarch, were on many occasions useful men, so long as they had swords in their hands, and vassals at their backs; but they are worthless as a legislative body, now that their only weapon is the grey goose quill in

the hand of their clerk.* Public opinion could alone give them force ; but that is a weapon which they do not venture to use, for they know that, if once drawn, it would probably attack the forms which make them, though only in name, the exclusive organs of public sentiment on the public administration.

Thus the predominating influence of the aristocracy, though annihilated as to its power of doing good, still exists as to its power of excluding all other classes which have gradually risen to be worthy of a more efficient voice ; the old forms were cut only to oligarchical shapes, and are still the uniform of the only constitutional legislators. The system is bad in theory, because it is at once exclusive and inefficient ; in practice, it is not productive of real oppression, because, from the personal character of the monarch, he is as anxious to promote the happiness of his kingdom as of his own family. But in Saxony, as in every other German state which has admitted no modification of the old principle, a king with a less estimable heart, and no better a head, than the present sovereign, could do infinite mischief, and there would be no recognised power in the state which could legally and effectually set itself in the breach.

* So accurately do the people judge of the utility of such a body, that it has become a vulgar, indeed, but yet a true, because a proverbial distich :

Das was ein Landtag ist schliesst sich in diesem Reim ;
Versammelt euch, schafft geld, und packt euch wieder heim.
The picture of our parliament is in these simple rhymes ;
Assemble, give us money, and get home again betimes.

CHAPTER VI.

THURINGIA—CASSEL.

Männer versorgten das brüllende Vieh, und die Pferd' an den
 Wagen;
 Wäsche trockneten emsig auf allen Hecken die Weiber;
 Und es ergötzen die Kinder sich platschernd im Wasser des Baches.
Gothe.

RETRACING Thuringia from Weimar towards the capital of Westphalia, Erfurth, about twelve miles from the former, presents its ramparts and cannon. It is only as a fortress, forming the key between Saxony and Franconia, that it is now of any importance; and the lounging Prussian military are the most frequent objects in its deserted streets. The sixty thousand inhabitants whom its trade and manufactures maintained, down to the end of the sixteenth century, have diminished to less than one-third of the number. Erfurth sunk as Leipzig rose. The last scene of splendour that enlivened it was the congress of so many crown-ed heads round Napoleon in 1807. Bonaparte, though he rarely indulged in the mere pleasures

of royalty, had a troop of French actors with him, and both here and at Weimar, he ordered Voltaire's *Death of Cæsar* to be given,—a strange choice for such a man. During the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, the wife of a northern minister refused to go to the theatre, because "*cette pièce libérale*," *William Tell*, was to be performed.

The Augustine monastery, in which the young Luther first put on the cowl of the hierarchy which he was to shake to its foundations, and strove to hull with his flute the impatient longings of a spirit that was to set Europe in flames, has been converted to the purposes of an orphan asylum; but the cell of the Reformer has been religiously preserved, as the earliest memorial of the greatest man of modern times. The gallery on which it opens is adorned with a *Dance of Death*,* and above the door is the inscription,

Cellula, divino magnoque habitata Luthero,
Salve, vix tanto cellula digna viro!
Dignus erat qui regum splendida tecta subiret,
Te designatus non tamen ille fuit.

The cell is small and simple, and must have been a freezing study. Beside his portrait is hung

* The reader probably knows, that such a *Dance of Death* is a series of paintings representing Death leading off to the other world men of all ranks, from the monarch to the beggar, and of all professions and characters, priests and coquettes, soldiers and philosophers, musicians and doctors, &c. &c. They were generally painted, either in churchyards, as in the cemetery of the Neustadt in Dresden, to teach the general doctrine of human mortality, or in churches and convents, to commemorate the ravages of a pestilence. Of the latter kind was the celebrated *Dance*

a German exposition of the text, "Death is swallowed up in victory," in his own handwriting, and written in the form in which old books often terminate, an inverted pyramid. There is a copy of his Bible, so full of very good illuminations, that it might be called a Bible with plates. The wooden boards are covered with ingenious carving and gilding, and studded with pieces of coloured glass, to imitate the precious stones which so frequently adorn the manuscripts of the church. It is said to have been the work of a hermit of the sixteenth century, who thus employed his leisure hours to do honour to Luther; yet Protestant hermits are seldom to be met with.

Wherever monks nestled, nuns were never wanting. Though the Prussian government ejected both, when compelled by its necessities to convert church property to the use of the state, a few samples were retained, not out of regard to the religious objects of the institution, but from views of public utility as to education. The Abbess of the Ursuline convent in Erfurth very affably receives the world, though she never comes into it. The convent machinery is entire. When you knock, a key is sent out by a turning box, and the key admits you as far as the parlour

of Death at Bâle, painted on the occasion of the plague which raged while the Council was sitting. It no longer exists, except in engravings. It has commonly been attributed to Holbein; but, of late years, this has been questioned, and attempts have been made to prove, from particular figures and dresses, that it was painted at least sixty years before Holbein was born, and probably by Glauber, whose name appears on one of the figures.

grate. The grate, however, is no longer the *no plus ultra* of the profane sex. A withered dame, whose consecrated charms can bear with perfect impunity the gaze of worldly eyes, admits the visitor to the presence of the Abbess in the parlour, a spacious, but empty, bare, and comfortless room. The Abbess appeared to be about sixty, during twenty-two years of which she had never crossed the threshold of her convent. She was extremely active and obliging, without any taint of the ascetic or affectedly demure. She spoke willingly, as was natural, of the happiness and tranquillity of her spiritual family, and, with tears in her eyes, of the late Queen of Prussia, who had saved them. A black gown, like a sack, any thing but fashioned to display the shape, descended from the shoulders to the toes in one unvarying diameter. A thick white bandage wrapped up the neck to the very chin, and was joined below to a broad tippet of the same colour, which entirely covered the shoulders and breast. The eyebrows peeped forth from beneath another white bandage, which enveloped the brow, covered the hair, and was joined behind to the ample black veil, which the Abbess had politely thrown back. The whole dress consisted of coarse plain black and white, without a tittle of ornament, either in good or bad taste.

On the parlour table lay a number of work-bags, pin-cases, pin-cushions, and similar trifles, the manufacture of which employs the leisure hours of the brides of heaven. It is expected that the visitor shall make a purchase; and he does it the more willingly in this case, because the convent, though not at all wealthy, educates gratui-

tously a number of poor female children. No better way could have been devised of employing the time which, in spite of devotion, must hang heavy on the hands of a nun. "Pray without ceasing," is a difficult injunction, even for young ladies. It was this view of public advantage alone which, on the intercession of the late queen, saved the convent from abolition. The nun was allowed to separate herself from the world, but only to perform the duties of a mother.

The church, with its images and ornaments, displayed, as might be expected, a huge profusion of millinery, in the very worst style of satin and gilding. The images, and, above all, those of the Virgin, on whose adornment her virgin devotees had bestowed all their simple skill and pious industry, were horrible.

It is even allowed to visit the cells, the Abbess having previously taken care to remove the inhabitants. The cell was about ten feet long, by six broad. Though the weather was still extremely cold, there was neither stove nor fire-place; and the only window looked out upon a small inner court, which, in summer, is a garden. In one corner stood a low bed, with coarse, but clean green curtains, so narrow, that even a nun must lie very quiet to lie comfortably. A few religious daubings misadorned the walls; on a small table lay a few religious books, and beside them stood a glass case, containing a waxen figure of a human body in the most revolting state of corruption, covered and girt round by its crawling and loathsome destroyers. This was the furniture of the nun's cell; every thing simple and serious—nothing

but the light of Heaven to put her in mind of the world which she had quitted.

In some particulars, the rigour of the strict monastic rule has been relaxed. The nuns are allowed to converse alone with their friends at the parlour grate ; formerly it was necessary that two sisters should be present. But the law of absolute seclusion is unrelentingly maintained ; the nun, having once taken the veil, never again crosses the threshold of the convent. It is right it should be so, if a convent is to exist at all. The moment this rule is relaxed, a nunnery becomes merely a boarding-house, and one of a very questionable kind. At the same time, it is more than doubtful, whether the Prussian government would visit a runaway nun with any punishment, or compel her to return to her religious confinement. The days in which pretty girls were built up in stone walls for preferring a corporeal to a spiritual bridegroom are over, and the truant damsel would probably be left to the chastisement of her own conscience. The noviciate is two years, and, during the preceding two years, five young ladies had taken the veil. The permission of the government is necessary ; for, without the royal sanction, no woman dare marry herself to Heaven. The predilection for such matches, however, is rapidly disappearing. The number of sisters in this convent is seventeen. At the accession of the present Abbess they were fifty-six. They had died out, most of them, she said, in a good old age, and candidates had not come forward in sufficient numbers to replace them.

Circumstances prevented me from indulging in

more than a hasty glance at Gotha, another small capital of a small state. It has more the air of a town than Weimar, but has not more of the bustle of life, and far less of its pleasures and elegant enjoyments. Gotha has not maintained the literary character which it had begun to acquire under Ernest II. Himself a man of science, he drew men of science to his court, and all public institutions connected with learning flourished beneath his liberality. His successor, the late Duke, who died in 1822, was of retired and eccentric habits, bordering occasionally on hypochondriac. Though allowed not to be without talent, and supposed to have even written romances, he sought his enjoyments chiefly in music. Many people would not reckon the want of a theatre a misfortune in a town; but, in a small German capital, where the court affects no parade, and patronizes no other mode of amusement, nothing could be a surer sign of its Trophonian qualities. The Gotha occasionally pack themselves into coaches, and make a journey of forty miles, even in the depth of winter, to hear an opera in Weimar.

Eisenach is the most wealthy and populous town in the duchy of Weimar, and sends a whole member to parliament. With a population not exceeding ten thousand inhabitants, it was reckoned, till within these few years, amongst the most flourishing of the manufacturing towns so frequent between Leipzig and Frankfort. Seduced by the protection which the continental system seemed to promise, its capitalists forsook the manufacture of wool for that of cotton. They had just advan-

ced far enough to entertain sanguine hopes of ultimately succeeding, when the unexpected changes in political relations again opened the German markets to England, and their cotton manufactures were blighted. One of the most ingenious and persevering among their capitalists told me, that, during the former period, he had employed nearly four hundred persons in spinning cotton,—a large scale for an establishment in a small Saxon town. He attempted in vain to struggle on after the peace, found it necessary to follow the example of others, dismiss the greater part of his workmen, return with the rest to wool, adhere to the commercial congress of Darmstadt, and cry loudly for prohibitory duties against England.

The ruins of the Wartburg, an ancient residence of the Electors of Saxony, hang majestically above the town, on a wooded eminence, overlooking the most beautiful portion of the Thuringian forest. It was here that the Elector of Saxony did Luther the friendly turn of detaining him ostensibly as a prisoner, to secure him against the hostility of the church, whom his boldness before the diet at Worms had doubly incensed ; and, among the few apartments still maintained in some sort of repair, is that in which the Reformer lightened the tedium of his durance, by completing his translation of the Bible. In the pious work he was often interrupted by the Devil, who viewed its progress with dismay, but who could not have been treated with greater contempt by St Dunstan himself than by the Reformer. Having appeared in vain, not only in his own infernal personality, but under the more seducing forms of indolence, lukewarm-

ness, and love of worldly grandeur, he at length assumed the shape of a large blue fly. But Luther knew Satan in all his disguises, rebuked him manfully, and at length, losing all patience as the concealed devil still buzzed round his pen, started up, and exclaiming, *Willst du dann nicht ruhig bleiben !** hurled his huge ink-bottle at the prince of darkness. The diabolical intruder disappeared, and the ink, scattered on the wall, remains, until this day, a visible proof of the great Reformer's invulnerability to all attacks of the evil one. The people, no less superstitious in their own way, than the devotees of the opposing church, look with horror on the sceptics who find in the story merely the very credible fact, that the honest Reformer, who by no means possessed the placidity of uncle Toby, had lost his temper at the buzzing of an importunate fly. Werner, who, notwithstanding the frequent mysticism of his theology, and the irregularity of his fancy, has delineated Luther, in the *Weihe der Kraft*, with more force than any other German poet, represents him as so exhausted and abstracted from the world, after intense study, that for a while he does not know his own father and mother.

On entering, from Saxony, the Electorate of Hesse Cassel, both nature and man present a different appearance. There is more of the forest ; the country is a heap of moderately elevated ridges, stretching across each other in every variety of form and direction, and principally covered with beech woods. All the cultivation lies in

* Wilt thou not be quiet !

the narrow valleys which run between them, occasionally climbing the slope a short way, and encroaching on the forest just far enough to show how much may still be gained. From their position and confined extent, the valleys are exposed, in this climate, to excessive moisture; and, to judge from the appearance of the fields after a day's moderate rain, the peasantry follow a very imperfect, or a very indolent system of draining. Many fields were under water, and yet rivalets close by, into which it might easily have been carried off. Satisfied with having one mode of doing a thing, however imperfect or inconvenient it may be, they never think of looking about for a better.

With capital, and without institutions that depress agriculture, an immense addition might be made to the productiveness of this part of Hesse, both in improving what is already cultivated, and in gaining what the Thuringian forest still retains; for by far the greater part of these ridges might be successfully cultivated to the very summit. A portion of wood must always be retained for fuel. Though coal is by no means rare, the Hessians, like all other Germans, have strong prejudices against using it. Their coal, they say, has so much sulphur in it, that it produces an intolerably offensive smell. The very same objection is made at Dresden to the coal worked in the vicinity of Tharant, and at Vienna to the coals of Cedenburg; and, everywhere, the fossil is left to those to whose poverty its cheapness, in comparison with wood, is an important consideration. Nothing but the scarcity and consequent rise in the price

their own embonpoint, neglected gooseberry bushes, heaps of straw, and piles of winter fuel, were mingled with the new-made graves.

Cassel stands partly at the bottom, partly on the steep ascent, and partly on the summit of an eminence washed by the Fulda. No two parts of a city can be more distinct in external character than the lower and upper towns. The former is huddled together on the river, at the bottom of the hill ; its streets are narrow, dark, and confused. The houses consist mostly of a frame of wood-work, in which the beams cross each other, leaving numerous and irregular interstices ; these interstices are then built up with stone or brick. Every floor projects over the inferior one, so that the house is broader at top than at bottom : and some narrow lanes are thus, in a manner, arched over, to the utter exclusion of light and air. The upper town, again, originally begun by French refugees, who brought their arts and industry to Cassel on the revocation of the edict of Nantz, is light, airy, and elegant, from its style of building as well as from its site. The electoral palace occupies great part of a street, or rather of a delightful terrace, which runs along the brow of the hill, looking down on the *Augarten*, the combined Kensington and Hyde Park of Cassel, and far and wide over the hills and valleys of Thuringia, and the windings of the Fulda. Squares like those of Cassel are rare things in the secondary German capitals. The museum, a majestic Ionic building, forms nearly one side of the *Friderichsplatz*, and is its principal ornament, while its greatest defect is a statue of the Elector Frederick, who built the

museum, and gave his name to the square, standing on legs like the bodies of his own hogs. When the French threw down the statue, in furtherance of their plan to remove every thing which might recall the memory of the expelled family, whose crown was given to the puppet Jerome, they had the impudence to make this want of taste in the sculptor a pretext for their mischievous violence. The faithful Hessians contrived to preserve the old Elector, and on their liberation, restored him to the pedestal in his original corpulence of calf. The *Königsplatz* is the finest square in Germany, if that may be called a square which is oval. It is the point of union between the lower and upper towns; and the six streets which run off from it, at equal distances in its circumference, produce a very marked echo. The sounds uttered by a person standing in the centre are distinctly repeated six times. The French erected a statue of Napoleon in the centre; the Hessians observed that their favourite echo immediately became dumb; and will not believe that a statue of their own Elector would have equally injured the reverberation, by displacing the point of utterance from the exact centre. As the Allies advanced, first the nose disappeared from the French Emperor, then an arm, then he was hurled down altogether, a lamp-post was set up in his place, and the echo again opened its mouth.

Cassel contains only about twenty thousand inhabitants, exclusive of the military, who are over numerous, but have been the source, if not of respectability and safety to the country, yet of millions to the electoral treasury. The population is

said to have been nearly one-half greater under Jerome. This is easily credible, but is just the reverse of any proof of prosperity. Cassel was then the capital of a much more extensive kingdom than the proper electorate ; a greater number of public functionaries, and a greater military establishment, were maintained. Round the gay, dissolute, and extravagant court of Westphalia, crowded a host of rapacious foreigners and idle hangers-on, who were unknown under the homely, nay, the parsimonious administration of the expelled Elector. But such classes only fill the streets of a capital at the expense of the morals and prosperity of the country, and no where were both these consequences more severely felt than in Hesse. Notwithstanding the bustle and splendour which Jerome created amongst them, the Hessians, though as fond of these things as other people, do most cordially detest him and his whole crew of corrupters and squanderers. Jerome perhaps did not wish to do mischief for its own sake ; few miscreants do ; he would have had no objection that every man and woman in his kingdom should have been as idle, and worthless, and dissolute as himself ; but he laboured under such a want of head, such a horror of business, and such a devotion to grovelling pleasures, that it was only by mistake he could stumble on any thing good. He was, in fact, a good-natured, silly, unprincipled voluptuary, whose only wish was to enjoy the sensual pleasures of royalty, without submitting to its toils, but, at the same time, without any natural inclination to exercise its rigours. His profligate expenditure was as pernicious to the country as

the war itself; on this score he was doomed to read many a scolding epistle, and some threatening ones, from Napoleon; but, without the enjoyments in which profligacy delights, Jerome could not have conceived what royalty was good for. The man did not even give himself the trouble to learn the language of his kingdom. People feared and cursed his brother, but they openly despised and laughed at him. When, on his flight, he carried off what he could from the public treasury, they were thunderstruck, not at the meanness of the thing, but at the possibility of King Jerome possessing so much forethought.

The capital was in mourning for the late Elector. The mourning consisted in the theatre being shut, and in people expressing their hopes that the son would now spend like a prince what the father had amassed like a miser. The late Elector went regularly to church, was no habitual drunkard or profane swearer, and left behind him, according to the universal voice, at least forty illegitimate children, and as many millions of rix-dollars. In comparison with the wants of the Elector of Hesse, he was the wealthiest prince in Europe. The foundation of the treasure had been laid by his father, who hired out his troops to England for the American war, the least honourable of all ways in which a prince can fill his pockets. He himself added to the inheritance by what his friends call frugality, and the great body of the people niggardliness. He turned his accumulating capital to good account with the avidity of a stock-jobber, and was a most successful money-lender. No sort of extravagance marked his court or his personal

habits. If he gave his mistresses titles, these cost nothing ; if he gave them fortunes, it was always soberly. Such things, moreover, are too much matters of course in Germany to excite either notice or dissatisfaction ; and even in this department his subjects justly found him moderate, when compared with the royal lustling from France. His favourite, the Countess of H——n, enjoys the reputation of having often seduced him to acts of liberality towards others, at which, but for her, he otherwise would have shuddered. The young Elector, who has now succeeded, was put upon an allowance which would have proved insufficient for a prince much more accustomed to control his passions ; he therefore got into debt, and it has happened, it is averred, that the very money borrowed from the father at four per cent, has been lent to the son at thirty. The Elector, on the approach of the evil day which drove him from his estates, providently placed his riches beyond the usurper's reach. During his exile, savings were made even on the interest, in his frugal household at Prague. On his restoration, he returned to the old course ; no act of liberality diminished the sum of his treasures, and no relaxation of the burdens which press down this impoverished country dried up any of the sources of his gain. He immediately seized all the domains which had been sold under Jerome, and refused till his dying day, to repay the purchasers a single farthing of the price.*

* The simple ground on which he proceeded was this : Jerome was only an armed robber ; the sales which he made of my domains were null, for he had no right to make them ; and you, the purchasers on a bad title, may bring

I was struck with the freedom of a Hessian clergyman, in a funeral sermon on the Elector's death. Having painted his merits, such as they were, he said—"But truth forbids me to go farther, and where so much was excellent, one failing may be conceded, and must not be concealed. One virtue, one most fair and Christian virtue, was wanting. Had there but been more generosity and liberality, every eye in his dominions would have wept on the grave of William I." The sermon was not only preached, but likewise printed.

Still, though stained with the most unprincipally of all failings, he must have possessed redeeming qualities, for his people were attached to him. He was affable in the extreme; the meanest of his subjects might approach him without uneasiness,

your action against him for restitution of the price, as you best can. The kingdom of Westphalia, said the purchasers, was recognised by the treaty of Tilsit. Yes, answered the Elector, by Austria, Russia, and Prussia, but not by me. It is only from these powers, argued the purchasers, that your Highness again received your estates, and the treaty of Paris expressly provides that, in all restored and ceded countries, the citizens shall retain undisturbed possession of whatever property they may have acquired under the late governments. Very likely, replied the Elector, but I was no party to that treaty, and other people had no right to dispose, in any way, of my property. The purchasers applied for justice to the Diet, and their complaint was favourably listened to; Wangenheim, the envoy of Wirtemberg, was ordered to investigate, and report upon their claims. In the meantime, the Elector died, and his successor seemed disposed to be more liberal. At least, as the day appointed for receiving the report approached, the purchasers prayed the Diet to delay proceeding, as the cabinet of Cassel had given them assurances which promised an amicable termination of the dispute.

if his object was not to ask money ; and he was strictly just, in so far as a prince so fond of prerogative could be just. Above all, his government was to his subjects one of beneficence, coming after the public oppression and private degradation of the kingdom of Westphalia ; seven years of disgraceful and useless extravagance had taught them to regard even his parsimony with indulgence. When he returned, Cassel voluntarily poured out her citizens to welcome him ; thousands crowded from the remotest corners of the land to hail him on the frontiers ; the peasants, in the extravagance of their joy, literally led on the cavalcade in some cases, and, on the shoulders of his subjects, the old man was carried in tears into the capital of his fathers.

In Cassel, it is as much a matter of course to visit the Electoral residence, *Wilhelmshöhe*, as it is in Paris to go to Versailles. It stands on the eastern slope of a wooded eminence, about two miles to the westward of the town. Earlier princes had chosen the site and begun the work, but the late Elector was more industrious than them all ; for, next to making money and getting children, his greatest pleasure was to build palaces. The main body of the palace is oval, presenting a long, lofty, simple front, without any ornament, except an Ionic portico in the centre. The wings are entirely faced with the same order, but the low range of arches which connects them with the principal building offends the eye grievously. The main front itself is too poor ; the portico, projecting from the bare walls, is good in itself, but ought to be in better company. Simplicity is an excel-

lent thing, but only in its proper place, and within proper bounds. It is incongruous that the huge pile of the principal building should stand so utterly mean and unfinished-looking, while the attendant wings are loaded with Ionic pillars. Even large masses of surface, generally imposing things in architecture, are not gained, for the front is frittered down by the rows of small windows. Who suggested the barbarous idea of emblazoning the name of the building on the frieze of the portico? Jerome changed it into *Napoleonshöhe*.

The well-wooded hill behind is crowned by a turreted building, which takes its name from a colossal statue of Hercules that surmounts it. The hollow iron statue is so capacious, that I know not how many persons are said to be able to stand comfortably in his calf, dine in his belly, and take their wine in his head. At his feet begin the waterworks which form the great attraction of Wilhelmshöhe, and have rendered it the Versailles of Germany. The streams are collected from the hill within the building itself, commence their artificial course by playing an organ, rush down the hill over a long flight of broad steps, pour themselves into a capacious basin, issue from it again in various channels, and form, still hastening downwards, a number of small cascades. At length they flow along a ruined aqueduct, take all at once a leap of more than a hundred feet from its extremity, where it terminates on the brink of a precipice, into a small artificial lake, from whose centre they are finally thrown up to the height of a hundred and thirty feet in a magnificent jet. There is much taste and ingenuity in many of the

details ; but, to enjoy the full effect, one ought to see them only in the moment of their full operation. He ought neither to see the dry channels, the empty aqueducts, the plastered precipices, the chiselled rocks, and the miniature imitations of columnar basalt, nor witness any of the various notes of preparation, the shutting of valves, and turning of cocks—for all these things injure the illusion.

Though Jerome inhabited the palace, and even built a theatre, in which his own box, where he could see without being seen, is fitted up with the most useless voluptuousness, and never fails to suggest many degrading stories of the effeminate debauchee, the French did a great deal of mischief in the grounds. From mere wanton insolence, they broke down many parts of the stone ledge which ran along the aqueduct internally, as well as the iron railing that guarded it without, and displaced from the grottoes various water deities and piles of fishes. The latter, however, do not seem to have deserved any mercy, if we may judge from one in which a base of tortoises and lobsters supports a pyramid of cod-fish, dolphins, and it may be, whales, coarsely cut in coarse stone.

The Marble Bath, and other edifices of Landgrave Charles, are in a much more complicated and ostentatious style than that which was afterwards introduced in the museum, and transferred to Wilhelmshöhe. The Marble Bath, though it really contains a bath, was merely a pretext for spending money and marble. It is filled with statues, and the walls, where they are not coated

with party-coloured marbles, are covered with reliefs as large as life. All the sculptures are works of Monnot, a wholesale artist of the earlier part of the last century. He had studied and long worked in Rome, and practice had given him the art of cutting marble into human shapes; but he wanted invention, no less than elevation and purity of taste. His forms have neither dignity nor grace. They cannot be said altogether to want expression; Daphne and Arethusa, pursued by Apollo and Alpheus, look just like ladies in a great fright; and Calista hangs her head like a girl doing penance; but the expression is common, not to say vulgar. The gross caricature of the Dutch painters is in its place in an alehouse, but is intolerable in a classical group of sculpture. Yet the fallen Calista is sculptured in all the grossness of her shame; one of the attendant nymphs presses her finger firmly on the ocular proof of the fair one's frailty, and looks at Diana with a wag-gish vulgarity, which the pure and offended goddess assuredly would not have tolerated on so delicate an occasion.

The Electoral gallery of pictures contains many valuable paintings: but I can say nothing about them, for both times that I endeavoured to see them, the *Herr Inspector* was engaged at court, although, on the second occasion, he had himself fixed the hour. To be sure, if a man is called to court, he must go; but it must be a very thoughtless court which allows the visiting of a public gallery to depend on the incidental occupations of a keeper. It ought either to be committed to a person who shall have no other occupation, or, if

enough of money cannot be spared from other pleasures to give such a person a suitable recompense, let, at least, a fixed portion of his time be dedicated to this purpose. Moreover, he is paid in reality by a heavy *douceur* levied on the curious. The Elector, that his museums and galleries, his gardens and waterfalls, might be cheaply kept, intrusted them to persons always numerous, and authorized them to tax the visitors. In the north of Germany you often have the satisfaction of seeing the palm of a councillor of state (*Hof-rath*) extended for his half guinea. One has not much reason to grumble at this, so long as it does not rise to extortion, though it is meanness when compared with the liberality of the Italian capitals, or even of Dresden and Vienna; but it is vexatious that his gratification should be impeded because a public officer is allowed or ordered to attend to something else than his proper duty.

All the pictures in the Catholic church are from the pencil of Tischbein, (the father,)* who has been for Cassel in painting what Monnot was in sculpture, equally industrious, and still less meritorious. His pictures have no character; the forms are clumsy and incorrect; the expression is devoid of soul and meaning; the attitudes are stiff; the colouring is weak and watery. His Christs are in general the most vulgar-looking people, and the angel who presents the cup in the Agony is the

* Tischbein, the son, to whom Göthe has addressed some eulogistic sonnets, was a much superior artist. He devoted himself in Italy to the study of the antique. The designs which he sketched for an edition of Homer are full of spirit.

most familiar-looking personage, in the history of painting. Although the Italian masters had perhaps no good authority for always making the apostle John a comely youth, with luxuriant hair and a glowing countenance, yet they were possibly as much in the right as historians, and assuredly much more in the right as painters than Tischbein, when he made him an old, and, what is worse, an ugly man, in the Crucifixion. I cannot believe that Albert Dürer ever put pencil to the eight small paintings in the Sacristy, representing the scenes of the Passion. Very old they certainly are, older than Dürer; but Dürer would never have indulged in such inaccurate drawing, such gross exaggerations of a sort of nature which, to please in painting, ought rather to be mitigated. The soldiers attending the Crucifixion, and the executioners in the Flagellation, are downright caricatures, with huge lumpish noses, like balls of flesh stuck on the upper lip. Such pictures, however eagerly they may be hunted out, can have no value but as curiosities in the history of the art.

CHAPTER VII.

GÖTTINGEN.

Ei ! grüß' euch Gott, Collegia !
 Wie steht ihr in Parade da !
 Ihr d'umpfen Säle, gross und klein,
 Jetzt kriegt ihr mich nicht mehr hinein.

Schwab.

THE territory of Hanover approaches nearly to the walls of Cassel. The rich valleys through which the Fulda flows give promises of beauty and fertility, on which the traveller afterwards thinks with regret, when he is toiling through the sands in the northern part of the kingdom. At Münden, a small, but apparently thriving town, the Fulda and Werra, issuing from opposite dells, unite and form the Weser, which is already covered with the small craft that carries on the trade with Bremen. The lofty summits of the Harz now rise in the distance, and you enter

the U-
niversity of Göttingen.

Though the youngest of the German universities of reputation, excepting Berlin, Göttingen is by far the most celebrated and flourishing. Münchhausen, the honest and able minister of George

II., who founded it in 1735, watched over it with the anxiety of a parent. He acted in a spirit of the utmost liberality, which, to the honour of the Hanoverian government, has never been departed from, both by not being niggardly where any really useful purpose was to be gained, and by treating the university itself with confidence and indulgence. He acted, moreover, in that prudent spirit which does not attempt too much at once. How many splendid schemes have failed, because their parents, expecting to see them start up at once in the vigour of youth, like Minerva ready armed from the head of Jupiter, had not patience to guide them while they tottered through the years of helpless infancy ! Had Münchhausen foreseen what the expense of the university would in time amount to, he probably would never have founded it. The original annual expenditure was about fifteen thousand rix-dollars, (L.2500,) it now amounts to six times that sum. The library alone consumes annually nearly one-half of the whole original expense.

Göttingen is manned with thirty-six ordinary professors, three theological, seven juridical, eight medical, including botany, chemistry, and natural history ; the remaining eighteen form the philosophical faculty. Drawing is a regular chair in the philosophical faculty, and stands between mineralogy and astronomy. The fencing-master and dancing master are not so highly honoured, but still they are public functionaries, and receive salaries from government. The confusion is increased by that peculiarity of the German universities which allows a professor to give lectures on any topic he

pleases, however little it may be connected with the particular department to which he has been appointed. Every professor may interfere, if he chooses, with the provinces of his colleagues. The Professor of Natural History must lecture on Natural History, but he may likewise teach Greek; the Professor of Latin must teach Latin, but, if he chooses, he may lecture on Mathematics. Thus it just becomes a practical question, who is held to be the more able instructor; and, if the mathematical prelections of a Professor of Greek be reckoned better than those of the person regularly appointed to teach the science, the latter must be content to lose his scholars and his fees. It is the *faculty*, not the science to which a man is appointed, that bounds his flight. This is the theory of the thing, and on this are founded the frequent complaints that, in the German universities, the principle of competition has been carried preposterously far. Fortunately, the most important sciences are of such an extent, that a man who makes himself able to teach any one of them well can scarcely hope to teach any other tolerably; yet the interference of one teacher with another is by no means so unfrequent as we might imagine; there are always certain "stars shooting wildly from their spheres." It would not be easy to tell, for example, who is Professor of Greek, or Latin, or Oriental Literature; you will generally find two or three engaged in them all. A professor of Divinity may be allowed to explain the Epistles of St Paul, for his theological interpretation must be considered as something quite distinct from the labours of the philologist; but, in the

philosophical faculty, where, in regard to languages, philology alone is the object, I found at Göttingen no fewer than four Professors armed with Greek, two with Latin, and two with Oriental Literature. One draws up the Gospel of John, and the Acts of the Apostles; a second opposes to him the first three Evangelists, the fourth being already enlisted by his adversary; the third takes them both in flank with the Works and Days of Hesiod; while the fourth skirmishes round them in all directions, and cuts off various stragglers, by practical lucubrations in Greek syntax. Now, if people think that they will learn Greek to better purpose from Professor Eichhorn's Acts of the Apostles, than from Tyschen's three Gospels, the latter must just dispense with his students and rix-dollars;

When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.

The former gentleman, again, leads on Oriental literature under the banner of the Book of Job; the latter takes the field undismayed, and opposes to him the Prophecies of Isaiah. But Professor Eichhorn immediately unmasks a battery of "Preliminary in Arabian:" and Professor Tyschen, apparently exhausted of regular troops, throws forward a course of lectures on the "Ars Diplomatica," to cover his retreat.

In Latin, too, one professor starts the Satires of Persius against those of Horace, named by another, and Tully's Offices against the Ars Poetica. The one endeavours to jostle the other by adding Greek; but they are both Yorkshire, and the other adds Greek too. The juridical faculty of

Göttingen contains seven learned professors. Of these no fewer than three were reading on Justinian's Institutes in the same session, two of them, moreover, using the same text-book. Two of them likewise lectured on the form of process in civil cases, both using the same text-book.

Göttingen, though not yet an hundred years old, has already exhibited more celebrated men, and done more for the progress of knowledge in Germany, than any other similar institution in the country. Meyer, Mosheim, Michaelis, and Heyne, are names not easily eclipsed; and, in the present day, Blumenbach, Gauss, whom many esteem second only to La Place, Hugo, Heeren, and Sartorius, fully support the pre-eminence of the Georgia Augusta. Europe has placed Blumenbach at the head of her physiologists; but with all his profound learning, he is in every thing the reverse of the dull, plodding, cumbersome solidity, which we have learned to consider as inseparable from a German *savant*—a most ignorant and unfounded prejudice. Göthe is the greatest poet, Wolff the greatest philologist, and Blumenbach the greatest natural historian of Germany; yet it would be difficult to find three more jocular and entertaining men. Blumenbach has not an atom of academical pedantry or learned obscurity about him; his conversation is a series of shrewd and mirthful remarks on any thing that comes uppermost, and such likewise, I have heard it said, is sometimes his lecture. Were it not for the chaos of skulls, skeletons, mummies, and other materials of his art, with which he is surrounded, you would not easily discover, unless you brought him pur-

posely on the subject, that he had studied natural history. He sits among all sorts of odd things, which an ordinary person would call lumber, and which even many of those who drive his own science could not make much of; for it is one of Blumenbach's excellencies, that he contrives to make use of every thing, and to find proofs and illustrations where no other person would think of looking for them. By the side of a drawing which represented some Botocuda Indians, with faces like baboons, cudgelling each other, hung a portrait of the beautiful Agnes of Mansfield. A South American skull, the lowest degree of human conformation, grinned at a Grecian skull, which the professor reckons the perfection of crania. Here stood a whole mummy from the Canary Islands; there half a one from the Brazils, with long strings through its nose, and covered with gaudy feathers, like Papageno in the Magic Flute. Here is stuck a negro's head, there lies a Venus, and yonder reclines, in a corner, a contemplative skeleton with folded hands. Yet it is only necessary to hear the most passing remarks of the professor, as you stumble after him through this apparent confusion, to observe how clearly all that may be learned from it is arranged in his head, in his own scientific combinations. The only thing that presented external order was a very complete collection of skulls, showing the fact, by no means a new one, that there is a gradual progression in the form of the skull, from apes, up to the most generally received models of human beauty. "Do you see these horns?" said he, searching among a heap of oddities, and drawing forth three horns;

“ they were once worn by a woman. She happened to fall and break her head ; from the wound sprouted this long horn ; it continued to grow for thirty years, and then she cast it ; it dropped off. In its place came a second one : but it did not grow so long, and dropped off too. Then this third one, all on the same spot ; but the poor woman died while the third was growing, and I had it cut from the corpse.” They were literally three genuine horns. The last two are short, thick, and nearly straight ; but the first is about ten inches long, and completely twisted, like the horn of a ram. It is round and rough, of a brownish colour, and fully half an inch in diameter towards the root. All three are hollow, at least at the base. The termination is blunt and rounded. Other instances of the same thing have been known, but always in women : and Blumenbach says it has been ascertained by chemical analysis, that such horns have a greater affinity, in their composition, with the horns of the rhinoceros, than with those of any other animal.

The pre-eminence of Göttingen is equally founded in the teachers and the taught. A Göttingen chair is the highest reward to which a German *savant* aspires, and to study at Göttingen is the great wish of a German youth. There are good reasons for this, both with the one and the other. The professor is more comfortable, in a pecuniary point of view, and possesses greater facilities for pushing on his science, than in the other universities ; the student finds a more gentlemanly tone of manners than elsewhere, and has within his reach better opportunities of studying

to good purpose. This arises from the exertions of the government to render the different helps to study,—the library, the observatory, the collections of physical instruments, and the hospitals,—not as costly, but as useful as possible. It has never adopted the principle of bribing great men by great salaries,—a principle naturally acted on in those universities which possess no other recommendation than the fame of the teachers. It has chosen rather to form and organize those means of study which, in the hands of a man of average talent, (and such are always to be had,) are much more generally and effectively useful, than the prelections of a person of more distinguished genius when deprived of this indispensable assistance. The professors themselves do not ascribe the rapidly increasing prosperity of the university so much to the reputation of distinguished individuals who have filled so many of its chairs, as to the pains which have been taken to render these means of improvement more perfect than they are to be found united in any sister seminary. “Better show-collections,” said Professor Heeren, very sensibly, “may be found elsewhere; but the great recommendation of ours is, that they have been made for use, not for show; that the student finds in them every thing he would wish to see and handle in his science. This is the true reason why the really studious prefer Göttingen, and this will always secure our pre-eminence, independent of the fame of particular teachers; the latter is a passing and changeable thing, the former is permanent.”

Above all, the library is a great attraction both

for the teacher and the learner. It is not only the most complete among the universities, but there are very few royal or public collections in Germany which can rival it in real utility. It is not rich in manuscripts, and many other libraries surpass it in typographical rarities, and specimens of typographical luxury; but none contains so great a number of really useful books in any given branch of knowledge. The principle on which they proceed, is to collect the solid learning and literature of the world, not the curiosities and splendours of the printing art. If they have twenty pounds to spend, instead of buying some very costly edition of one book, they very wisely buy ordinary editions of four or five. When Heyne undertook the charge of the library in 1763, it contained sixty thousand volumes. He established the prudent plan of increase, which has been followed out with so much success, and the number is now nearly two hundred thousand. They complain much of the expense of English books. No compulsory measures are taken to fill the shelves, except that the booksellers of Göttingen itself must deliver a copy of every work which they publish.

The command of such a library (and the management is most liberal) is no small recommendation to the studious, whether he be teacher or pupil; but, in this case, it is perhaps of still more importance to the professors in a pecuniary point of view. The thousand or twelve hundred pounds, which government pays every year in booksellers' accounts, cannot be reckoned an additional expense. The professors themselves say, that, with-

out this, it would be necessary to lay out as much, if not more, in augmenting their salaries; for if they had to purchase their own books, they could not afford to labour on salaries varying from a hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds. Meiners calculated, in the beginning of the present century, that the saving thus made on salaries was at least equal to the whole expense of the library. In other universities, I have often heard the professors complain bitterly of the expense of new books, to which they were subjected by the poverty of their college library. They have reason to complain, when we think of the number of new books which a public teacher in any department finds it prudent to read, and, to a certain extent, uses, although there may be very few of them which he would wish permanently to possess. If the Professor of History, for example, pays thirty six-dollars for Hallam's *Middle Ages*, or a Lecturer on Antiquities pays fifty six-dollars for Belzoni's *Egyptian Researches*, these sums are most important drawbacks on the salary of a German professor, yet these are only single books in a single language. Now a professor of Halle or Jena must either dispense with the books altogether, or pay for them out of his own pocket. His brother of Göttingen has them at his command without laying out a farthing. Hence it is, that professors in other universities always set down the library as one great recommendation of a Göttingen chair.

Another is the widows' fund, founded by public authority, like that of the church of Scotland, and still more flourishing. Though the Hanoverian government has never thought it prudent to

procure or retain a distinguished man by an invidious excess of salary above his brethren, it would be at once ignorant and unjust to suppose that it has been in any way niggardly towards the learned persons who fill the chairs of Göttingen. The regular salaries are from twelve to fifteen hundred rix-dollars, exclusive of the fees. Taking the salaries in the mass at L.200 sterling, which is below the average, they are higher than the salaries of any other German university, excepting, perhaps, one or two at Berlin. The widows' fund, however, is peculiar to Göttingen, and recommends its chairs to the learned even more than its library and fees, for in no country does the scanty recompense of a learned man threaten more helpless destitution to a family which he may leave behind him, than in Germany. It is as old as the university itself, and originated with Münchhausen. The capital was originally only a thousand rix-dollars; at the end of the last century it amounted to fifty-one thousand, chiefly made up of benefactions from the government and private individuals, but partly, likewise, from the savings of the accumulating interest. The interest of the capital, with the yearly payments made by the professors, forms the fund from which the families of deceased professors are pensioned. The rate of allowance fixed at the beginning of the present century was a hundred and fifty-six rix-dollars (L.24) yearly to the widow, or, if she had died before her husband, to the children. For every five thousand rix-dollars added to the capital, whether by bequests, or by an excess of ordinary revenue, ten are added to the pension of every widow. On

the death of the widow, the pension is continued till the youngest child reaches the age of twenty. The burdens have hitherto been so few, that the revenue of the fund has not only been able to discharge them, but a part of it, sometimes two-thirds, has always been added to the capital, which is thus rapidly increasing.

Medical science is the department in which the fame of Göttingen is least certain, not from any want of talent on the part of the teachers, but solely from the want of extensive hospitals, these indispensable requisites to medical education, which only large towns can furnish. Göttingen, small as it is, contains three ; but they are necessarily on a diminutive scale. One of them is set apart for surgical operations ; another for clinical lectures ; the third belongs to a class which, in a German university town, can always reckon on being more regularly supplied than any other ; it is a lying-in hospital. There are twelve hundred students in Göttingen, and, on an average, twenty mothers in the hospital. On one side, a Magdalene greets the eyes of the suffering sinner, as if to remind her of what she is ; and, on the other, a bad copy of the Madonna della Sediola, as if to comfort her with the idea of what she may become. It would be awkward to inquire how far the students themselves contribute to the welfare of this establishment, by providing it with patients,—though there is no doubt they are its best friends, and the greatest enemies of the public morals. It has often happened, that the father has been the first, as an obstetric tyro, to hear the cry of his child ; and it would happen more frequently, were

it not that, when he does not long for the honours of irregular paternity, the mother, who has sold herself, is easily bribed to buy another father. Where so many young men are assembled, free from all control, except a very imperfect academical control, and surrounded by such creatures as minister in domestic services in a university town, the consequences to morality will always be the same ; and assuredly the principles of German Burschen are the very last that would struggle against the corruption. It would be nothing out of the way of their style of thinking to hear them maintain, that it is a greater enormity to let their lying-in hospital go to ruin for want of patients, than to debauch innocence ; they would defend the irregular manufacture of living bodies on precisely the same principles on which their medical brethren, among ourselves, defend the theft of dead ones. Still it is true, that among the females whom the German Burschen come across in their academic towns, there is little innocence to debauch. The laundresses in particular, a set of persons who claimed the severe eye of the prætor much more than any *nautæ* or *cupones*, use the charms of their subaltern Naiads as a regular trap to catch customers ; she who has the prettiest is sure to require the most extensive bleaching-green. At first, the effects of all this were melancholy at Göttingen ; for these creatures often contrived to seduce silly Burschen, who were worth angling for, into marriage ; but the government took such severe measures against them, above all, by declaring such marriages null, that they no longer attempt it, and gather their

gains in a less ambitious course. Göttingen is no worse than its sister universities, and matters have greatly mended during the last twenty years ; at least they say so themselves. The same mother, however, has been known to appear four different times in the hospital, in four successive years, in honour of four different Burschen ; and even noble equipages have occasionally deposited masked fair ones, for a time, in this house of doubtful reputation.

The number of students has been regularly on the increase since the termination of the war, partly from the increased extent of the kingdom, partly from the abolition of the neighbouring university of Helmstadt, (Brunswick and Mecklenburgh having very wisely agreed to recognise Göttingen as the university of these duchies,) and partly from the proscription of Jena, which followed the murder of Kotzebue. But the principal reason of the increase is the rising character of the university itself, which both attracts foreigners, and prevents Hanoverians from going to study elsewhere. More than one-half of the whole number are foreigners, that is, not natives of the kingdom of Hanover. The number of foreigners from states not German is naturally small, in comparison with those who belong to other German states. In 1821, out of nearly seven hundred, who were not natives of the kingdom, not a hundred were from countries foreign to Germany. Swiss and Greeks were the most numerous, then Russians and Englishmen. While there were upwards of a hundred young men from Prussia, notwithstanding the well-earned reputation of Berlin, there

was only one solitary subject of Austria. The Austrian Eagle is most jealous of her young gazing on other suns than her own. Five Hungarians, who had come to Göttingen to learn something, were actually ordered away by an express command from Vienna, and found it necessary to obey.

The proportion of lawyers among the students is extravagantly large ; more than one-half of the whole number were matriculated in the juridical faculty. The reason of this is, that, from the mode of internal arrangement common to all the German states, there is an immense number of small public offices connected with the administration of justice, to which, trifling as the competence which they afford may be, numbers of young men look forward as their destination, and which require a legal education, or, at least, what passes for a legal education. Under the system of patrimonial jurisdiction, which, though clipped here and there, still remains in its essence as well as in its form, every other landed proprietor must have a judge, or, if his estates be disjoined, two or three judges, to administer justice, in the first instance, to all who dwell within the limits of his property. The crown, too, requires a host of little prætors of the same kind on its domains. It is true, that such a person is badly paid ; but, then, to say nothing of his own chicane, there are legal imposts on the litigants, which give him a direct interest in fomenting and protracting suits ; and, under so imperfect a system of control as every where prevails, he must be a marvellously stupid or a marvellously honest *Dorfrichter*, (village-

judge,) who cannot raise his gains to a very ample recompense for his talents. The same person is occasionally judge in two different small districts. It sometimes happens that it is necessary for the judge of the one district to notify something that has happened, the escape of a thief, for instance, to the judge of the other; and instances have actually occurred of the same person in the one capacity, writing a letter to himself in the other, and then answering his own letter, that he might lose none of the fees attached to the performance of these duties. The consequence is, that in Göttingen one-half of the students are gaining a sprinkling of law, and out of it, justice and the country are suffering under a locust tribe of Dogberrys.

Göttingen has the reputation of being a dear place, and the more prudent of its preceptors do not wish to propagate any contrary belief; for like all its sisters, it has felt the burden of enticing a host of poor scholars into learned courses. It has two hundred and sixteen *freytisch-stellen*, that is, it has funds which are laid out in feeding so many poor students. The student selects a *traiteur* who supplies him with his food at a fixed rate, and is paid by the university. The alms is not always well bestowed; niggardly interest sometimes gains it in preference to necessity. An instance was mentioned to me of a wealthy Mecklenburgher being so mean as to ask this pittance for his son, and so unfortunate as to obtain it. The young man himself would not submit to the unnecessary degradation, transferred his privilege of eating gratis to a poor comrade, dined himself at the

table d'hôte of the most fashionable inn, and ran in debt.

The lowest sum I ever heard mentioned as sufficient to bring a young man respectably through at Göttingen is three hundred rix-dollars yearly, not quite L.50, but assuredly this is too low. Michaelis, even in the last century, said four hundred; Meiners, in the beginning of the present, set it down at three hundred; Professor Sealfeld, who has brought down Plutter's work to 1820, fixes on three hundred and fifty. The number of those who spend only the lowest of these sums is much smaller than the number of those who spend the highest. Taking the average at three hundred and fifty, which certainly does not exceed the truth, the university, with upwards of twelve hundred students, and thirty-six regular teachers, besides the extraordinary professors and the *doctores privatim docentes*, annually circulates in Göttingen at least seventy thousand pounds. Considerably more than one-half of those who spend this money are foreigners to Hanover; and, as they are generally the more wealthy, they spend a considerably greater share of the whole sum than the part merely proportional to their numbers. Thus, the university brings annually into the town about L.40,000 from foreign countries. The mere rent of rooms let to the students amounted, for the winter session, 1820-1821, to 21,800 rix-dollars, rather more than L.3300. The professors exercise a very strict control over all the inhabitants who follow this occupation. Opposite to each student's name in the university catalogue stands not only the street, but the very house, which he in-

habits, and if he remove, it must be immediately notified to his academical superiors. In the whole town there were a thousand and ninety-six rooms to let, of which six remained empty, though the number of students was twelve hundred and fifty-five; for, as it is not to be expected that a man, who is unable to pay for his dinner, can conveniently be at the expense of a whole bedchamber, it frequently happens that two occupy the same room together.

The university has been fortunate in suffering nothing from the political animosities which, of late years, have harassed so many public teachers in Germany, and set most of the universities in so turbulent a light. It would be too much to say, that her students escaped the infection which made the silly, hot-headed Burschen set themselves up for political regenerators. They bore their part in the Wartburg festival; they discarded hair-cutters, and well-made coats: but the spirit evaporated more speedily than elsewhere, and was more firmly met by the vigour of the senate, and the prudence of the government. The latter, though it has very properly opposed itself, from the very beginning, to the irregularities of the students, is in favour both with them and their teachers. While some other states look upon their universities with jealousy and dislike, Hanover has always treated what the Duke of Cambridge called, "the fairest pearl in her crown," with confidence and liberality. It has never pretended to find proofs of an organised revolution in the doctrines of the teachers, or the occasional turbulence of the scholars. It has borne with the one, and battled against

the other, but has never used them as tokens of political crime to justify political harshness. The regulations against the press produced by the Congress of Carlsbad, and enacted into a law of the Confederation by the Diet, have introduced here, as in all the seminaries, a censorship, from which the universities had hitherto been exempted. But in Göttingen the power thus given has not been used; no censorship, I was assured, had been established. Those professors whose departments necessarily draw them into political discussion, have acted much more sensibly than their brethren of Jena. They have not degenerated into mere newspaper writers, nor sullied their academical character, by mixing themselves up in the angry politics of the day with the fury of partizans. Sartorius, the Professor of Statistics and Political Economy, sits in the States for the town of Eimbeck.

Göttingen enjoys the reputation, that a more sober and becoming spirit reigns among its students than is to be found in any of its rivals, and that, even in their excesses, they show a more gentlemanly spirit: to this merit every Göttinger, at least, lays claim. In the external peculiarities of the sect, they seem to be much on a level with their brethren. I heard as late and as loud singing, or rather vociferation, resounding on the streets and from the windows of Göttingen, as in Halle, Heidelberg, or Jena. They are as much attached to the fencing school and the duel, to the *vivat* and the *pereat*; but they are not so fertile in contriving ridiculous expedients to make themselves be noticed. The Senate has a body of armed police

under its own command, to keep them in order ; but the students, more than once, have driven these academic warriors from the field. Landsmannschaften, too, are said to be rooted out, and Blumenbach was blessing his stars that it had come to be his turn to be Prorector when these things are no more ; but duels keep their place ; and, considering that these fraternities are as much prohibited every where as in Göttingen, and yet do continue to exist elsewhere, it may fairly be presumed that they lurk and act in Hanover under the same secrecy which protects them in Prussia and Saxony. Discipline, likewise, at least for many years, has been rigorously enforced. Government, in return for the confidence and liberality with which it has always treated the professors, has justly insisted on the firm and uncompromising discharge of their duty. The spirit of truckling to the young men, so disgusting in some other universities, has disappeared.

Any preference which Göttingen may reasonably claim in point of general manners arises principally from the circumstance, that a greater proportion of its students are young men of rank, and of respectable or affluent fortune, than elsewhere. I do not mean, that rank and wealth give these persons purer morals, or a more accommodating spirit of subordination, than belong to their less fortunate fellows ; but the dissipations of the former are not so gross and raw in their external expressions as similar excesses in the lower ranks of life, and it is only of their external conduct that there is here any question. A licentious peer and a licentious porter are generally very different characters.

Where the poorer class of students forms the majority, the manners are always more rude, and the whole tone of society is more vulgar, than where their numbers are comparatively small. To this, I think, it is chiefly owing that Göttingen, without perhaps any well-founded claim to better conduct, or greater academical industry, than some other universities, certainly does impress the stranger with the idea of something more orderly and gentlemanly. The very appearance of the town aids this impression, for Göttingen is one of the most agreeable and cleanly-looking towns in Germany. The regularity and width of the streets, which possess likewise the rare merit of being furnished, for the most part, with pavements, and the neat, light, airy appearance of the houses, though they make no pretensions to elegance, is something very different from Halle or Jena.

CHAPTER VIII.


HANOVER.

Ein warmes immer reges Herz,
 Bei hellem Licht im Kopfe;
 Gesunde Glieder ohne Schmerz,
 Und Heinrich's Huhn im Topfe.
The Burschen.

THE greater part of the fifty miles between Göttingen and Hanover still presents a pleasant, varied, and well-cultivated country, consisting of moderate-sized plains, bounded by wooded ridges of moderate elevation. Here, too, as in Hesse, a great quantity of land is in wood, which might easily be converted to agricultural purposes, were it not that the forest laws prevent the proprietor from either clearing it away, or deriving any advantage from the timber. The peasantry have the right of pasturage in the forest; if cleared away, it would only become an open common pasture. The scarcity of fuel all over the kingdom argues a deficiency of wood; and it would be a more advisable speculation, regularly to cut and renew the forest, did not the *Hütungs-Recht*, the right of pasturage, present a thousand obstacles. The proprietor cannot increase the number of his trees, for he dare not encroach on the extent of the pas-

turage. That it may not be inconvenient for the cattle, he must plant, if he plant at all, at distances which are ruinous to young wood, by leaving it without shelter. Then, both the cattle and the persons who tend them, are sworn enemies of young trees; the quadrupeds, because they find them to be good eating, and the bipeds, because they imagine, that to destroy them is to advance the public weal of the village, by augmenting the pasturable surface. To protect them from the wind, they are fastened to stakes; to defend them against cows and cowherds, they are surrounded with thorns; immediately the herdsmen carry off the thorns and stakes as excellent fuel, and the cattle attack the trees as being excellent food. The proprietor very naturally gives up a business which he cannot ply with profit, neglects his forest, and the scarcity and cost of fuel is rapidly increasing. In the Estates a proposal was made, though unsuccessfully, to exempt forest-land from the land-tax, on the ground that it is a species of property, which, under the existing laws, cannot possibly be productive to the owner.

This has likewise a demoralizing influence, and produces a class of criminals which we scarcely know, wood-poachers. In many districts the price of fuel is so high, that the poor cannot afford to purchase it; but they can just as little endure to be frozen, or to eat their meat undressed; they plunder the forests, and justice is compelled to connive, in some measure, at this crime of necessity. *Holz-dieb*, or wood-thief, is a term as expressive of daring, recklessness, and revenge, as poacher is with us. The *Jägers*, and other servants



appointed to watch the forest, are regarded by the wood-thieves in the same light in which game-keepers are by poachers ; and, if they value their personal safety, they must discharge their duty with great lenity or carelessness. When some notable piece of plundering makes it necessary for them to bestir themselves, the Jägers of a number of neighbouring forests occasionally assemble as if for a chase. The dogs are uncoupled, and the horns sound ; but wood-thieves are the game, and often suffer a severe chastisement. They, again, take vengeance in their own way and time ; there have been examples of an obnoxious inspector, or keeper of a wood, falling a sacrifice to the murderous enmity of such men, years after he had brought, or attempted to bring them, to punishment. They are exactly our own poachers ; only they are produced, not by idleness or a love of amusement, but by the impossibility of dispensing with one of the first necessities of life.

These pleasant valleys are more thickly peopled than the northern provinces of the kingdom, which contain so many large tracts of uncultivated heath and uninhabited sand. The population of Calenberg, Göttingen, and Grubenhagen, commonly included under the name of the southern provinces, exceeds that of the northern by nearly one half, in proportion to their respective superficial extent.* Villages and small towns are plen-

* Before the addition of East Friesland, which was ceded to Hanover at the general peace, the northern provinces were reckoned at 464 geographical square miles, with a population of 680,000 ; the three southern provinces at 162 miles, with a population of 343,000, exclusive of the

tifully scattered ; the former are apparently more substantial and convenient, and the latter more bustling and cheerful than in Hesse. There are always, indeed, many traces of poverty, and much of what we would reckon slovenliness, and want of skill ; but the peasantry look active and comfortable. It is no peculiar praise to Hanover, that its peasantry are no longer *adscriptitii glebæ*, bound to live, and labour, and die where they were born, however hard the conditions might be on which their family had originally acquired the hereditary lease, as it may be called, of the lands ; for in what German state has not this been rooted out ? The conditions under which the son is to succeed to his father's farm may be personally oppressive, as well as impolitic in regard to agriculture ; but he is no longer bound, as he formerly was, to submit to them. If he dislikes them, or wishes to seek a more indulgent landlord, he is at liberty to pack up his little all, and settle himself where he chooses. It is true that a German peasant will not readily quit the soil which his fathers have laboured for ages ; he will submit to a great deal before taking this desperate step, which is to him, though he only remove perhaps into the next parish, as painful a separation as if he were an emigrant leaving his country for a distant corner of the globe. But the knowledge that such a thing can be done, and is done, has necessarily brought the proprietors to

40,000 poor but industrious inhabitants who people the valleys, work the mines, and carry on the iron manufactories of the Harz. Since the cessions made to Hanover at the peace, the population of the whole kingdom is given in round numbers at 1,320,000.

feel the necessity of avoiding those exactions, and of mitigating the hard feudal terms of former days, which would be most likely to make it happen.

Hanover depends so much on agriculture, that the towns, numerous as they are, do not contain above a tenth part of the whole population ; yet, in the Estates convoked in 1814, they returned nearly one-third of the members. There is nothing popular in the mode of election ; the member is chosen by the magistrates, and the magistrates are either self-elected, or named by the Crown. The most popular form I heard of is that of Osnabrück, whose new charter gives the citizens some share in filling up vacancies in the magistracy, but in such a round-about way, that it may fairly be quoted as the *beau idéal* of indirect election. The magistracy chooses sixteen citizens, "good and true men ;" these sixteen choose four ; two of these four, in conjunction with one member of the surviving magistracy, choose twelve ; these twelve choose three ; out of these three the magistrates choose one ; this one must be confirmed by the government, and then takes his seat among the civic authorities, the picked man of the three who represent the twelve, who represent the three, who represent the four, who represent the sixteen, who represent the magistracy, who represent themselves. Ay, this is the House that Jack built ; yet it is no crazy, ruined, old-fashioned edifice, but a spick and span new house, built in the year 1814.*

The nearer the capital, the less beauty. On

* Verordnung, die Organisation des Magistrats der Stadt Osnabrück betreffend ; 31st October 1814.

approaching its walls, you emerge from hill and dale into that wide, dreary, sandy plain, which spreads itself out from the foot of the Harz, nearly to the shores of the East sea. Hanover makes no show in the distance ; it even looks more dull and gloomy than it really turns out to be. The population does not exceed twenty thousand ; but the appointment of a royal governor has brought back some portion of princely gaiety, and the assembling of the General States, drawing together many of the nobility from the different provinces, gives its streets and shopkeepers, for a season, additional activity. It is an irregular town, neither old nor new fashioned ; every thing is marked with mediocrity. The formerly Electoral palace is a huge, plain, uninhabited building, and that of the Duke of Cambridge is merely the best house in the best street. The manners did not seem to me to be at all so much Anglicised as they are sometimes represented. Except the English uniform of the Guards, the English arms on the public offices, and, in some circles, a later dinner hour than is usual in Germany, nothing reminds one that he is in a capital which has so long been subject to the King of England. It is only within these few years that Hanover has come into contact with England in such a way, as either to teach, or be taught any thing ; the higher orders alone are exposed to this influence, and any fragments of foreign customs which they may adopt will not easily spread among the great body of the people, or produce any visible change on the national manners. The manners of France penetrated much more deeply into the capitals which she occupied,

because Frenchmen were thrust into all the commanding stations of society; but England has hitherto acted towards Hanover with justice and propriety. The Hanoverians cannot complain that the administration of their government has been diverted to the profit of foreigners. Though there are English officers about the governor, all the public offices are filled by natives.

Our language and literature are naturally much cultivated among them, but scarcely more so than at Dresden or Weimar. The theatre, though a court theatre, is the only one in Germany where I ever found recognised our constitutional privilege of making a noise. The gods of Covent Garden or Drury Lane could not maintain the rights of theatres with greater turbulence, than their brother deities of Hanover; but, as they assert that they have enjoyed the franchise ever since they had a theatre, we cannot claim the merit of having taught them this imposing expression of public sentiment. An opera was performed, Gretry's *Cœur de Lion*; the singing was mediocre, and the acting detestable; all the men were awkward, and all the women ugly. Great part of the pit was filled with military officers. All over Germany, it is reckoned essential to the respectability of the military character, that these gentlemen should be able to frequent the theatre; but, low as the prices are, (the pit at Hanover is only a shilling,) their pay is insufficient to afford this nightly amusement. The government, therefore, keeps back a small portion of their pay, gives them gratis admission to the theatre, and, in some way or other, makes up the difference to the manager. Is it more rea-

spectable to go to the theatre on charity, than to stay at home? If it is supposed that the dignity of the military character depends, in public estimation, on the apparent ability of the military to spend money, is it elevated by an arrangement which tells every body, that they are less able to spend money than their fellow-citizens? Even a strolling party, if there be military in the place of its temporary abode, generally sets apart a portion of its barn for the *Herren Officiere*, either gratuitously, or at half price. It looks like a privilege.

Hanover had put on all the gaiety it can assume, for it was Easter Sunday, and Easter Sunday is a fair. The lower orders, in holiday finery, were swarming through the walks that run along the ramparts, decently dressed, decently behaved, and healthy-looking people. A large plain, outside of the walls, covered with booths, E O tables, and other sources of Sunday amusement, was the gathering place. On one side, a great many parties of young men were playing cricket in their own way. They had only one wicket; the ball was not bowled along the ground, but thrown up in the air, and struck, as it descended, with a short staff, often with admirable precision and dexterity. In another part, the crowd was thronging round the canvass booths, where cakes and toys, gin and tobacco, were retailed. Though every body was very merry, and many very noisy, there was neither quarrelling nor intoxication. Many more segars than drams were consumed. Next afternoon, the whole city repaired to *Herrenhausen*, a royal residence in the suburbs, where the royal water-works were to spout their annual tribute to the

Easter festivities. The long and broad alley, which runs from the city to the gardens of Herrenhausen, is magnificent; the gardens themselves are straight walks, lined with trees, and carpeted with turf, but the statues intended to adorn them are execrable. The expectant thousands were lounging patiently round the spacious basin, till the arrival of the governor and his suite should authorise the fountain to play from its centre; yet, when it did come, they did not seem to think it a very fine sight. It is on a trifling scale. The wind was so strong, that the column of water, instead of throwing itself back on all sides in an ample and graceful curve—the great source of beauty in such a fountain—was carried and scattered so far to leeward, as to drench the unsuspecting citizens, who had ranged themselves on that side. The wetted part of the crowd fled in consternation; the dry part shouted in malicious triumph at their own windward prudence; the fountain played on, and the band struck up “God save the King.”

At the entrance of the public walk stands the monument of Leibnitz, a bust of the philosopher, on an elevated pedestal, within a small Ionic temple. Huge bundles of his manuscripts, as well as the armed chair in which he died, reading Barclay's *Argenis*, are still preserved in the library where he studied, or rather lived. The greater part of them are not regularly written out, but are scraps of paper of all sizes, scrawled over with incoherent notes. To keep this chaos in order, Leibnitz made use of a singular common-place book. It is an array of shelves, like a book-case, divided by vertical partitions into a great number

of small pigeon holes. Under each hole is a label, with the name of the subject to which it was appropriated, frequently with the name of an emperor, or any other person whom the philosopher found useful as making an epoch, or important enough to have a division for himself. When, in the course of his reading, he came upon any thing worth noticing, he jotted it briefly down on any scrap of paper that happened to be at hand, and deposited it in its proper pigeon hole. One of the librarians assured me, with great complacency, that Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt was originally an idea of Leibnitz ; for, among his manuscripts, a memorial addressed to Louis XIV. had been discovered, in which the philosopher represents it as a great and good work to deliver from Oriental barbarism the country which had been the mother of all arts and sciences, and the ease with which its liberation might be effected by the Most Christian King.

The library itself is small ; the government justly thinks that it does enough in supporting the library of Göttingen ; but there are some interesting typographical rarities. A copy of Tully's Offices, of 1465, very beautifully and regularly printed on vellum, bears testimony to the mystery in which the art was at first involved ; for the printer, after setting down his name, " Fust," (Faust,) and the year, at the end of the book, adds that it was executed *nec penna, nec ærea penna, sed quadam arte*. That early production of the graphic art, the *Bibulum Pauperum*, is a misnomer ; for it is no Bible at all, properly speaking, and could be of no use to the poor, except as

a picture-book to amuse their children, for the text is Latin. It is a series of wooden cuts, representing the principal events of the sacred writings. The cuts occupy the upper half of every page ; below is the explanation, in rude rhymed Latin verses. In the cut which represents our first parents after their expulsion from Paradise, Adam is busily delving, and Eve sits beside him, spinning, with little Cain upon her knee :

When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman ?

The superbly illuminated missal is said to have been a present from Charles V. to our Henry VIII. ; if so, it must have undergone strange vicissitudes. A notification in English, signed by a Mr Wade, is affixed to it, which states, that he first saw the manuscript in the possession of a private gentleman in France, about the beginning of the last century. The proprietor showed it to him, but would not allow him to touch it ; nay, he himself turned over the leaves only with a pair of silver tongs, and, observing Mr Wade smile, remarked, with some warmth, that it was thus his ancestors had so long preserved the matchless manuscript in its present splendour. On the death of this gentleman, Mr Wade purchased it from his executors ; from him it came into the possession of our royal family, who deposited it, along with the silver tongs, in the library of Hanover.

The gardens and villa of the late Count Walmoden are now royal property ; but the collection of pictures has been dispersed. Those that remain give no good idea of the artists whose names

they bear. The Madonna and Child, said to be by Raphael, the Dying Monk, ascribed to Tintoretto, and the Pope adoring the Virgin, baptized as a Guido, have nothing in them, to be sure, inconsistent with the earlier style, and more careless efforts, of these masters; but neither do they give the slightest idea of what these masters could do and would not attract notice were it not for the names. Christ parting from the Disciples at Emmaus is a design of Annibal Caracci, full of the simplicity, dignity, and boldness, in which that painter followed so close on Fra Bartolomeo. Few pictures of Rubens exhibit the provoking inequality of his genius so strongly as one which represents the Magdalene, backed by a host of Saints. She is kneeling in tears, before the Virgin and Child. The colouring is in many points in his very highest style; the figures are in his very worst, not only homely, but absolutely vulgar and unpleasant. The Saints, above all St. Francis, with their hard-favoured countenances, totally devoid of interesting and poetical expression, look like so many jail-birds. The Magdalene is just one of those gross masses of human flesh which he has so often painted; it is well that her hands are folded upon her breast, so as partly to cover it; for, from what is visible, if displayed in full volume, it would have been frightful. The Madonna, too, is a homely housewife, beautifully painted; but the Holy Infant itself, in form, expression, and colouring, is delicious,—all grace, animation, and softness.

The Hanoverians (if a passing visitor be entitled to form an opinion) are a most sober-minded

ed, plodding, easily-contented people. Like all their brethren of the north of Germany, without possessing less kindness of heart, they have much less jovialty, less of the *good fellow*, than the Austrians, and are not so genial and extravagant, even in their amusements, as the Bavarian or Wirtemburger. Though quite as industrious as the Saxons, they are neither so lively, nor so apt. Their neighbours of Cassel and Brunswick have the reputation of being somewhat choleric; but to this charge the Hanoverian is in no degree liable; there is more danger of his becoming a drudge, than of his growing impatient. Endowed neither with great acuteness of perception nor quickness of feeling, it is long before he can be brought to comprehend the bearings of what is new to him, and it is difficult to rouse him to ardour in its pursuit. If it become advisable that he should set himself free from old usages, which are, in fact, his strongest affections, great slowness and great patience are necessary to untie the cords with which he is bound. Though every other person should see that they are rotten, and that the man has only to shake himself to get rid of them, he will not move a limb before every knot has been regularly undone. He possesses, in a high degree, the capacity of holding on in any given line of motion, however monotonous and inconvenient, and is the last man in Europe who will start out of his way to chase butterflies. If this confined inactivity of character renders him, in some respects, a less pleasing companion, it saves him likewise from many vices and many extravagances. If he be somewhat dull, he is honest and af-

sectionate ; if his views be very limited, his habits are unwearied. He is much too sober-minded either to sink into frivolity, or rise to enthusiasm ; he betrays little eagerness for information, for he sees little use to which he could apply it ; he trusts his own understanding with the extreme caution, for he is little accustomed to ratiocination. Göttingen is said to have had a most beneficial influence on the culture of the nobility, and the higher ranks of the citizens ; nor was it to be supposed, that, while the university was scattering abroad so much good seed over the other states of Germany, it would find thorny ground only in its native country.

Though a strong feeling of attachment to his hereditary prince is common to every German, is none is it more deeply rooted than in the Hanoverian. It is the most inveterate of his habits, from which it would give him infinite pain to tear himself loose. It is not an opinion, for he seldom thinks, and never argues about what monarchs ought to be ; though it may be affected by the personal qualities of the ruler, it exists independent of them ; the most splendid could scarcely rouse him to enthusiasm, and the most degrading must descend very low indeed in abasement, before they could mislead him into hatred or contempt. Even the long absence of their native princes has, in no degree, diminished their affection towards them ; their love of the Guelphs has, in this respect, survived trials which fidelity to a mistress would hardly have withstood. Nor is it undeserved. Among its own people, who are the best judges, and even among the writers of the li-

beral party, who would not willingly acknowledge it if it were not true, the House of Hanover enjoys the reputation of having always governed with an honest regard to the welfare of its subjects, and the rights of the estates, such as they were. It has neither rendered itself hateful by niggardliness and private oppression, nor burdensome by extravagance; the liberality of its conduct has maintained the honour of the country among its neighbours, and, at the Congress of Vienna, Hanover alone fought the battle for the political amelioration of Germany. If Napoleon wished to win on the good-will of his German provinces, and found his domination on something more respectable and secure than mere brute force, why did he so industriously insult their feelings, and irritate their prejudices? In Hanover, above all, the partition of the Electorate, to throw part of it into the kingdom of Westphalia, was a deadly sin against the national pride of the people, for which, in their estimation, no anathemas against aristocratic exemptions could atone. The return of their native sovereign was, to them, the re-creation of their country, which Napoleon had blotted out from among the states of Germany. When I was in Hanover, the report had already spread that his Majesty intended to take that journey to his German dominions which he soon afterwards performed. The people were manifestly looking forward to the event, not with the impatience of a Parisian crowd to see fine sights, for no people could be less at home in such scenes of parade than the Hanoverians, but with the hearty anxiety of one who longs to meet an old friend. In the simpli-

city of their hearts, they had taken it into their heads, that the King was coming to put to rights any little public matters which they had some indistinct notion were not as they ought to be. They were quite sure, they said, that if they sometimes had to pay more money than they could well afford, only the great folks at Hanover were to blame for it ; nor had they any sort of doubt, but that his Majesty would look into every thing with his own eyes, and right what required righting with his own hands. This feeling is universal ; the government is popular ; even the liberal pamphleteers allow that Hanover has no reason to envy any other German state.

The estates of the kingdom were not assembled ; and, even if they had been sitting, they admit no witnesses of their deliberations. There is a large dining-room, with three or four rows of chairs arranged amphitheatrically in front of a throne, from which the governor delivers his speeches, and a couple of handsome parlours for the two houses. The apartment of the first chamber is the largest and best adorned, for it was prepared for the whole estates, before their separation into two houses. When that separation took place, the peers reserved it to themselves, and sent the commons up stairs to the drawing-room. It is even surrounded with a gallery, fitted up for the spectators in those days of good intentions, but which has never been used. The members have fewer legislative conveniences than with us. There are no continuous benches along which a noble lord may doze over the state of Europe—no gallery where an honourable member may dream a

reply to a drowsy oration—no smoking room where he may digest the argument without having heard the speeches. The members are ranged behind each other on simple chairs, like the company at a Scotch funeral, and much less luxuriously than in the pit of many an Italian theatre. When the house divides, they repair into an adjoining room, where they find pen and ink, and a number of small square pieces of paper, on which the Ay or No is to be written; if the morsels be exhausted, there are scissars to cut new ones. The array of scissars is magnificent; half a dozen pairs, long, sharp, and glittering, adorn the table of each house, instead of a sceptre. One of their regulations might be advantageously transferred to various other assemblies, viz. that when a member appears to be wearying out the house by speaking at too great a length, the president shall put him in mind, *daes er sich hurz fassae*, that “brevity is the soul of wit.”

Both chambers are elective, for even the first consists only of deputies chosen by the nobility of the different provinces, with the exception of a few members who sit in virtue of their rank as titular dignified clergy, that is, as possessing what was once church property. The chamber of the aristocracy ought rather to be called the chamber of freeholders, for it is, in fact, the representation of the landed interest, as distinguished from the population and manufacturing interest of the towns. Though every person who has a patent of nobility, and a *Rittergut*, or estate noble, has a right to vote, the former is not essential to the franchise. It has long been consuetudinary law in Hanover,

that every proprietor of a Rittergut, that is, every freeholder, though he should not have the honours and privileges of nobility in his person, is *Landtagsfähig*, entitled, that is, to appear personally in the estates, while that form of assembly prevailed, and now to vote in the election of the deputies who represent his province. In some parts of the kingdom, a great quantity of allodial property has sprung up. It is chiefly found in what are called the *Marschländern*, formerly morasses, stretching along the banks of the Weser and the Elbe, where inundations had deposited the rudiments of a fertile soil, unclaimed either by the Crown or the feudal nobility while it remained in its original barrenness—drained of its waters, and defended against the stream, by a peasantry that settled among its insalubrious damps, from the same love of security which created the fields of Holland, and founded a city of princes on the waves of the Adriatic—gradually brought, by the industry of centuries, to be the most fertile district of the kingdom, and now swarming with an affluent and independent rustic population. All these proprietors have not only been admitted to the elective franchise, but, instead of being thrown in with the noble proprietors around them, they elect their own members.

The chambers are very doubtful about the extent of their powers. It is certain that they can do nothing without the consent of the executive, in other words, that the veto of the crown is absolute, but it is much less certain whether the crown is bound to yield when the chambers declare against it. Some proprietors of estates not noble, peti-

tioned the House to be admitted to the representation ; the House surely mistook its duty in voting, that this was not a matter fit for deliberation before them, but appertained solely to the executive. The government, however, is allowed, on all hands, to have acted with a sincere wish to do good. In an edict organizing the militia, it prohibited any serviceable male from fixing his domicile in a foreign country, without its permission ; the Commons immediately found fault with this, as being contrary to the liberty of the subject, and the natural right of every man to live where he chooses ; and the ministry yielded the point. It firmly refused to re-establish the nobility in the old exemptions from taxation and military service, which Napoleon had first shaken. The nobility made an obstinate struggle to retain their exemption from the land-tax, but in vain, though the majority in the estates belonged to their own class ; for there were many of them to whom the frowns of the court were more formidable than the pressure of a tax. Resisting, likewise, their claims to monopolize all the lucrative and influential offices of the state, the government has employed commoners of talent, wherever it could find them, both in the civil administration and in the army. There is no German court where ability and honesty, to whatever rank they may belong, are allowed fairer play.

The most imprudent thing which the Estates have done, was wrapping up their proceedings in such impenetrable secrecy. By a majority of two votes, they excluded the public from being present at their deliberations. Then, although they

ordered an epitome of their journals, containing important reports made by committees, propositions submitted to the Chamber, and its final decisions upon them, to be regularly printed, this compend was intended only for the members themselves, and was anxiously kept back from indiscriminate publication. The consequence is, that the great body of the citizens take no interest in proceedings of which they know nothing. The leading men of the ministry, and the Governor himself, are believed to be favourable to publicity; and the example of Weimar shews, that, even under a much more popular system of representation than is yet established in Hanover, deputies may cling to secrecy, while the government recommends publicity. Professor Laden of Jena, who is himself a Hanoverian by birth, published, in 1817, a history and review of the proceedings of the Estates, from their first meeting after the expulsion of the French down to that year.* It is a sensible, and, in no point of view, a reprehensible book: though it sometimes questions the propriety of the decisions of the Estates, both they and the government are treated, not only with respect, but with eulogy. Yet it seems to have been proscribed, on no other imaginable ground, than because it discusses the discussions of the Chamber. At least, no bookseller in Hanover would say that he had it; and I procured it only by the politeness of a Privy Councillor who allowed me to make use of his name. Thus there seems to be

* Das Königreich Hannover, nach seinen öffentlichen Verhältnissen.

a possibility of suppressing, without incurring the odium of prohibiting.

It has long been a popular belief in England that Hanover is mischievous to us ; that it is a trifling patrimonial appendage of our monarchs which draws us unnecessarily into expensive continental quarrels. However, to use a common phrase, there is no love lost between us and the Hanoverians. They are in no degree flattered by their king wearing the crown of England ; if it gives their cabinet political weight, they feel that they shine in borrowed light. The well-educated classes laugh at the Englishman who retails the assertion, that Hanover does Britain mischief : " It is we," say they, " who suffer. When the King of Hanover is offended, the King of England is not bound to resent his injuries ; but when the King of England gets into a continental quarrel, Hanover, with no earthly interest in the dispute, is the first victim of the rupture."

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A
TOUR IN GERMANY,
AND SOME OF
THE SOUTHERN PROVINCES
OF THE
AUSTRIAN EMPIRE,
IN
1820, 1821, 1822.

BY JOHN RUSSELL, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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TOUR IN GERMANY, &c.

CHAPTER I.

BRUNSWICK—MAGDEBURGH—POTSDAM—
BERLIN.

Sprache gab mir einst Ramler, und Stoff mein Cäsar; da nahm Ich
Meinen Mund etwas voll, aber ich schweige seitdem.

SCHILLER. *The Spree loquitur.*

SCARCELY out of the gates of Hanover, and the wheels already drowned in sand up to the axle-tree; tædium to the eye, and death to the patience of the traveller, with the additional vexation of paying tolls for permission to follow the most convenient track which his postilion can find among the fir-trees, where no road has ever existed since the flood, which seems to have left these sands behind it. But it is unreasonable to get into a passion at the bad roads in these parts of Hanover and Brunswick; for what can be expected where the soil is only a deep, arid sand, and not a pound

weight of stone is to be procured, except at an expense which the finances can ill bear? Notwithstanding the tolls, few roads in Germany support themselves; money for *Strassenbau*, that is, for making and upholding roads, is a regular item in the annual budget of every state. The roads are thus a continual burden on the public treasury; and, as poverty is the besetting infirmity, they must share in the imperfections of all public matters that require money.

While toiling through this German Zara, with what longing the eye turns to the lofty and lengthened ridge of the Harz, which bounds it on the south, once, probably, the mountainous shore of a sea, that gradually receded from these level deserts. There, all is varied and romantic; the ancient pines seem to frown contemptuously on their stunted brethren which encumber the plain; villages and spires start out from their shade; deep clefts and shattered precipices overlook them in a thousand imposing forms. Above them all rises the Blocksberg, since time immemorial the Pandemonium of Europe, and the only spot which persecuting incredulity has left to the adepts in the black art, where all the wizards and witches of the civilized world still assemble, on May morning, to commune with their horned master, and to celebrate, under his guidance, their unholy orgies.

Amid this wilderness, time and money have contrived to surround Brunswick with verdant groves, in which larks whisper, and nightingales sing, all the night long. The city is both larger than Hanover, and wears a more cheerful external aspect;

but it seemed to have still less bustle and activity, and the people were impatiently waiting till the majority of the young Duke should restore their court. The Gothic cathedral, begun in the twelfth century by Henry the Lion, whom the Brunswickers consider the great ornament of their ancient family, is an imposing edifice, but is polluted with an incongruous style of ornament which betrays an eastern origin. The tall pillars of the nave, for example, have small ones twisted round them.

In a vault beneath, lies a long line of the Princes of Brunswick. The plain oaken coffin of Ferdinand, the great captain of the great Frederick, is the simplest of all. Near him lies the late Duke, who fell at Quatre Bras. Two small crimson flags, the one an offering from the matrons, and the other from the maidens of Brunswick, are suspended above his coffin; and its gaudy gold and crimson are still mixed with the brown and withered leaves of the garlands which the love of his people scattered on his bier, when, at midnight, he was laid among so many of his race, who had fought and fallen like himself. Every Brunswicker speaks of his memory with pride and affection. There was much that was heroic and chivalrous in his character, and much that was interesting in his fortunes. He was full of that warlike spirit which the history of their princes has taught the Brunswickers to consider an inheritance of the family. No man deserved better to fill a place in this honoured vault, which, besides Ferdinand, who won the warrior's fame without finding the warrior's grave, and Leopold, who perished in the Oder,

attempting to save the peasantry during an inundation, contains no fewer than nine princes of the House of Brunswick, more than one of them heads of the house, who, since the beginning of the last century, have fallen on the field of battle—a testimony of devotedness to duty which no other sovereign house of Europe can exhibit, and justifying by the general character of the family, still more than by the fate of one unfortunate prince, the song of him who announced that Germany's

—— Champion ere he strikes will come,
And whet his sword on Brunswick's tomb.

The most interesting thing in the museum is the Mantuan vase, or Brunswick onyx, an antique gem which has puzzled the learned scarcely less than the Portland vase. The stone is about half a foot long; its form is oblong, but it has been shaped into the fashion of a vase, with a golden rim and handle. The ground colour, a very deep brown, is varied with patches of white, some clouds of a dim yellow, and still fewer of a dark grey. At about two-thirds of its depth from the mouth, it is divided by a circular band of gold, and both the upper and lower compartments are filled with figures, cut in low relief, in a style which has made the gem be universally received as Grecian, but which betokens, at the same time, no masterly hand, nor any blooming period of the art. It has commonly been held to refer to the Eleusynian mysteries; but Emperius, the director of the museum, told me that he was writing a dissertation to prove that it represents the Theismophorian mys-

teries which were celebrated in honour of Ceres. He holds it to be a work of Alexandria, executed in the time of the Ptolemies.

Nothing can give a higher idea of Dürer's anxious finishing, than a sculpture (and he has not left many of them) which represents the Baptist preaching in the wilderness. The figures are partly in relief, partly round; and though there is here and there a sprinkling of trivialness, or an anachronism in costume, they are far from being deficient either in beauty or expression. The Baptist is elevated somewhat above his hearers, and stands behind a fragment of a paling, over which he thumps with orthodox energy. His congregation consists, not of Jews, but of Germans. From the style of grouping and the smallness of the figures, (the whole stone is not more than a foot square,) some parts of the work must have required consummate dexterity of manipulation. A lady and a knight are standing in the inner part of the crowd, their faces directed to the preacher, and their backs, therefore, turned to the spectator. The figures are entirely round; and no common delicacy of hand was necessary to work out the countenances with so much exactness in so difficult a position. The knight lost his sword during his journey to England,—for the more valuable part of the contents of the museum were sent to this country to preserve them from French rapine. Demon lounged among what remained, and selected at his leisure all that seemed worth carrying off.

Helmstadt was formerly the university of Brunswick; but the seminary was abolished in

1908, and has not been re-established. The duchy is too small a territory to require a university, and too poor to support a good one, and Göttingen is as near as it is to Hanover. Immediately beyond the gates of Helmstadt comes the Prussian frontier. At Magdeburgh, the first Prussian town, you find nothing but ramparts and ditches, drawbridges and cannon, following, in fearful array, one range behind another, till you reach the heart of the city. It is a crowded and bustling town; washed by the Elbe, it is the entrepot of all the wares and merchandize that enter or leave Germany by the river. The cathedral has merely the merit of being very spacious, and contains almost as many political and military emblems as religious allusions. The Prussian eagle overshadows with his pinions an old inscription which commemorates the first celebration of the sacrament according to the reformed ritual. In front of the pulpit the iron cross is elevated on a pillar, with a flag and a pike as supporters; and the walls of the choir are covered with public tablets to officers who fell in the Liberation War.

Here there is no barrenness; the territory of Magdeburgh, stretching along the banks of the Elbe, over a soil gradually formed by the depositions of his inundations, or reclaimed from marshes which they had left behind, is the most fruitful corn land in the north of Germany. It used to export a great quantity of grain; but they now complain that our prohibitions have seriously injured their market.

This gleam of fertility soon dies away, as the Elbe is left behind, and the dreary sands again re-

turn. The road is the great line of communication between this depot of trade and the capital ; there is necessarily a great deal of travelling, as well as of inland carriage upon it ; yet some portions of it are, beyond comparison, the worst in Europe. The reason is, the want of materials, and the enormous expense of transporting from a distance the quantity necessary to construct such a road, and to keep it in repair. Much, however, has been done. The whole line is about ninety English miles ; the twenty miles between Potsdam and Berlin have long been good, because the convenience of the court required it ; but, of late years, it has been carried a great deal farther, and an excellent chaussée now extends, on the one side, sixty miles from Berlin, and, on the other, seven miles from Magdeburgh. The rest of the line, however, is infamous. It is an unceasing pull through loose dry sand, which rises to the very nave of the wheel, frequently encumbered with the remains of languishing fir-woods, and presenting no single object to relieve the eye ; for the scanty crops, which industry and penury have laboured to raise even here, look equally melancholy with every thing around them, as if mourning the impossibility of man overcoming in their favour so reluctant a nature.

The traveller thinks himself entering a paradise when he approaches, at Brandenburgh, the banks of the Havel ; the fresh remembrance of the wildernesses through which he has just passed, gives to these little green-wooded and watered landscapes the enchantment of fairy land. The Havel seems to have been made expressly for the coun-

try. It is not uniformly confined within a distinctly marked channel, but often spreads itself out into small lakes, through the middle of which it keeps its course, while copsewood and villages are strewn thickly over their sloping banks, and almost every eminence is crowned with a wind-mill. The most varied and pleasing spot of this kind is in the bend where the river, which has hitherto flowed south, wheels round to the westward to seek the Elbe, and here Frederick the Great built Potsdam. As the king built merely for the sake of making a handsome town, it is full of architectural parade, with splendid streets in which scarcely a human being is to be seen, except the lounging military, and magnificent buildings whose florid ornaments are sometimes in ridiculous contrast with the purposes to which the houses are now applied. A superb edifice, a copy of the Temple of Nerva in Rome, is now an inn; but the original itself has become the pontifical custom-house. It is not uncommon to see warlike instruments and military trophies crowded over the door and windows of a tailor, a whole range of goddesses and nymphs adorning a pork shop, or Cupids, with much greater propriety, sporting above the cornices of a milliner. "The pomp and circumstance of war" is all the pomp and circumstance of which Potsdam can now boast. Potsdam is, in fact, a splendid garrison.

Sans Souci stands on an eminence close behind the town. It is a long, low building, destitute of architectural parade, although adorned with a double circular portico, a beautiful object in itself, but much too magnificent for the main building.

The prospect is confined ; it has, however, as much of what is pleasant as could be found in this country. It takes in a large portion of the Havel, spreading out its lakes among green fields and wooded eminences, and here and there diversified by a passing sail. Were it less pleasing than it really is, who would not gaze upon it with interest, when he reflected that Frederick loved to dwell upon its features, and sought in them the only repose which he allowed himself to enjoy from the dangers of the field, and the labours of the cabinet? Even the bad humour into which a stranger is thrown by the mean and disgraceful, but privileged, extortions of the attendants, gives place to the respectful interest with which he lingers among the scenes that supplied the simple pleasures of, not only a great, but a wonderful man.

The apartments of the king himself are extremely simple. Like the rest of the palace, they are hung with very mediocre French pictures, which, it is to be hoped for the sake of Frederick's taste, he took no pleasure in looking at. He had more fitting companions in some ancient busts, set up in a long narrow gallery, in which he used to walk, when the weather denied him this exercise out of doors. The library, a small circular room, contains his books as he left them. They are all French, but many of them are translations of the great productions of other countries. Frederick's bell, his inkstand and sand-box, his sofa and little table, still retain their place. The bed has been removed from the chamber where he died, and a writing-desk occupies the place of the

old chair in which he breathed his last—trifling alterations, no doubt, but injurious to the romance of the thing. The portrait of Gustavus Adolphus, the only ornament which Frederick admitted into his bed-room, has been allowed to remain. The apartment which was appropriated to Voltaire is the most vulgar of all. The walls are covered with flowers and garlands, coarsely carved in wood, and bedaubed with glaring colours. I know not who selected this style of ornament; but the crowd of wooden parrots, perched among the wooden chaplets, proves either the bad taste of the poet, or the satirical humour of the king. Some other apartments are splendid in their architecture and decorations: but there are more splendid things of the same kind in fifty other palaces. We visit Sans Souci, too, not because it is a palace, but because Frederick the Great lived in it.

The grounds are not extensive. In that part of them which lies immediately below the palace, and was the favourite resort of the monarch, all is rich, shady, and tranquil; you would believe yourself a thousand miles removed from the bustle of men. Even the French horns of the Jäger Guards, swelling from the barracks below, instead of disturbing, only sweetened the repose of the scene. Those parts of the grounds, again, which are thrown open indiscriminately to the public, are merely shady, sandy promenades, commonly terminated by a small building, either an European oriental or a modern antique. Frederick could not give his subjects and visitors much varied scenery, or many picturesque glimpses; but he gave them a profusion of pillars and pediments. He

seems to have been fondly tied to every thing which contributed to his pleasures ; and no great monarch's pleasures were ever more simple and innocent. His generals do not appear to have stood higher in his heart than his dogs. A number of the latter are buried in the grounds, and honoured with tombstones. Beside him lies the horse which bore him through many a hard-fought field in the Seven Years' War.

Though the foundation of a new collection of pictures has been laid in Berlin, the proper gallery of Prussia is in Potsdam. It was principally formed by Frederick, and mercilessly treated by the French. If there was some affectation in Frederick, when he entered Dresden as a conqueror, craving the permission of the Electress to look at the pictures, yet the feeling of respect which made him approach them as a worshipper, not as a robber, was princely. Napoleon came to Potsdam as a conqueror, took off his hat when he entered what had been Frederick's apartment, and let loose his plunderers upon Frederick's pictures. Prussian bayonets have brought them all back, but some of them much injured by French improvements.

The palm of the gallery is disputed between Da Vinci, Raphael, and Titian. There are several pictures by these masters, but the three which contend for the prize are, of Da Vinci, Vertumnus, in the disguise of an old woman, persuading Pomona to throw off her virgin coyness, and learn to love ; of Raphael, an Ecce Homo ; of Titian, a sleeping Venus. In the first, Pomona is seated in an orchard, beneath a tree, whose fruit she has been gathering. Vertumnus, with a wrinkled, but

not a vulgar visage, leaning on a staff, which he scarcely seems to require, bends towards her in an attitude of eager exhortation. There is a certain play about the withered features, which tells that he sees his oration is beginning to work. The bashful beauty hangs her head; a smile of mingled incredulity and approbation lights the under part of her beautiful countenance; her hands are busied about her fruits and flowers in a way which shows that her thoughts are occupied with something else. 'Besides the excellence of the individual figures, the picture derives great effect from the contrast in which they are placed, blushing, blooming youth and simplicity by the side of wrinkled and wily old age. The great merit of Raphael's *Ecce Homo* lies in its lofty ideal expression; it is the highest possible degree of mental suffering, purified from every thing mean and vulgar, announcing not merely the agony of the soul, but likewise the fortitude and resignation with which it is borne. Titian's sleeping *Venus*, without a rag of drapery, reclines, on her right side, on a blue couch, the breast and head being somewhat elevated on a white pillow. The back is turned towards the spectator; the left leg is bent into the picture, thus presenting the prettiest sole of the prettiest foot that ever was painted. The arms are folded under the head, and the countenance is half turned round. The softness and elegance of the whole figure, the symmetry of the proportions, and, above all, the truth and delicacy of the colouring, are things which cannot be described, and in which it excels both its competitors. In expression, again, it is necessarily far beneath them; for, although

enthusiasts have pretended to guess even what the slumbering beauty is dreaming about, all the soul which such a figure can possess is merely animal life. Frederick paid five thousand guineas for the Pomona, and three thousand for the Ecce Homo. The superintendent of the gallery told me, that when the righteous work of restitution was begun at Paris, the French were so intent on retaining the Pomona, that for a while, they pretended it had gone a-missing. The acknowledgment, that they could be guilty of the barbarous negligence of allowing such a picture to be lost, was scarcely less disgraceful than the lie itself.

The waking Venus of Titian is insipid after her sleeping namesake. In the back ground, there once was a landscape, with two persons seated under a tree, and one of the two was a portrait of Titian himself. In Paris, the picture was *cleaned*, that is, the landscape disappeared, and, though the figures remain, the portrait is gone. Titian's Danae has returned entirely ruined; the picture is spoiled; colouring, expression, and perspective, are all destroyed. A small Madonna, by Correggio, shows still more clearly how little the original colouring of an artist was able to resist this process of cleaning; for, when submitted to this reformation in Paris, a group of angels, in the upper right hand corner, which Correggio himself had effaced, apparently from feeling that they overloaded this part of the picture, was brought to light.

The walls groan under Rubens. The Israelites perishing by the fiery serpents in the wilderness, is a powerful picture. Though not so chaste or

restrained in the agonising expression which belonged to the scene as the representation of the same subject by Hannibal Caracci, it has much more force of grouping and colouring. The most powerful figure is that of a man expiring under the influence of the poison ; a serpent, coiled round his body, is biting into his throat. The wretch is extended on the ground ; and never was the death struggle delineated with more horrible truth. Every limb and feature is cramped and convulsed, and the natural colour is already giving way to a dark, livid hue. Another excellent group is an old woman, who, with an anxiety that threatens to render the exertion useless, strives to raise in her arms a grown-up daughter, that she may turn her eyes to the healing serpent.

Few pictures in Potsdam please more than some splendid specimens of the historical style of Vandyke. If not successful competitors with Rubens, they are dangerous neighbours to him. Vandyke had drawn much from the best schools that preceded him ; yet he is any thing but a mannerist or imitator ; his grouping and expression are entirely his own ; and the Dutch and German painters never required to cross the Alps to learn colouring. His St Matthew is the perfection of placid, dignified meditation. It may have been bad taste, but the simplicity of composition, the truth of expression, and the mild balancing of light and shade in his Isaac blessing Jacob instead of Esau, drew me irresistibly from the gorgeous masses of Rubens by which it is surrounded.

Though it was only May-day when I entered Berlin, the heat was more oppressive than that of

Lombardy or Romagna during the dog-days. The thermometer does not absolutely stand so high ; but, from the action of the sun on the sandy soil which surrounds the Prussian capital, the heat has a sultry and vapoury quality, which renders Berlin a disagreeable residence in summer. Many families fly to Dresden to seek less insalubrious dog-days, and the inhabitants of this raw northern-climate enjoy the shade under the lime trees which adorn their principal street, as late in the evening as Italians on the verandas of Naples, or under the porticoes of Romagna. Even the street musicians generally come forth to their labours towards midnight ; while, in the Linden, the citizens furnish a more pleasing serenade, by hanging out nightingales from their windows or on the branches of the trees, where they sing all night long, " most musical, most melancholy."

The entrance to Berlin from the west is by the Brandenburg Gate, the most simple and majestic portal in Europe. It is an imitation of the Propylæum of Athens. Six lofty, fluted Doric pillars, on each side, support an entablature, without any pediment ; a gateway, not arched, passes between each couple of pillars. On the entablature stands the bronze figure of Victory, drawn in her chariot by four horses, and bearing the Prussian Eagle in triumph. It is a very spirited work, and was therefore sent to France, not more on account of its own merits, than to insult the Prussians. Their good swords have replaced the goddess on their Athenian portal, where she seems to guide her steeds, amid a hundred memorials of Frederick, towards the royal palace. Though the guard-

houses which spring out from each extremity of the gate are in the same general style, they look insignificant, and somewhat encumber the imposing forms to which they are attached. Close by is the house of Blücher, the greatest military favourite of the Prussians since their great king. They seldom give him any other name than "Marshal Forward," and love to place him and Gneisenau in the same relation to each other in which the Romans set Marcellus and Fabius. Between them, they nobly retrieved the ignominy of Jena.

From the portal you enter at once the most splendid street in Germany. It runs due east and west, for about three quarters of a mile, from the Brandenburgh Gate, which closes the perspective at one extremity, to the royal palace, which terminates it at the other. It is divided, in fact, into five parallel walks, by double rows of lime trees and horse chestnuts, and from the predominance of the former it has its name, *Unter den Linden*. The central alley, the most spacious and convenient of all, is appropriated to pedestrians; the other four are common to all the world, but carriages generally confine themselves to the outermost on each side, formed by the external row of trees and the houses. Many of the buildings which line the sides of this mixture of town and country, though unambitious in point of ornament, are ample and imposing, the abodes of courtly and diplomatic pomp, of an expensive hotel, or a restaurateur celebrated for his kitchen.

Unter den Linden is the scene of all the bustle of Berlin, but not the bustle of business; if there be any of that, it is confined to the old, or eastern

part of the city ; it is the bustle of idle persons amusing and enjoying themselves, and of lovely women seeking admiration. During the greater part of the day, especially on Sunday, it is filled with crowds of well-dressed, comfortable-looking people, streaming merrily along in both directions, or, with an ice in their hands, laughing at the heat, on the benches which are ranged along beneath the shade of the lime trees. Now and then, the king comes lounging up the alley, attended, if attended at all, by a single servant, in a very sober livery, his hands behind his back, and his eyes commonly turned towards the ground, enjoying the shade with as much plain heartiness as the meanest of his subjects. The loungers rise from their benches as he passes ; the gentlemen take off their hats ; the ladies make their best curtsy : the *Strassenjungen*, a class for whom Frederick entertained greater respect than for an Austrian army, do all they can to make a bow. The king has a nod or a smile for every body, and passes on in the well-grounded assurance, that every one he sees would shed his blood for him to-morrow. Royalty, in Germany, from the Emperor of Austria down to the Prince of Nassau, is accustomed to appear among its subjects with much less of majesty and reserve about it than is common among ourselves. What a bustle would be created if our King should take a walk, some forenoon, from Carlton House to the Bank, accompanied by a solitary and panting beef-eater ! The Germans would find nothing remarkable in it ; our political clubs would vote that the Bank was insolvent, and

that his majesty had been attending a meeting of creditors.

Except the Linden, and one or two portions of the city to the north of the Linden, all on the west of the Spree, being abandoned to the fashionable world, is regular and dull. The buildings are not, properly speaking, monotonous ; for, though the streets were laid out, the houses were not built, on any regular plan ; but there is no life in these long, straight, stone alleys, some of them a mile in length, piercing the city from one gate to the other. It is perpetually the same thing, with nothing either in the dead or living objects which can attract attention for an instant. Nothing in pedestrian exercise is so deplorable as walking the streets in this part of Berlin. You are in no danger, as you are in Paris and Vienna, of being ridden over ; for each side of every street, either somewhat elevated above the centre, or separated from it by a kennel, is set apart for the humble foot-walker ; but these pretended pavements are merely the worst of all causeways, formed of so many small, rough, sharp pieces, that walking, with the thermometer at 80°, is exquisitely painful. The *Wilhelmstrasse*, full of palaces, and inhabited, at least in that part of it nearest the Linden, only by people of fashion, is the most intolerably paved street in the city.

Sand is bad ; but, to get off one of these *trottoirs pavés* into the desert of a square, is a deliverance to which alone I can ascribe it, that the squares of Berlin have been praised so much above their merits. Some of them are spacious in extent, and surrounded by handsome buildings ; but the want of all ornament reduces them to mere vacant

areas. They are generally only a dead surface of loose parched sand, without pavement, turf, or shrubbery, and the only decoration which they can ever boast is a row of stunted trees. *Wilhelmsplatz*, the finest of them all, the abode only of princes and peers, plunges you at once ankle-deep in sand. It is the legitimate offspring of the road between Hanover and Brunswick ; you may see royal coachmen urging their steeds across the one with as much anxiety as your own postilion encouraged his sorry nags along the other.

The stagnating water is another source of discomfort, and is most troublesome precisely in the most fashionable parts of the city. Though the Spree traverses Berlin, dividing it into two nearly equal parts, the site, especially on the left bank, where the more modern and gaudy portion of the city stands, is so dead a flat in itself, and is so little elevated above the level of the river, that, even in the *Wilhelmstrasse*, and on the *Wilhelmsplatz*, in front of magnificent palaces, the water overflows the kennel, and spreads itself back over the pavement, under a heat which produces corruption after a few hours' stagnation.

Though the older and less fashionable part of the city, standing on the right bank of the Spree, has no such spacious and regular streets, nor, excepting the palace, which is in its outskirts, many imposing edifices, it presents a more lively and industrious appearance. In no great capital is a Briton so struck with the absence of those splendid and seductive shops which fix the eye, and undo the purse, in London, Paris, or Vienna. The Spree itself, which separates the two parts

of the town, bears the only character which a small river can bear in so large a city, that of a broad, deep, muddy ditch. It has some dignity only where it sweeps boldly round the huge pile of the palace. It is invaluable, however, to the inhabitants, both as a mean of cleanliness and a vehicle of commerce. To the eastward, about fifty miles nearer its source, it communicates with the Oder by a canal, and thus brings down to Berlin the minerals of Upper Silesia, and the corn and manufactures of Middle and Lower Silesia. The craft, again, which follow its streams to the westward, are carried by it into the Havel, six miles from Berlin, under the fortifications of Spandau; the Havel bears them into the Elbe, and, on the Elbe, they descend to Hamburg. The vessels which crowd the quays of Berlin are long, narrow, flat-bottomed, uncouth-looking things, but perfectly well suited for this sort of navigation. The minister of a certain northern court threw all the ship-wrights of Berlin into consternation, by making one of them build a pleasure-boat with a keel. When he used to go out in it on the river, carrying sail, the shores were lined with astonished spectators. A royal prince was one day on board, and became so alarmed at the gentle heeling of the boat, under a moderate breeze, that he insisted on being set ashore.

Altogether, the Prussians, though possessing no mean extent of sea-coast, frequently display strange instances of geographical ignorance. A well-known geographer of Berlin, having read that one of our navigators had found an *ice island* in a considerably more southern latitude than these

frozen masses usually frequent, set it down in his book as the latitude of *Iceland*. A Berlin newspaper, in an account of the discoveries which were made during the first of our late voyages to ascertain the existence of a North-West Passage, gave to Melville Island the latitude of Captain Flinders' Melville Island on the coast of New Holland, placing it near the Equator, instead of near the Pole. The blunder was notified to the editor, and the next number contained an "Erratum in our last.—For Melville Island in such and such a latitude, read Melville Island in this other latitude, (giving the true northern latitude,) *which is not to be confounded with Melville Island in this latitude*, (giving the blundered one;) a line was omitted through the carelessness of the compositor." A much better practical joke was played off upon their ignorance by the same minister who insisted on having a boat with a keel. The Linden runs east and west; therefore, in the latitude of Berlin, the houses on the north side of the street are in the sun, and those on the south side in the shade. The palace is to the east of the Linden. But the court-chamberlain, in issuing directions for a funeral, took it into his head, from some indistinct notion, that southern climates are always warm climates, that the sunny side of the Linden must be the south side; and, in his circular to the elevated persons who were to attend, he actually inverted the two sides of the street. This northern minister, having no wish to attend the ceremony, and having a house on the north side of the Linden, took advantage of the blunder, and went to the country. Next day, the sole topic of conver-

sation in the circles of Berlin was, What can be the meaning of the absence of the — minister? His Excellency, who had foreseen this, immediately sent in a laughing, half-official sort of note, stating, that he had always "believed his house to be on the north side of the Linden, and that, therefore, as the palace was to the east of him, when he wished to go to it, he was in the habit of ordering his coachman, on issuing, from the gateway, to drive to the left. But, having learned from the court circular, that his house was on the south side of the street, and, that, therefore, to get to the palace, he must take an opposite direction from that which he usually took, he had ordered his coachman, on this occasion, to turn to the right; the consequence of which was, that, after an hour's driving, instead of finding himself at the palace, he found himself at the gates of Spandau."

Between the Brandenburg gate and the palace are crowded together nearly all the fine edifices of Berlin. The guard, the university, the arsenal, the opera-house, the new theatre, the palace, with its church, are all in the neighbourhood of each other. The palace has nothing to recommend it but its huge size, and the splendour of its furniture. Except the plain, simple apartment of Frederick himself, it is as gorgeous as royalty could make it; but in general, to describe the inside of a palace, is nothing better than to describe an upholsterer's shop. It is not, however, the regular residence of the present king; he lives in a much more modest-looking house in the Linden. The arsenal, though it has neither porticoes nor pillars, is the finest building in Berlin; the extent and

simplicity of its fronts are majestic, and its military trophies and emblematical groups display a great deal of good workmanship.

In the public architecture of Berlin, there is a tiresome degree of uniformity, arising from a too frequent repetition of the same forms and combinations ; it is easily seen that it has sprung up, in a great measure, in the lump, on one wholesale plan. The general style is an Ionic portico, placed before a very plain front. Sometimes three out of the four sides are garnished with this appendage, but the pillars never extend along the whole front, or are carried entirely round the building. What may be called the ground floor, generally formed of rustic work, projects, and on this is raised the portico. The effect is not so pleasing or imposing to the eye, as when the pillars clothe the whole, or nearly the whole, front of the building ; and, even if the style possessed more merit than it really does, it looks like poverty of invention to have so much of it, and so little of any thing else. Potsdam and Berlin are full of it ; but the uniformity is more striking in the latter, from the proximity of the buildings. Thus, on the *Place des Gens d'Armes*, stand the opera-house, the theatre, and two gorgeous churches, all in the same fashion ; the university, too, is nearly the same thing.

The new theatre was to eclipse all the other productions of Prussian architectural taste, and tower above the less gaudy, but much more majestic opera-house of Frederick. The Ionic portico itself is a beautiful object ; but it is difficult to conceive how the same architect who reared it,

could have crowded into the body of the edifice almost every fault which such a building can possess, did we not know, that it is much easier to follow known rules and fixed proportions in raising pillars, than to combine a graceful and dignified whole. Above all, the unlucky thought of carrying up the main body of the building so far above the pediment of the portico, and terminating it, at the same time, with a pediment of its own, has destroyed all grace and symmetry, and offends the eye mortally. Modern extravagance in windows often stands in the way of architectural beauty ; but in what edifice can it interfere less than in a theatre? Yet this building is so slit in every direction by narrow, insignificant windows, that the American was quite justifiable, who exclaimed, on first seeing it, "What a huge hot-house the king has got !" Neither the king nor his subjects are satisfied with this monument of native genius ; but there it stands, and the money has been spent.

The dramatic troop is much less defective than the building in which they perform. While Iffland, the Garrick of Germany, was manager, the Berlin theatre had no rival, except that of Weimar. In some departments of comedy, it is now inferior to Vienna, and, in tragedy, is at least not superior. Madame Stich of Berlin counterbalances Madame Schröder and Madame Löwe of Vienna. She is not so overpowering as the former of these ladies in the expression of strong passion—she could not play Lady Macbeth so well ; neither does she possess the same melting power of tenderness that distinguishes the latter ; but she has a truer conception of character, though her acting

sometimes falls short of her idea, and a more chaste and sustained style of representation than either of them. She is the only actress whom I ever saw give any thing like a good performance of Schiller's *Maid of Orleans*. Joanna is the touchstone of German actresses ; they perpetually convert her into an ordinary, ranting, declamatory heroine, just the reverse of the poet's Joanna ; they fail to hit that deep, solemn, supernatural feeling, which separates her from ordinary tragic personages.

Operas are got up, in Berlin, with an extravagant expenditure on pomp of decoration and splendour of costume. But the taste of the public is not pure ; they have not that natural feeling of the eloquence of "sweet sounds" which distinguishes the Italian and Bohemian, and they have not passed through that training under the hands of great masters which has formed the accurate, though somewhat artificial taste, of Dresden and Vienna. Their opera is under the direction of Spontini, whose operas are, in general, as much for the eye as for the ear. The whole city was on tiptoe expectation for the production of his regenerated *Olympia*, which had formerly failed in some other capitals. Twenty-five thousand rix-dollars (nearly £4000) had been expended on the decorations ; five hundred pounds of the sum had been laid out in creating an elephant, destined to make a principal figure in the performance. Though some left the house, unable to endure the incessant thundering of the orchestra, and Professor W—— declared it to be just as pleasant as dining on Cayenne pepper, the great body of the audience seemed to be perfectly satisfied at having their ears

so stunned, and their eyes so dazzled. The appearance of the elephant, moved along by a little boy in each leg, was hailed with a shout which might have wakened Frederick in frowns from his grave at Potsdam, at the corrupted taste of his descendants.

Every week two or three concerts are given, under the royal authority, in the music hall of the new theatre, an apartment of such fair proportions with so much elegance, yet chasteness and simplicity, in its decorations, that it would leave the eye nothing to desire, were it not for the unseemly pigeon holes which, under the name of boxes for the royal family, disfigure one side of the room, and break the unity of the whole. Every entertainment of this sort consists partly in a mixture of elocution and instrumental music, which is of very questionable merit, and almost peculiar to Germany. A favourite ballad, for instance, of Schiller, Bürger, or Göthe, is delivered by a reciter, just as any other elocutionist would read it; but it is accompanied, either in a continued strain, or only by fits and starts, as the composer thinks proper, by instrumental music, which is, or pretends to be, characteristic of the sentiment that pervades the particular verses, or representative of what they happen to describe. For example, were the elocutionist reading Chevy Chase, at the very outset, "God prosper long our noble king," his voice would probably be drowned in the jubilee of the orchestra, and would forthwith be heard again, as the instruments softly bewailed that—

A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befall;

unless the French horn were made to render him inaudible, for the purpose of suggesting woodland associations, and the idea of a "hunting." Among other things, I heard Schiller's *Gang nach dem Eisenhammer*, a beautiful ballad, out of which Holbein has manufactured a very poor, prosing, tiresome drama, recited in this way, and the effect was not fitted to make one partial to this mode of marrying music to immortal verse. The whole system forgets the specific difference between reading and singing. The reader stands in quite a different relation to a musical accompaniment from the opera singer. Though readers speak of musical, melodious, or harmonious elocution, reading is not singing, in any accurate sense of the words. In any given song, there is only one way of reading it well; but more than one melody may be composed for it, all equally good. A union of ordinary elocution with instrumental music does not seem to be less incongruous or confused, than if one person were to recite a ballad while another simultaneously sung it.

The great men of Prussia have been principally kings and warriors, and she cannot be accused of what is the disgrace of Austria, public ingratitude to their memories. If Frederick laughed at German poets, he entertained a profound respect for German soldiers; his gratitude, and the public spirit roused by the events of late years, have called forth the long line of Prussian heroes, in marble or in bronze, on the streets, squares, and bridges of Berlin. A spirited, though somewhat clumsy equestrian statue of the great Elector, adorns the principal bridge across the Spree; Prince

Henry of Prussia defends the shady garden which borders the river below the bridges ; the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau displays his old-fashioned uniform in front of the palace ; the Wilhelmsplatz bears the great worthies of the Seven Years' War, Zeithen, Keith, Seidlitz, Schwerin, and Winterfeld, and the last moments of three of them who fell in battle are preserved, in the church of the garrison, in glaring and literal pictures. Blücher, Bülow, and Gneisenau, the heroes of a war no less honourable to the national feeling and devotedness of Prussia, than that which Frederick waged against the half of Europe, will, by this time, have been publicly added to their worthy predecessors. I saw the two latter, scarcely finished, in Rauch's workshop ; they are both excellent statues—perhaps a little too true, but simple and dignified, and free from all frippery and trifling. Rauch has improved on his predecessors in the drapery of his figures more than in any thing else. The fidelity with which the heroes of the Seven Years' War are wrapt up in a uniform, with all its multifarious trappings, leaves the sculptor room for no other merit in his drapery than that of representing correctly in marble what already existed in cloth and gold lace. The best statue in Berlin is the portrait statue of the late Queen of Prussia, on her tomb in the Gardens of Charlottenburg ; it entitles Rauch to rank among the first sculptors of Germany.

The Prussian artists did not long retain the ancient models which Frederick procured for them by purchasing the collection of Cardinal Polignac. When, in the Seven Years' War, the united hosts

of Russia, Austria, and Saxony, ventured to march to Berlin, while the king was facing other enemies in another province, the Saxons, who took possession of Charlottenburg, in revenge for the bombardment of Dresden, a measure altogether in the ordinary course of war, broke the statues in pieces, and continued pounding the very limbs into powder, till the terrific intelligence, that Frederick, with his little army, was in full march from Silesia, left Austrians, Russians, and Saxons, no other object of emulation except who should most readily get out of his way. This was but a bad return for the reverence with which Frederick had treated the gallery of Dresden. When he saw the barbarity with which they had destroyed his statues, he clenched his fist, and stamped the ground in indignation. "The monsters ! but how could they know the value of such things ! we must forgive them ;" and he displayed his forgiveness by forthwith plundering and burning Hubertsburg, the most splendid of the country residences of the Elector of Saxony.

On a sandy hillock, about half a mile beyond the walls, stands the *Volks-Denkmal*, or Monument of the People. It was erected by the present king, and, with much pomp, dedicated by him to his people, to commemorate their exertions in the triumphant campaigns which terminated the war. It is a lofty Gothic tabernacle, or rather a concretion of such tabernacles, pierced with niches, and bristled with pinnacles. Four of them are set against each other, and as they are square, each presents three sides. In the twelve sides thus formed are as many niches ; each niche is appro-

priated to a battle, and contains a statue intended to be emblematical of the combat, or representing some person who distinguished himself in it. The complement of statues has not yet been made up. That in the niche set apart for Grossbeeren represents a Prussian *Landwehrmann*, or militiaman, because the day was won by the good conduct of the militia; the countenance struck me as being a portrait of the Prince Royal. The niche of the Katzbach is filled with Blücher; and that of Leipzig, a better known battle, with a less known warrior, Prince Henry of Prussia. The statues were modelled partly by Rauch, partly by Tieck, and the artists have done all that could be expected under so discouraging a similarity of subject. The want of simplicity and dignity, the multiplicity and littleness of parts, are the great objections to the whole; it has too much of the toy-shop, especially as, in the desolate sands which surround it, there is nothing to accord with the Gothic plaything. Why was this popular monument, erected by a king, and dedicated to a nation, to preserve the daily memory of such men and such deeds, thrown outside of the walls, into so dreary a wilderness, which nobody would ever think of traversing, except to see the monument itself? When a Roman emperor wished to record his military exploits in the eyes of the people, he built his triumphal arch in the neighbourhood of the Forum, or raised his sculptured pillar in a public square.

The monument, with its tabernacles and statues, consists entirely of cast-iron, in the manufacture of which the Prussians have arrived at great per-

section. The iron is principally obtained from the mines of Tarnowitz, in Upper Silesia ; and the expense of transporting it is greatly lessened by a canal which, leaving the Oder immediately above Frankfort, connects that river with the Spree, coming down from the Lausitz towards Berlin. The foundery itself is in Berlin, and supplies cast-iron monuments to all Germany. They even make, in relief, copies of celebrated pictures. I saw the Last Supper of Da Vinci cast in a space of about six inches by four, with a neatness and precision which could not have been expected from such materials, and on so small a scale. Larger busts are excellently well done ; the favourite ones are those of the late Queen and Blücher, for every Prussian will sacrifice a great deal to possess a memorial of either the one or the other. During the war, the church bells of a great number of villages were melted down into cannon ; and the king is now melting down iron cannon to give the churches cast-iron bells. The difference, in point of expense, is enormous, and they sound just as well as most of our own country bells. The director seemed to entertain little doubt, that, in a few years, the Prussians would leave all Europe, except ourselves, far behind them in ornamental iron-work. He had been sent over to examine all the great iron establishments of England and Scotland ; and, hanging over an English grate, of hammered iron, which he pronounced to be inimitable, and allowed could not *yet* be made in Prussia, he spoke of the perfection which he believed us to have attained in a strain of enthusiastic eulogy altogether professional. It was honest ; and this

willingness to learn is the first thing to produce the capacity of teaching. A Frenchman would have found out, either that we knew nothing about the matter, or that all we did know which was worth knowing, had been derived from his countrymen. The directors of the Berlin foundery even ventured to make a steam-engine, for the purpose of blowing their bellows. Though they succeeded in constructing one which works, it cost them, they say, more money than if they had ordered it from this country. Yet they were much more successful than the directors of the iron mines at Tarnowitz, who, having got an engine from England, could not put it together so as to make it work. It refused to make a single stroke, till a workman was brought out to correct their blunders. It is said that they displayed a rather forcible desire to retain the Birmingham wanderer, and that he, at last, made his escape only by stealth.

At first it might excite wonder why so sandy and dreary a soil should have been selected for the capital of Prussia, in preference to the more pleasing and fertile banks of the Havel ; but it is fortunate that it is so ; for the neighbourhood of a capital of nearly 200,000 inhabitants, by creating a thousand wants, and recompensing the industry which supplied them, has peopled and cultivated a district which might otherwise have remained nearly useless to the monarchy. Neither labour nor money has been spared to convert these parched levels even into something which apes park and forest, by planting trees, and making straight walks among them. The citizens of Berlin believe

that nothing of this sort can be finer than their *Thiergarten*, an extensive plantation, in which there are too many firs. It commences outside of the Brandenburg Gate. Here there are no suburbs ; from between the Doric columns of the portal, you at once enter the wood, where carriages and pedestrians toil along in the same deep sand, for the walks are not even gravelled. A line of small but handsome villas, in which the higher class of citizens seek refuge in summer, from the sultry heat of the city, stretches along its southern boundary ; on the north it is bounded by the Spree, and the portion of it in the neighbourhood of the river is the Vauxhall of Berlin. The bank is lined with coffee-houses ; rustic benches and tables are fixed beneath the shade of umbrageous limes and elms ; beer, coffee, and tobacco, are the sources of enjoyment ; crowds of pipes, ready to be stopped, are piled up like stands of arms. Numerous itinerant venders wander from room to room, and tree to tree, displaying seductive layers of segars, from the genuine Havannah, down to the homely Hanoverian or Bavarian. As evening comes on, and the boats return up the river, with the parties which have been enjoying Charlottenburg, if the weather does not drive the happy crowd within doors, numerous lamps are hung up among the trees. The clouds of smoke aid the dimness of twilight, and both united render the shady recesses of the wood fit scenes of intrigue and assignation.

The same general character belongs to the grounds of Charlottenburg, a royal residence, about two miles from the city, the palace in which Fre-

derick deposited his treasures of sculpture, and; from associations still more interesting, the favourite residence of the present king. The palace has no other merit than its size. The grounds are better laid out than the Thiergarten, and are the great resort of the Sunday strollers from Berlin. The adjacent village consists almost entirely of coffee-houses; and there is a small theatre, to which a detachment from the city troop is marched up on Sunday evening. Advantage has been skilfully taken of the Spree, which bounds the grounds, to introduce various pieces of water, and call forth a more refreshing verdure than is found in the Thiergarten. Beyond the river, the country is entirely open, yet it is more pleasant than the sandy alleys and stiffly marshalled trees of the grounds themselves; it is monotonous, to be sure, but it is fresh and green. Though an inhabitant of the more favoured countries of the north, to say nothing of the south, would not perhaps give a second look to the view, it is perfectly natural that a young tradesman of Berlin should believe that he is revelling among the richest beauties of nature, when, on a Sunday evening, he strolls with his love through the shades of Charlottenburg, and treats her to the pit of its little theatre.

In a retired corner of the grounds, where no sound can penetrate from the world without to disturb the repose to which the spot is consecrated, a small Doric temple is seen lurking beneath the melancholy shade of cypresses and weeping willows. It is the tomb and monument of the late Queen of Prussia, the fairest and most ami-

able, the most interesting and most unfortunate, princess of her day. The place is so well chosen, and all its accompaniments are so much in unison with the sacred purpose to which it has been applied, that even the ignorant stranger feels he is approaching a scene of tender and melancholy recollections. In the interior of the temple, the walls are covered, to a certain height, with marble, and the rest is painted in imitation of marble. Excepting this, and two magnificent candelabras, formed after antique models, there is no effort at splendour of decoration. The body lies in a vault beneath ; the back part of the floor of the temple, which corresponds to the ceiling of the vault, is elevated above the anterior part ; and on this elevation is a full-length statue of Louisa, reclining on a sarcophagus. It is a work of Rauch. It is a portrait statue, and the likeness is allowed to be perfect ; the king insisted it should be Louisa ; he would not sacrifice a single feature to what the artist might perhaps have reckoned a pardonable embellishment ; but Louisa's was a face and a form which few artists could have successfully embellished. The expression is not that of dull, cold death, but of undisturbed repose. The hands are modestly folded on the breast ; the attitude is easy, graceful, and natural ; but the partial crossing of the legs, and the perpendicular erection of both feet, which start up under the shroud in nearly a triangular form, give some stiffness and harshness to the lower extremity of the figure. The artist had no opportunity of displaying anatomy, in which so many find the perfection of sculpture. Only the countenance and part of the neck are bare ;

the rest of the figure is shrouded in an ample, and extremely well-wrought drapery. As the management of drapery is the rock on which modern German sculptors, and, in fact, mediocre sculptors of all times, and of all countries, most frequently split, either bundling it up in heavy cumbersome masses, or frittering it down into numerous small parallel grooves, Rauch may be the prouder of having here given his countrymen a very good example how it ought to be done. The great charm of the statue is, the decent, simple, tranquil air, which pervades the whole figure ; there is no tinge of that unfortunate striving after *effect* which disfigures so many monumental piles. I observed no inscription, no pompous catalogue of her titles, no parading eulogy of her virtues ; the Prussian eagle alone, at the foot of the sarcophagus, announces that she belonged to the house of Hohenzollern, and the withered garlands which still hang above her, were the first offering of her children at the grave of their mother. The king still spends many of his hours in this solitary tomb, which, however, breathes nothing of death, except its repose. The key of the vault in which the body is deposited is always in his own possession ; and, annually, on the anniversary of her death, he gathers his children round him at her grave, and a religious service is performed by the side of her coffin.

The memory of Louisa may safely disregard the foul calumnies of French babblers, who lied and invented to gratify their unmanly master ; if the character of a woman and a queen is to be gathered from her husband, her children, and her

subjects, few of her rank will fill a more honourable place. She said herself, shortly before her death, "Posterity will not set down my name among those of celebrated women; but whoever knows the calamities of these times, will say of me, She suffered much, and she suffered with constancy. May he be able to add, She gave birth to children who deserved better days, who struggled to bring them round, and at length succeeded." She was not distinguished for talent, but she was loved and revered for her virtues. She had all the qualifications of an amiable woman; of a queen she had only the feelings. Every Prussian regarded her, and still speaks of her, with a love approaching to adoration. It was not merely her beauty or female graces, richly as she was endowed with them, that captivated her husband's people; it was her pure, mild, simple, and affectionate character. They had sighed beneath the extravagant government of mistresses and favourites, which disgraced the closing years of the reign of the preceding monarch; and they turned with fondness to the novel spectacle of domestic happiness and propriety which adorned the throne of Prussia, when his present majesty mounted it, with the fairest princess of Europe by his side, and both of them surrounded by a family, in which alone they continued to seek their pure pleasures and simple amusements. Courtly extravagance and dissoluteness were banished, for empty pomp and noisy gaiety did not suit their domestic attachments; while they supported the dignity of the crown, they never made themselves the slaves of court etiquette.

From the moment that Prussia awoke, too late,

on the brink of the precipice to which an unstable and short-sighted policy had conducted her, the life of this young and beautiful woman was uninterrupted bodily decay, the effect of mental suffering. Her hopes had been high, that the exertions of 1806 might still save the monarchy; she accompanied the king to the army, but retired to a place of safety immediately before the battle of Jena. She and the king parted in tears, and they never met again in happiness; the battle was lost, and Prussia was virtually effaced from the number of the nations. Louisa went down to Tilsit, during the negotiations that followed, much, it is said, against her own inclination, but in the view that her presence might be useful in softening the conqueror, who had declared that, in ten years, his own dynasty would be the oldest in Europe. It would probably be going too far to follow, to its whole extent, the enthusiastic execration which the Prussians bestow on Bonaparte for the unfeeling insolence with which they assert him to have treated their idolized queen; but it was an unmanly exploit, to strive to hurt the feelings of a woman. "The object of my journey," said the queen to him, on his first visit after her arrival, "is to prevail on your majesty to grant Prussia an honourable peace."—"How," answered Napoleon, in a tone of sovereign contempt, "how could you think of going to war with *me*?"—"It was allowable," replied the queen, "that the fame of Frederick should lead us to overrate our strength, if we have overrated it." Napoleon always acted towards Prussia with the virulence of a personal enemy, rather than with the prudence of an ambitious con-

queror ; and he is alleged to have hated the queen still more bitterly than he did the king, whom he affected to despise. He believed it was her influence, and that of Hardenberg, that had brought Prussia into the field ; and he knew the queen's insuperable enmity to him, joined to the love which her subjects lavished on her, to be a principal source of the hatred that burned against him in every corner of the kingdom. While Berlin remained in his possession, tongues and pens were ordered to ridicule and vilify the queen ; nor did the emperor himself always blush at relating the lying calumnies invented to please him. A distinguished literary character had the boldness to say in the very presence-chamber of Napoleon, " If his majesty wishes to be thought an emperor, he must first learn to be more of a knight ; by encouraging these foul slanders against an absent and unfortunate woman, he only makes it doubtful whether he be even a man."

From this moment, the queen visibly sunk ; her high spirit could not brook the downfall of her house, and her keen feelings only preyed the more rapidly on her health from the effort with which she concealed them ; the unassuming piety and natural dignity of her character allowed neither repining nor complaint. She lived just long enough to witness the utter degradation of the monarchy, and to exhort her sons to remember that they had but one duty to perform, to avenge its wrongs, and retrieve its disgraces,—and they have done it. " My sons," said she to them when she felt, what all were yet unwilling to believe, that the seal of death was upon her, " when your mother

is gone, you will weep over her memory, as she herself now weeps over the memory of our Prussia. But you must act. Free your people from the degradation in which they lie ; show yourselves worthy to be descendants of Frederick. God bless you, my dear boys ! this is my legacy, save your country, or die like men."

This salvation was in reserve for Prussia, and the memory of the queen had no small share in producing that burst of national devotedness by which it was wrought out. While sinking beneath the heart-breaking pressure of the present, she never desponded concerning the future ; a firm belief that the debasing yoke could not endure, clung to her to the last, and her letters, especially those to her father, express it repeatedly. In one she says, " The power of France cannot stand, for it is founded only on what is bad in man, his vanity and selfishness." Her firm assurance was shared by the whole nation ; after her death, they still looked forward with confidence to the fulfilment of her hopes. It seemed as if the superstition which Tacitus has recorded of the ancient Germans had revived among their posterity, and the spirit of a woman was held to possess prophetic power. When the hour of fulfilment did come, Louisa was a sort of watch-word to the arming Prussians ; not one of them ever forgave the insults or forget the misfortunes of his queen. Even amid the triumphs and exultation of the contest which hurled France beyond the Rhine, and her anxious despot from his throne, accents of regret were ever and anon bursting forth, " SHE has not lived to see it ;" and long after she was gone, the

females of Berlin were wont, on the monthly return of the day of her death, to repair, in affectionate pilgrimage, to her tomb at Charlottenburg, and deck her grave with fresh flowers.

The king recovered his honour and his kingdom, but has never regained his cheerfulness and happiness, since he saw his queen expire, pressing to her bosom the last letter he had written to her. Every body knows his despairing exclamation to his father-in-law: "Had she belonged to any other, she would have lived; but because she was mine, she must die." It is not easy to conceive a monarch borne down by more accumulated suffering than what was laid on this unhappy prince. Stripped of the better part of his territories, and holding the rest by a severe, and yet uncertain peace; exposed, at every moment, to the arrogance of a political superior, who acted towards him, at the same time, with the venom and coarseness of a personal enemy; knowing that his subjects were impoverished by an unsuccessful war, and yet compelled to increase their burdens to meet the demands of the conqueror; depressed by the humiliating reflection, that, under him, the glories of his race had passed away, and that, instead of the powerful monarchy and dreaded army which he had received from the genius of his predecessors, he had nothing to transmit to his sons but a ruined kingdom, and the history of his defeats; struck, at the same time, with the heaviest of all domestic blows, in the loss of her to whom his heart was more fondly and firmly riveted than to his crown;—so far is it from being wonderful that the character of Frederick William has be-

rests on a far more solid and politic ground than any silly fondness for military parade.

Though liberal in supporting the utility of public institutions, and the splendour of public amusements, he lavishes nothing on his own personal pleasures. No sovereign could display less attachment to the mere gaudy pomp and lawless gratifications of royalty. A gentleman started one evening, in a mixed company, the hasty proposition, that all the Prussian monarchs had been distinguished for frugality. Of the earlier ones, little seemed to be known ; for Frederick he had the old story, that he seldom had more than three shirts, and that, when any of them gave way in the course of campaigning, he used to write to his sister, the Duchess of Brunswick, intreating her, for Christian charity, to make him a new one. The late king was given up as irreconcilable with the truth of the proposition ; and being hard pressed to prove, even in the reigning sovereign, any spirit of economy, which did not arise from necessity, the defender of Prussian frugality alleged the anecdote, that, on the first visit which the present king paid to the Isle of Peacocks, after having had the walks laid with new gravel, the only remark he made was, " What excellent gravel this is ! how it saves one's boots !" A much more serious proof of the same laudable quality lies in the fact, that, during the degradation of the monarchy, he put his royal establishment on a footing which many an English nobleman would have reckoned mean. He frequently would not even allow his sons wine.

The Crown Prince, the heir apparent of the

Prussian monarchy, has the reputation of being a cleverer man than his father, but does not seem to be so universal a favourite. If public tales "can be in aught believed," his sharpness is accompanied with that unfortunate disposition which tempts many men to prefer making an enemy to losing a joke. An old and respected member of the government of Pomerania closed a memorial to the ministers, recommending certain improvements in the administration of the province, with saying, that, if adopted, they would create a second Pomerania. Shortly afterwards, he appeared at the levee of his Royal Highness in Stettin, and the unfashionable width of the lower part of his dress raised a titter among the more courtly attendants. "I am happy to see you, Herr ———," said the prince, "and I doubt not but you have brought the second Pomerania in your breeches pocket." For the sake of a bad joke he chose to ridicule a worthy and deserving man. Prussia owes a large debt to the late Chancellor Hardenberg; yet, if half the stories in circulation be true,* the Crown

* If it be just to require of every traveller that he shall not indulge in the mere flippant, uninteresting gossiping of private scandal, or abuse the kindness of foreigners towards him as a stranger, so as to injure their own comfort, it is equally true, that he cannot be called on to vouch for the certain truth of all anecdotes which may reach his ears. Where they concern persons or things of sufficient importance to justify the mention of them at all, he does enough if he can say that they are current in the mouths of persons in grave and well-informed society. An anecdote in general circulation, even though not strictly true in point of fact, will commonly be accordant with the character of the person of whom it is related, and will thus be a correct,

Prince lost no opportunity of expressing his dislike for him, and was sometimes rewarded for his flippancy with confinement to his own house by order of his father. On some of the annual festivals, it is a customary amusement all over the north of Germany, to elect a king of the family circle. His Majesty chooses a queen for himself, and the royal pair exercise despotic authority over the domestic realm for the evening, just as in England on Twelfth Night. On an occasion of this kind, the king had gathered his family, and some of his personal friends, around him. The lot placed the diadem of the evening on the head of the Crown Prince, and his Royal Highness immediately placed by his side a young princess of a northern court. "Come, my queen, you must first of all take a lesson in the art of governing; you will not find it very puzzling; it goes thus. We find out some sly, crafty fellow, such a person as Hardenberg, for example. We tell him to have money ready for us whenever we want it, and to do as he likes, and you and I sit still and play cards. Don't you think, my love, we shall get on well enough?"—"Can you divine, Hardenberg, what is the first thing I shall do when I am king?" said he once to the Chancellor. "I am confident," replied the latter, "it will be something equally honourable to your Royal Highness, and beneficial to the public."—"Right for once, Chan-

though perhaps a fictitious illustration of his mode of acting. Anecdotes, in fact, are just like bank-notes; few persons can tell which are genuine, and which are not; but every one lends his aid to keep them in circulation.

cellor, for it will be to send you to Spandau." It was customary for the princes of the blood, as well as the nobility, to wait on Prince Hardenberg with their congratulations, on the anniversary of his birth-day. The Crown Prince refused to go, until compelled to it by his father, under the pain of the royal displeasure. "I hope, Fritz, (the domestic abbreviation of Frederick,) that you will never have the same reason which I have had, to know what such a man is worth." The Prince drives to the Chancellor, makes the formal congratulation, and adds, "I have done this by the command of my father; as to the rest, remember, Chancellor, that you and I are where we were," (*es bleibt beim alten.*) There was neither good sense nor good feeling in such petulant conduct towards a grey-headed statesman, to whom the monarchy owed so much.

CHAPTER II.

BERLIN—THE MANNERS—THE UNIVERSITY—
THE PRESS—THE GOVERNMENT.

ALTHOUGH of a less lively capacity than the Saxons, the upper classes of Prussian society are at least as thinking and well-educated people as the corresponding classes in any other German state, and much more so than their brethren of Austria. The very poverty which has overtaken so many of them, partly from the events of the war, but still more from the division of property brought about by the government itself, has done them good in this respect. While they have been descending, other ranks of society have been rising, in the possession of what was indispensable to the respectability of their aristocratical supremacy, superior wealth ; and they have found themselves compelled to make themselves respectable as men. Above all, the end which Stein and Hardenberg put to their exclusive enjoyment of all public offices has had the good effect of driving them to fit themselves for these offices. Nothing teased or provoked them more than the crowd of *novi homines* introduced into the different depart-

ments of the administration. The letter of the law has thrown every office, civil and military, open to the ambition of every citizen; and the proper spirit which produced the change has acted upon it.* The prejudices of a once-privileged caste, however, still clung to them; they could not easily be taught to see how their own beneficial superiority was most lastingly secured by the very changes which destroyed their exclusive predominance. Accordingly, they are still the body which throws most obstacles in the way of introducing popular spirit, and the influence of the popular voice, into the forms of government. Their rank necessarily brings them into perpetual contact with the monarch; they are willing that he should retain absolute authority; because they believe that the greater share of it will be lodged in themselves, as forming the society in which he lives, and because they regard every measure which tends to elevate their inferiors as an aggression on their own rights. M. de Bülow wrote one of the many answers which Benzenberg's book on Prince Hardenberg's administration called forth. He there says: "In war, dedicated to the defence of the country, and particularly formed for this calling, the nobility are, in peace, the guardians of free

* Before the change introduced by Stein shortly after the battle of Jena, almost every officer in the army was of noble birth; and an unthinking and superficial party in Germany, which eagerly hunts out every circumstance that can be turned against the aristocracy, has not scrupled to ascribe to this, though very unjustly, the loss of the battle. In 1817, according to a statement in Benzenberg's *Wilhelm Der Dritte*, there were 4140 officers of noble birth, and 3353 commoners.

manners. To them has hitherto been intrusted the representation of the country, and they have always proved a powerful bulwark against the arbitrary conduct of public servants." He adds, "The king is the supreme head given by God to the nation, and unites in himself the legislative, judicial, and executive powers, being responsible, not to the nation, but only to God, and his own conscience." Though it is to be lamented that a man of rank and education should, at this time of day, so openly maintain at once oligarchy and the divine right, yet the gentleman who wrote this is evidently no blockhead ; his book contains much information, and, on many points, a great deal of good sense.

It is dangerous to form sweeping judgments concerning the manners and morality of a people, without a longer residence among them than I enjoyed among the Prussians ; but, from all I learned, as well as from the testimony of foreigners who had long had opportunities of observing, the higher ranks in Berlin are a more worthy and well-behaved set of people than those of the same class in any other German capital of importance. This honourable change for the better, from what they were thirty years ago, is to be ascribed, in a great degree, to the example set them by his majesty and the late queen ; their domestic habits, and pure lives, chased from the court the debaucheries which had polluted it during the last years of their predecessor. Then came the sobering influence of national ruin and private disaster, which at once compelled them to think, and disabled them from spending. The better moral character

which they have gained for themselves is, in a great measure, deserved, but not, I am afraid, to the full extent to which it has been ascribed to them; at least among the middling and inferior classes, there is no want of unblushing license, and unprincipled intrigue; and, that the lower ranks should be very dissolute, while their superiors are people of very exemplary conduct, is a phenomenon, the existence of which, from the very nature of civil society, must always be received with some incredulity.

Morality cannot but suffer from the impolitic and indecent facility with which the marriage tie is dissolved, a facility common, though in various degrees, to all the Protestant countries of Germany; and perhaps no less injurious than the absolute indissolubility of that relation which reigns in Catholic countries. A separation is so easily obtained, even on grounds which approach mere caprice, that marriage ceases to be viewed in the serious and lasting light which is essential to its well-being, and becomes a temporary connexion, to endure only so long as liking or interest may render it advisable. In 1817, 3060 marriages were dissolved in Prussia, among a population of not much more than ten millions.

Neither are the lower orders of the Prussians at all a noisy people in their amusements; to smoke and drink beer, or wine, if they be rich enough to afford it, is the highest enjoyment of the ordinary people. The capital is surrounded with gardens set apart for these solitary enjoyments. A man sets himself down for hours in a room, filled with smoke, if it rains,—or in an arbour, if the weather

be fair, dead to every earthly source of interest except the tobacco which regales his palate, and the band of music which is generally provided to regale his ears. Even the dance, which in Vienna brings joyous crowds together in a hundred scenes of laughter, and humour, and dissoluteness, is, in Berlin, both less frequent and less pernicious. Besides walking, the game of nine-pins alone, as a bodily exertion, seems to overcome their apathy; scores of parties hurl along their bowls every evening, under long wooden sheds. Altogether, they appear to have a strong disposition to mind no person's business but their own, and to intermeddle with nothing which does not immediately concern themselves. I saw a thief pursued one day in the streets; a servant-maid of the house from which he had just carried off some silver-spoons, was running after him, raising the hue and cry. He crossed the Linden, which was crowded with idle people, and coursed along the northern division of the Wilhelmstrasse, one of the busiest parts of the city. Here half a dozen turned their heads to see what was the matter; there half a dozen stood still to witness the race between the thief and the girl; half a dozen boys joined in the chase; and the thief, in broad day-light, distanced his pursuers, and made his escape, without any sort of difficulty or interruption. In Britain there would have been a hundred pair of heels after him, and a dozen pair of hands grasping his throat, in the twinkling of an eye.

Even among the lowest of the people, you seldom witness those scenes of brutal intoxication which so frequently attend the idle hours of the

same classes in our own country. They have the farther merit of seldom quarrelling in their cups, and the more questionable one of never coming to blows, when they do quarrel. A German quarrel is almost universally a mere warfare of words; the parties belabour each other with the most brutal language, without any object but that of having the last word. A stranger who listens to the abusive terms which they heap upon each other, sees no possibility of the matter coming to any other termination than what is vulgarly called "a set-to," and that, too, a speedy one. *Noch einmal?* "will you say that again?" seems to be the signal for blows, but no blows come. If the words be not repeated, the victory is won, and the combatants separate with mutual growlings. If they be repeated, then they are answered, not with a blow, but with some still more gross and indecent expression of obloquy, and the course of eloquence begins again, to terminate in the same way, till one of the opposing orators has scolded himself out of breath. Such a mode of quarrelling among men annihilates a distinction between the sexes,—which is always a bad thing. Even the German oaths are too tame for a mortal verbal quarrel; they neither possess the reckless, execrating energy of our own, nor excite the mythological reminiscences of the Italian oaths. It is amusing to hear an Italian swear, in one breath, by the Mother of God, and, in the next, by the Body of Bacchus.

The military pride of the Prussians is almost as high as it was under Frederick; and though the late contest can perhaps display no particular

combat to rival the battles of the Seven Years' War, yet of that national spirit which, when well guided, produces military invincibility, they have reason to be proud. History presents few examples of so universal a devotedness to patriotic duty as that which Prussia exhibited, when the retreat of the French from Russia induced her rulers to arm. The population of the kingdom did not then exceed six millions ; the fortresses were in the hands of the enemy ; the treasury was empty ; the army was comparatively insignificant and discouraged ; yet the mere love of country in the people, and hatred of an enemy who had oppressed, and, what was worse, had insulted them, soon placed in the field an army greater, in proportion to the resources of the monarchy, than either that of Russia or Austria. From the moment it was known, that the king intended to retire into Silesia, eager reports went abroad among the public, that their ardour would soon be let loose. In his proclamation from Breslau, the king gave the signal ; he told his subjects frankly : " I want men ; I have no money to meet any great outlay ; I must trust to you for both ; you know for what we are fighting." Never was the call of a monarch better answered ; the country rose with an ardour and unanimity, and a fearlessness of all the dangers and sacrifices of the contest, which were more imposing in their moral grandeur, than even in their military power. It is true, that the squadrons which thus sprang, as it were, out of the ground, were chiefly raw citizens from the shop, the desk, and the plough, or boys from the class-rooms of the universities ; yet

these were the very troops that marched in triumph from the Katzbach to Paris. No age, and no sex, shrunk from the exertions and privations which necessarily accompanied this splendid burst of national enthusiasm. When the Prussians look back on what they then did and suffered, they still find it difficult to conceive how they could accomplish it; and it was, in fact, possible, only where every man felt that he was fighting, not merely a political quarrel of his government, but a personal quarrel of his own, and of his country. The pride with which a Prussian throws out his breast and erects his head, when he speaks of the "Liberation War, the Holy War, the War of the People," which are its popular appellations, is perfectly pardonable. If to shrink from no danger, where the liberty and independence of country are at stake, makes a people respectable, no country in Europe is entitled to place itself above Prussia. How different a picture did France present, when her "sacred soil" was overrun by triumphant invaders, and the pretended idol of her love was about to be driven from his throne! How little could Napoleon trust to his subjects, compared with Frederick William, at whom he used to laugh, because he could not command an army, or win a battle! Germans know nothing of French fickleness, and little of Italian misrule; they will never behead a Louis to-day, to crouch to a Bonaparte to-morrow.

The popular mode, too, in which this popular contest has been commemorated, keeps its glories always fresh in the minds of the people, and memorials of it always before their eyes. To all who

fell in battle, after displaying conduct which, had they survived, would have gained them the Iron Cross, monuments were erected by the state. The encouraging recollection has been still more widely diffused, by setting up, in every parish-church, a tablet, bearing the names of the men belonging to the parish who fell in the war, with the simple inscription, "They died for their king and country." On the conclusion of the campaign, a funeral service was performed in every church, in honour of their memory. The pastor read their names to his congregation, to most of whom, of course, they were personally known; he ran over their "short and simple annals," and pronounced his panegyric on their having proved faithful even unto the death. The order of the Iron Cross was instituted solely to reward the deeds done in this war, and superseded, in the meantime, all other military decorations. It was of iron, to mark, as it is expressed in the Act of its Institution, the fortitude with which the people had endured, and the ardour with which they were now rising to shake off, the evils "of an iron time." The cross bears the initials of the king's name, three oak leaves, and the year. Grand crosses, which were to be given only to a commander who had gained a battle, or successfully defended an important fortress or position, were won by Blücher, Bülow, Tauenzien, Yorck, and the King of Sweden. As Blücher and Bülow are dead, only two of the grand crosses remain in Prussia. Of the two inferior classes which, with the same laudable frugality, were bestowed only on indubitable instances of merit, nearly ten thousand are said to have

been distributed. It is perhaps, the only order in Europe, of which every man who wears it can honestly say, I won it fairly amid blood and danger.

The women, too, were not wanting in the contest; and to receive their worthies was instituted the order of Louisa, in memory of her whose name was the signal to vengeance all over the kingdom. One of the first who obtained its honours was the widow of a hosier at Leignitz, in Silesia, who supplied a whole regiment with gloves at her own expense, and converted her house into an hospital for wounded officers. The ladies sent their jewels and ornaments to the treasury for the public service; they received in return an iron ring, with the emphatic eulogy, *Ich gab Gold um Eisen*. "I gave Gold for Iron;" and a Prussian dame is as proud, and as justly proud, of this coarse decoration, as her husband or her son is of his iron cross. The value of these honours is infinitely increased by the impossibility of abusing them. Both orders are sealed up; they were instituted only for this national struggle, and, with the restoration of the Prussian independence, they were closed for ever, or, at least, till a new necessity shall again have called forth a similar display of love of country. But such things seldom happen twice in the history of a people.

The University of Berlin, though only founded in 1810, is, after Göttingen, the most flourishing and reputable in Germany. Prussia is principally indebted for it to Professor Wolff, the well-known Philologist, and who is, himself, its brightest ornament. He filled a chair in Halle; when Halle

was abolished, and that portion of the monarchy was incorporated with the kingdom of Westphalia, the professor emigrated to Berlin, full of the idea of establishing a new university in the capital. He made the proposal to the king, and found his Majesty favourable to it ; but Stein, who was then minister, could not reconcile his ideas of academical tranquillity with the bustle and pleasures of a large capital, and, with his customary violence, at once pronounced the scheme to be mere madness. Humboldt, however, and Müller, the historian, entered fully into the professor's views ; and it was agreed they should meet at supper at the minister's, and he would hear what they had to say in defence of their plan. Wolff, wishing to have some conversation with Stein alone, went half an hour sooner than his coadjutors ; not finding the minister at home, he was leaving the door, when his carriage drove up ; he no sooner saw Wolff, than, as if his head had been all day full of the subject, he cried out vehemently, while yet on the steps of the carriage, "I am not of your opinion." Wolff was precisely the man to deal with such a character, and answered, just as vehemently, "I am not of my own opinion." Unaccustomed to be encountered in his own way, the minister stood astonished, no less at the manner, than the paradoxical import of the reply. "Not of your own opinion ! pray, then, of whose opinion are you ?" — "You are for the ideal, and so would I be ; we cannot reach it, therefore I am for the necessary and practicable, and so must you be. The lightning has struck in amongst us ; we are burned out ; you would leave us without shelter because you

cannot build us palaces ; I think it would be better to put even huts over our heads." In the meantime they walked up stairs, the minister loudly and vehemently maintaining that the plan could not succeed. They carried on the argument, if that can be called argument, which was an alternation of hardy, decided assertion and counter-assertion ; it went on, as the professor expresses it, *Schlag auf Schlag*. "Good God ! Wolff, only think how many bastards you will have every year !"—"Almost as many, I dare say," replied Wolff coolly, "as they have in Leipzig."—"We are too near Frankfort on the Oder," said the minister : "We are just fourteen miles farther from it than Leipzig is from Wittenberg," answered the professor. The minister had the worst of it ; he was driven from one position after another ; more than all, he was delighted at being met in the same determined, unbending, almost contemptuous style, which characterised himself. Once overcome, he threw himself into the design with the same ardour with which he had opposed it ; and Humboldt and Müller could scarcely trust their ears, when the man, whom they had left in the morning raving against the proposal as a child of bedlam, greeted them, on their entrance in the evening, with, "It must be ; it is all settled ; we must have a university here, cost what it may." Still his fears of the dangers to which the young men might be exposed from the crowds of worthless women in the capital haunted him. "Will you not go to Potsdam ?"—"With all my heart," said Wolff, "if you promise to send us your libraries, your museums, and, above all, your bo-

tanic garden." The university was established ; and, in fact, there was every thing that could promise success. The king was liberal, far beyond the merely necessary, and the capital was already full of the materials for such an institution, which could not have been collected anywhere else without much time and a great expenditure. There was a well-stored library, a botanical garden, and a museum of natural history, besides anatomical collections. Berlin possessed, likewise, men of the first eminence in various departments. Wolff, himself a host, was at hand for philology ; Klaproth was ready to take the chemical chair, to which he did so much honour in the eyes of Europe ; and what name, of late years, has stood higher in botany than that of Willdenow ? Müller engaged, if it should be necessary, to make himself useful in history ; and, to aid the young institution, Humboldt himself offered to read lectures. It was, indeed, the first experiment of setting down a crowd of wild German academicians in the midst of a large capital ; but the consequences have fully justified the sagacity of those who recommended it. The students, instead of being more disorderly, are less unruly than elsewhere. Their love of power cannot fight its way through such a population ; they are lost in the crowd, and the outrageous spirit of domineering dies out from want of food. Apprehensions were entertained, that they would not live in amity with the military ; and there have been some duels, in which one or two of the Burschen have been shot, the most efficacious of all remedies to bring the whole body to their senses. Not only the Burschen de-

fenders of academical liberty, but many professors who reckon their own exclusive jurisdiction essential to the well-being of a university, have said much against the degree to which Prussia has restrained this power, and represent it as having lowered the tone, and confined the utility, of her seminaries. There is not a word of truth in it; there is not in Germany a better behaved or more effective university than Berlin.

Wolff himself is the best known of its members, a most erudite, and friendly, and entertaining person; full of Greek, but still fuller of good-humour and jocularly, and overflowing with remark and anecdote, the result of a long life spent in constant communication with all the great characters, not merely of Germany, but of many foreign countries. Notwithstanding his learning and fame, no man can be farther removed from pedantry and pride, and, like Blumenbach, he hates nothing so much as erudite dulness. You cannot converse with him half an hour, without finding out that he is a clever and entertaining man; but you may converse with him for months without finding out that he is, if not the first, assuredly among the first scholars of his day. The first work he published was a translation of the *Fatal Curiosity*, to which he prefixed a *Dissertation on the Drama*, written in English. It was published anonymously, and the German reviewers took it into their heads, that it must be the production of some English language master who wished to give a specimen of his acquirements in both tongues. Accordingly, they found the English part of the

book to be excellently well written, and declared that the German part betrayed at once the pen of a foreigner, who had but an imperfect acquaintance with the language! He once proposed to execute a translation of Homer, in which not only word should be rendered for word, but foot for foot, and cæsura for cæsura. A few specimens of it have been printed in the third volume of his *Analecta*. He began with the *Odyssey*, translated about an hundred lines, and finding the labour too great, and the gain too small, freed himself by demanding eighteen rix-dollars for every verse, a price which he knew well nobody could pay. One verse cost him two weeks. He succeeded best when travelling, and boasts of having translated a whole line and a half during a journey to Hamburg,—an effect of motion which he first learned from Klopstock. He is best known among scholars by the *Prolegomena* to his *Homer*, which have placed him at the head of classical sceptics. The doctrines maintained in this celebrated Introduction were far from being altogether new; but Wolff was the first who gave them a connected and systematic form, and propped them with an extent of erudition and an acuteness of remark, which the orthodox believers in the antiquity, purity, and unity of the Homeric poems will not easily get over.* The doctrines of the new sect,

* The *Essai sur la question, si Homere a connu l'Usage de l'Ecriture, et si les deux Poëmes de l'Iliade et de l'Odyssée sont en entier de lui*, is an excellent epitome of the whole discussion. It is by M. Franqeson, a French grammarian of Berlin. I have heard Wolff himself speak of it in terms of high approbation.

however, have not yet made great progress. "If twenty persons understand them in Germany," says the professor himself, "probably twenty-one understand them in England; but I am quite sure that in less than two hundred years, every body will understand them, and believe them, too." He avers, that the English bishops are to blame for the little progress his creed has made in this country, although Wood's Essay was the first important statement of its general tenor. The matter stands thus. Certain German theologians, adopting principles which, in regard to Homer, Wolff has rendered it difficult to controvert, have applied them to the sacred records, (of the Old Testament,) and arrived at the same conclusions. Believing themselves to have proved that the art of writing was unknown at the time when many of these books were penned, and that they descended from one generation to another only through the medium of oral tradition, they infer, that such a traditionary preservation is irreconcilable, from its very nature, with the continued authenticity and purity of the text. "Your bishops," says Wolff, "know this; they are sharp enough to see the consequences which must follow, if the principles be once admitted, and therefore, they proscribe my prolegomena." Yet the prolegomena have been reprinted in one of the university editions (I think the Oxford) of Ernesti's Homer! But he is by no means the only distinguished and learned person among his countrymen who has strange notions regarding our condition, and modes of thinking and acting. An erudite professor of Jena believed Scotland to be a Catholic country;

and one of the most distinguished of the sages of Göttingen, when explaining to his class the term *Post Captain*, as used in the British Navy, told them, that it meant the captain of a Post Ship, a ship that carried the Mail.

Though Berlin is full of scientific and literary merit, the people in general are not great readers, and what they do read has previously been purified in the furnace of the censorship. In the department of journals, few things are more dull, stale, and unprofitable, than the newspapers of Berlin. Their public politics are necessarily all on one side; and even on that side, they seldom indulge in original writing, or venture beyond an extract from the Austrian Observer; but they give most minute details of plays and operas, concerts and levees. Voss's Journal is the best of them, even in political matters; and it has a wide circulation out of Prussia, for its literary and critical articles are frequently written with very considerable talent. A few years ago, M. Benzenberg, a Prussian from the Rhine, published a book "On the Administration of the Chancellor Prince Hardenberg," in a style altogether new among the despotic states of Germany. It examined the various measures of the ministry, eulogized the general spirit of improvement in which they had proceeded, and especially laboured to show how necessarily all those preparatory changes must lead to the great consummation, the introduction of popular forms of government. It was he who said, that Hardenberg had revolutionized more, and more successfully, in six days, than the French Convention had done in two years. The censor

never hesitated to license the book, notwithstanding its evident tendency ; but the aristocracy, and some foreign cabinets, were thrown into a panic, that the confidential minister of the King of Prussia should be represented as capable of doing things which, by any possibility, could be styled revolutionizing. Alarms were scattered, remonstrances were made, and the minister found it prudent, at least, to disclaim all connexion with the author. The book was anonymous, although in Berlin it was well known who had written it. Benjamin Constant immediately printed a translation or epitome of it in Paris, under the title of, "The Triumph of Liberal Opinions in Prussia," and ascribed it to a gentleman who held a subordinate office in one of the departments of the Prussian ministry. This person, in the utmost trepidation, immediately inserted in the public papers, a much more anxious disclaimer, than most Germans would do if charged with sorcery or atheism.

Yet every one who knows the two countries must allow, that the censorship is exercised in Prussia with much more liberality of sentiment than in Austria ; and that it must be so, because, in the former, there is much more knowledge. The Prussian government knows that, if its subjects learn and reason, though they may wish for more, they will recognise all the good which has been done ; the Austrian government knows that if it were possible to bring its subjects to learn and think, they would find it had been going backwards since the days of Joseph and Leopold. The reign of Frederick the Great accustomed the Prussians to almost unrestrained freedom of writing,

—above all, if they could write French, and write like Frenchmen. His successor was more strict, for in the conduct of his government there was much which lay open to attack. The present king began his reign in an honest and liberal spirit ; * and, although more recent events, and, still more, the influence of other monarchs, have given the censorship a more searching activity than it once displayed under Frederick William, it would be unjust to deny that the Prussian press is far more indulgently treated than that which exists under any other despotic government in Europe. To the

* There are some signal instances of the willingness with which he saw the journals point out mal-administration in public servants. A Westphalian newspaper had complained loudly against the administrators of the royal domains, for allowing a certain bridge to remain in a state of decay, which rendered it dangerous. The *Domainen-Kammer*, a College intrusted with the management of the domains, complained to the king of this licentious interference with the affairs of government, and demanded the punishment of the transgressor. The king's rescript was in an excellent spirit. " All depends on the circumstance, whether the complaints made in the journal are well founded or not. If they are, you ought rather to thank the author, than expose him to inconvenience ; if they are groundless, then, if you do not choose to correct the erroneous statement, which in every respect would be the better way, you must proceed against him regularly in a court of justice. If a proper degree of publicity were refused, there would remain no means of discovering the negligence or faithlessness of public servants. This publicity is the best security, both for the government and the public, against the carelessness or wicked designs of the inferior authorities, and deserves to be encouraged and protected. In the meantime, I hope that the dispute will not make you forget the thing itself, viz. the repairing the bridge. Berlin, Feb. 20, 1804."

financial state and arrangements of the country, the amount of the debt, the means for meeting it, and the amount of the different branches of public expenditure, the utmost publicity has been given. The first *compte rendu* of this kind which Hardenberg issued, excited no small apprehensions in some other German governments, lest it should turn out to be a bad and infectious example. The financial arrangements, the institutions which may still be acting prejudicially on industry, the defects in the administration of justice, and how they may be avoided, are all frequent subjects of discussion in pamphlets and periodicals. Although Benzenberg's work on the spirit of the administration excited much hatred and alarm among many powerful persons at home and some powerful cabinets abroad, nothing was done either against the book or its author. The nobility, instead of suppressing and punishing, were compelled to answer; and, though it be melancholy that one of their number should have answered by preaching very degrading doctrines, it is encouraging that they had to answer with the pen, not with *gens d'armes* and state-prisons. Wettwe, a professor of the university, had represented Sand as a martyr in a good cause, or, if misled, as having been guilty of only a very trivial error. Nobody, surely, will find fault with the Prussian government for dismissing from a station which intrusted him with the education of youth, a man who could propagate such a belief about such a deed. The professor retired to Weimar, and the *Weimar Oppositions-Blatt* immediately sounded the alarm against Prussian oppression. The affair

attracted notice ; but Hardenberg, instead of attempting to crush the man, or silence the paper, transmitted to the editor a copy of the professor's letter (to Sand's mother, I believe) which had occasioned his dismissal, with a request that it should be inserted in his journal as soon as possible.

In 1815 and 1816, when the alarms entertained concerning the designs of private political societies were at their height, and retarded, or were made the pretence for retarding, the introduction of political changes, the lively war carried on from the press between the liberals and their opponents was a phenomenon in Germany. It was downright licentiousness of the press, compared with what would have been allowed in Austria or Russia ; *audi alteram partem* had a meaning, and a practical effect ; the two parties railed, sneered at, and misrepresented each other, as if they had been trained to public polemics from their youth. The government, to be sure, went wrong at last ; because, instead of allowing the angry opponents to bluster themselves out, it imposed silence on both by ordering the censor not to allow another syllable to be printed about the matter on either side. How many furious answers were published to Schmalz's furious book against the private societies, real or imaginary ! Schmalz, indeed, was honoured with the decoration of the order of Civil Merit ; and it would be strange if an absolute sovereign did not bestow his favours on those who defended, rather than on those who attacked his prerogative ; but a great deal has been gained, when the censor of such a sovereign allows such books to be printed, and, in putting a stop

to the combat, does it by ordering both parties to sheathe their weapons, after they have tried their mutual prowess.

The administration of justice, which, when taken in all its bearings, is the most important of all social concerns, bears a high character in Prussia. Not only in the monarchy itself, but among well-informed men in the other states, it is generally allowed, that, nowhere in the countries of the Confederation, is it more pure and independent. The Professor of Public Law in a neighbouring university, who had himself spent the best part of his life as a judge in Prussia, while he denounced its government to me as jealous and illiberal, described its judicial establishments as the most trust-worthy in Germany. The judges of the higher courts are independent of the higher powers. They are more than reputable persons in point of talent, and are sufficiently well paid to place ordinarily moral men above the necessity of polluting their office, to grasp at unworthy gains; nothing can place unprincipled avarice beyond the reach of temptation. During the period of the Prussian radical alarms, many persons would have been brought to trial besides Jahn; but the supreme court had shown so refractory a spirit to the arbitrary administration of the police law that only acquittals could be looked for. Nobody thinks of denying, that the Prussian courts are pure and upright in matters of civil right, even when the crown is opposed to an individual; but, in political matters, the benefit which might result from tribunals which are independent where they do judge, is in a great measure nullified, by the power

of the government to prevent the tribunals from interfering. I never heard of any provision, by which a man imprisoned for sedition, for example, could claim the protection of the courts, and insist upon a final investigation, however certain he might be that these courts would do equal justice; and, if he should be acquitted by the judges, I know nothing to prevent a jealous and dissatisfied ministry from still detaining him in his dungeon. *Salus reipublicæ suprema lex* may be a necessary rule in all forms of government; but where the definition of the *salus reipublicæ* depends on the views and wishes of the executive alone, even the purest institutions are liable every moment to be paralyzed, and the integrity of the most independent judges to be rendered nugatory. I once heard a Saxon professor, when entering on the subject of police law, address his class thus: "We now come to that precious thing called police law, such as it may be found in a Code de la Gendarmerie. It is best and most briefly defined to be, the absence of all law; because it depends entirely on the arbitrary discretion of a single power acknowledging no guide but its own imagined security, and consists essentially in the privilege of disregarding and superseding all law, without being responsible, except to the same arbitrary discretion which creates it."

But the Prussian capital contains an open court of justice, a rarity in Germany. The supreme court of appeal of the Rhenish provinces sits in Berlin; and, as these provinces still retain the Code Napoleon, its proceedings are public. But so small is the interest taken in such matters, that

the decent rows of benches in the apartment where the court meets, are left to the undisturbed possession of the dust, except when a crowd is attracted by some case which has set the world by the ears out of doors. It is only a court of review, but its jurisdiction is criminal as well as civil. There is neither pomp nor bustle. In an apartment, up two pair of stairs, seven gentlemen, dressed in black, were seated round a curved table. The President was distinguishable only by sitting in the middle ; for, though he wore an order in his button-hole, some of the other judges had the same decoration. On his right sat Professor Savigny, whom fame styles the first civilian of Germany, with his long, smooth, glossy hair hanging down somewhat after the student fashion. No wig, no robes ; no imposing accumulation of curl above, and no ample folds of scarlet, or patches of ermine below ; there sat the supreme judges of the Rhenish provinces, publicly administering justice in their own hair and every-day dresses.* A criminal appeal was heard. The appellant's counsel, he, too, wigless and gownless, in black breeches and white cotton stockings, stated his reasons of appeal in a speech of half an hour. He spoke with considerable fluency and energy, but the argument was too much involved in technicalities to be easily understood by a foreigner. The judges were most attentive.

* Professor Hornthal, of Friburg, in the notes to his German translation of M. Cottu's book on the administration of justice in England, says of German judges, "They are accustomed to go into court in a dress in which they would be ashamed to appear in a drawing-room."

The opposing counsel, apparently a much more helpless man in this mode of discussion, made his reply in half a minute. He held out towards the judges a huge manuscript, and merely said, "I am not going to say any thing at all ; for you have already had in writing all that I would wish to say, and I doubt not but you have carefully perused it." The Referendary then mounted a pulpit at one corner of the bench, read, from a manuscript, his own view of the case, and stated his conclusions, which were in favour of the appellant. When he had finished, the judges all at once disappeared through a door behind the bench. They returned, after an absence of fifteen minutes, which had been spent in deliberation, and the President, without giving a syllable of observation or explanation, announced the judgment of the court, rejecting the appeal, and confirming the sentence of the inferior tribunal. Thus, neither the opinions of any one judge, nor the grounds on which the decision of the court proceeds, are known ; the pleadings and the judgment are public, but the deliberations and opinions of the judges are private. Every body knows, or may know, what the parties have to say for themselves ; but nobody can know what the judges have to say for themselves. You know that a man has been hanged, while he argued, and, if he had a clever counsel, argued perhaps to the satisfaction of all except the judges, that he could not legally be hanged ; but whether he was in reality legally hanged, is left to that disposition which is the evidence of things not seen.

Thus the citizens of Berlin see justice admi-

nistered to their fellow-subjects of the Rhine provinces with a publicity which has not yet been granted to themselves. Rhine-Prussia enjoys another superiority in possessing trial by jury in all criminal matters. The institution was introduced among them when they were made part of the French empire; and, on their restoration to the Prussian monarchy, the King consented to the continuance of the new forms of jurisprudence. But, unless the powers of their Attorney-Generals be more strictly defined; unless their jurors be more inviolably preserved against the influence of newspaper writers and pamphleteers, who discuss the question of guilt or innocence before the man has been brought to trial; and, above all, unless their rules of evidence be brought to a more strict accordance with common justice and common sense, jury trial, in those provinces of the Prussian monarchy, will be an instrument of outrageous oppression just as frequently as of protection. As illustrative of its inability, when it is not accompanied by other precautions, to confer social security, it may be worth while to record the case of Mr Fonk, which was keeping Cologne in an uproar when I visited that city in 1822. Some disputes had arisen between this gentleman, a most respectable merchant, and his partner, who resided in the country, relative to the settlement of accounts on the dissolution of their copartnery. The partner takes it into his head, that a balance so unfavourable to himself may have been brought out by subjecting the books to some undue process, and employs an accountant to ex-

amine them. The necessary books, and the original vouchers, are submitted to the accountant; no trace of fraud or falsification is discovered; the partner himself comes to town, and, at a meeting in Mr Fonk's house, at which the accountant is present, a final arrangement is agreed upon. The accountant and his employer leave Fonk's house about eight o'clock on a Saturday evening in November, return to their inn, and sup with an acquaintance. When this acquaintance goes away, at ten o'clock, the accountant accompanies him as far as the market place, there leaves him, returns in the direction of the inn, and is never again seen, till, two months afterwards, the ice upon the Rhine breaks up, and his corpse is floated ashore on a meadow inundated by the river. Some marks upon the body lead to a suspicion that he has been murdered, and thrown into the Rhine. The public, taking the murder for granted, and unable to discover that any other person had an interest in taking his life, accuse Mr Fonk of having perpetrated the crime, to prevent him from disclosing to his employer the falsifications which he had discovered in the books, though no falsification existed, though all that the accountant had to disclose had been already disclosed, and a final settlement of matters had been agreed on. The affair immediately becomes a hot party dispute. Mr Sand, the Advocate-General, or, as we would style him, the Attorney-General, applies for a warrant to arrest Mr Fonk, and put him upon his trial. The Judge of Instruction, who discharges, in some measure, the functions of a grand jury, refuses to take such a step on mere indefi-

nite, unauthorized rumour ; and, from this moment, the Attorney-General proceeds with the ardour and partiality of a partisan. It may be, that he was convinced of the guilt of the individual ; but the press did not hesitate to ascribe his zeal to very different motives ; and his zeal certainly misled him into conduct which mere official duty could not suggest, and cannot justify.*

Mr Fonk had in his service a cooper of the name of Hamacher ; and the believers in the guilt of the former, with the law officers at their head, think it probable that this man may have been privy to the murder. He is apprehended, and consigned to the most unhealthy dungeon which the prison can furnish ; no person, except the instruments of the police, is permitted to visit him. He is allowed one companion, a condemned robber. This miscreant receives instructions to keep by him day and night, and to allow him no repose

* It was long supposed, and is still asserted, that the murder was probably committed in a brothel, where Cönen (the accountant) was in the habit of visiting an Italian prostitute, who left the town shortly afterwards, and could not be traced. The evidence on the trial gave no countenance to such a conjecture ; but it was maintained from the press, that the Attorney-General was sacrificing Fonk to screen this girl, who, it was alleged, had formerly been his mistress—and it must be matter of surprise to most people, that the press was allowed to make so free with the first law officer of his Prussian Majesty. Nay, the Attorney-General was called upon the trial, and, after a very serious admonition from the presiding judge, was examined as to the particulars of his connexion with that unworthy person, though there was not a particle of evidence to connect her with the fate of the deceased.—Such is the laxity of their law of evidence !

till he consent to confess. He executes these orders excellently well ; he prevails on the cooper to write letters to his wife, which he himself engages to find means of conveying to her, and then delivers them to the police, by whom this ingenious device had been suggested. The prisoner is allowed, as an indulgence, to receive the visits of his wife, but police officers are privately stationed to overhear their conversation : while, at the same time, every mean is used to irritate him against his master, by false representations that the latter is publicly accusing him of the murder. After he has been subjected for some months to this moral torture, allured by promises, and exposed to the arts of a wily police, the courage of the man, as one party calls it, or his obstinacy, as the other party terms it, begins to waver ; and so soon as he shows an inclination to yield, he is removed to a more comfortable prison. The Attorney-General, who has hitherto acted chiefly behind the curtain, now comes forward upon the stage. He sends bottles of Rhenish to the prisoner ; and this representative of the King of Prussia in the administration of criminal justice, does not blush to spend evening after evening in the cell of this suspected murderer, drinking wine with him, and arranging the confession over the bottle. After the study of some weeks, forth comes the confession, not brought out at once, but gradually put together, revised, jointed, and polished by these two worthies, and emitted, for the first time, before a magistrate, only after they have thus put it into a marketable shape.

Without entering into the details of this pre-

cious document, the manner in which it was concocted, and the use to which it was applied, are sufficient for all I have in view in relating this melancholy story. The amount of it was, that, on the Saturday evening on which the accountant disappeared, he returned to Fonk's house, between ten and eleven o'clock—for what purpose not even the cooper and Attorney-General ever pretended to conjecture; that Mr Fonk took him into the spirit-cellar, under pretence of showing him some brandy, there murdered him, with the assistance of the cooper, partly by strangling him, partly by striking him on the head with a piece of iron, and packed the body into a cask, in which it remained in the cellar till Monday morning, when a man was procured with a horse and cart, who conveyed it from the city, a few miles down the Rhine; that the cooper then took it out of the cask, tied a stone round the knees, and threw it into the river. It farther bore, that Fonk had previously proposed the murder to his cooper more than once, but that his honest conscience had indignantly rejected the atrocious design; yet, at last, though, according to his own story, he was only unexpectedly present, with his honest conscience, at the perpetration of the crime, he bears as stout and willing a hand in the deed, as if he had been a hired assassin. While the manufacture of the confession was going on, he was heard to say on one occasion, when the Advocate-General had left him, after a long tippling conversation, "We shall soon be ready now; for we have agreed, at last, who I shall say carried away the dead body."

No sooner is this more than suspicious confession made known, than two parties are formed in Cologne, nearly equal in numbers, and entirely so in prejudice and violence. The one party disbelieves the whole story, and expatiates with much reason, on the inexplicable, they even venture to say, the criminal manner, in which it has been manufactured; while the other maintains that this declaration is worthy of all acceptance, both against the maker of it, and against his master. As a motive for the crime, they still speak darkly of some unintelligible falsification of the books; when, all at once, they are startled by the decision of the arbiters who had been appointed to examine the books and accounts of the copartnery, and discover those supposed falsifications on which alone the whole theory of Fonk's guilt rested. He himself had named the first merchant of Cologne, in character, wealth, and mercantile skill; his adversary had named his most prejudiced and indefatigable enemy, the Advocate-General himself. These gentlemen, however, gave an award, which does not merely establish the absence of any falsification, but proves, that, instead of Fonk being a fraudulent debtor to his partner, that partner is debtor to him. To complete the confusion of the party, the servant, too, retracts his confession, declaring, before a magistrate, that it had been fabricated solely to procure some alleviation of the miseries which he endured in prison, and seduced into it, as he was, by the urgent representations of those placed about him. On this, private interviews again take place between him and the higher powers, and he again adheres to his confession; then, when left to himself for a

while, he retracts it a second time, and to that retractation he has remained constant till this hour. He is no longer useful, and, therefore, no longer deserves mercy. He is brought to trial, and, on the retracted confession, is convicted of having aided in the murder, and condemned to imprisonment for life ; for, so craftily was the declaration put together, that it made him appear only as an accidental, and almost an unwilling assistant in the crime.

Armed with this verdict, the Advocate-General returns to the attack, and Mr Fonk is at last put upon his trial. Now the paper war between the parties rises to fury ; pamphlets, and newspaper articles, attacking or defending the accused, and teeming with the partiality and virulence of faction, are poured forth in floods ; the most important political question would not excite half the discord and party violence that were spread far and wide by the approaching decision of a matter of life and death, and that, too, among those very men from whom the jurors were to be taken. The trial (which took place at Treves) lasted nearly six weeks ; in England, it would not have lasted six hours. There was no evidence that the man had been murdered at all. The medical witnesses disputed and quarrelled with each other, three live-long days, before the court and the jury. They read long manuscript essays, and made long medical speeches, in defence of their opposite opinions, as if they had been pleading the cause. The country doctors were quite certain that the wounds on the head had occasioned death, and had been inflicted before the body was thrown

into the water ; the Professor of Anatomy in the university of Marburg was just as positive that only a fool or a knave could maintain that such wounds must occasion death and must have been inflicted on dry land, considering that the body had been so long tossed about among the loose floating ice on the Rhine. Many other witnesses were called, but, except that they went far to establish an alibi in favour of the prisoner, they proved nothing that was of much moment on either side. The whole question turned upon the cooper's confession, and it actually was received as evidence, in spite of the resistance of the prisoner's counsel. Although it was allowed, that as the person who had made it stood convicted of an infamous crime, he could not be heard to confirm the same story on oath, in presence of the court ; yet it was sent to the jury when only written, not made in their presence, not upon oath, and judicially retracted. The man himself was brought forward, and repeated his final retraction to the jury, declaring the whole story to be a fabrication, and intreating the judges, with tears in his eyes, not to receive it. But to the jury it did go ; and, as was to be expected from the indecent virulence with which the matter had so long been discussed out of doors, the pride and prejudice of faction had found their way into the jury box. Will it be believed, that on this declaration of a condemned malefactor, not given before the jury, but taken out of court, years before, retracted and contradicted before the court by the very man who made it, procured by arts, and manufactured by a process of which enough was known to render the

whole more than suspicious, a majority, though a narrow majority, of the jury convicted a respectable fellow-citizen of a deliberate and utterly causeless murder? What sort of justice could any party hope for from such juries in the struggles of political factions? Really the despotic Prussian government alone showed any regard to justice in this long train of calamity. If it did not interfere with the strange conduct of its own law officers, this arose from a laudable feeling of delicacy. Considering the hostile disposition towards Prussia which exists in the Rhenish provinces, and the rapidity with which this question had been made a party dispute, any interference of government would have been considered an arbitrary disregard of the more liberal forms of Rhenish justice. The government, therefore, allowed the law to take its own course in its own way; but, so soon as the appeal founded on points of law (for the verdict is final as to the question of fact) had been dismissed by the supreme court, orders were sent down from Berlin to institute a judicial inquiry into the conduct of the police throughout the whole affair, and a free pardon was granted to both prisoners.

The law of evidence which admits such materials, and the men whom the practice of the law thus teaches to look upon them as legitimate grounds of judgment, are equally enemies to the caution and purity of criminal justice. Tribunals accustomed to act in this manner cannot expect that their decisions will be respected. Scarcely was the verdict pronounced, when petitions, signed by numbers of the inhabitants of Cologne, were sent off to Berlin, not praying for a pardon as a

grace, but arraiging the verdict, as founded on the total want of evidence. The unavoidable consequence of such scenes is, to weaken the foundations on which jury-trial stands in a country where it exists more by tolerance than by goodwill, and to retard its introduction into other states where it is esteemed the forerunner of political anarchy. Nor is it the government alone that regards jury trial with unfriendly eyes ; the mere lawyers, full of professional prejudices, are equally irreconcilable enemies, though on different grounds. I found a professor of the juridical faculty at Jena poring over a folio manuscript, in which he has been collecting for years, principally from English newspapers, all the cases where a jury seems to him to have given a wrong verdict, and from these he hopes to convince Germany that a jury is the worst of all instruments for discovering the truth. To such men, a trial like the above is a stronghold ; for they forget that the law which admits such evidence as legitimate is no less in fault than the jurors, whom rashness, prejudice, or popular belief, seduces to act upon it ; and they commit the very common error of confounding the incidental defects with the essence of an institution.

The Prussian Government is usually decried amongst us, as one of the most intolerant and illiberal of Germany, attentive only to secure the implicit and unthinking obedience of its subjects, and, therefore, encouraging every thing which may retain them in ignorance and degradation. Every Briton, from what he has heard, must enter Prussia with this feeling ; and he must blush for his

hastiness, when he runs over the long line of bold reforms and liberal ameliorations which were introduced into the whole frame of society and public relations in Prussia, from the time when the late Chancellor Prince Hardenberg was replaced, in 1810, at the head of the government. They began, in fact, with the battle of Jena ; that defeat was, in one sense, the salvation of Prussia. The degradation and helplessness into which it plunged the monarchy, while they roused all thinking men to see that there must be something wrong in existing relations, brought likewise the necessity of stupendous efforts to make the resources of the diminished kingdom meet both its own expenditure, and the contributions levied on it by the conqueror. A minister was wanted ; for domineering France would not allow Hardenberg, the head of the Anti-Gallican party, and listened to only when it was too late, to retain his office, and he retired to Riga. *Prenez Monsieur Stein*, said Napoleon to the king, *c'est un homme d'esprit* ; and Stein was made minister. In spirit, he was a minister entirely suited to the times, but he wanted caution, and forgot that in politics, even in changing for the better, some consideration must be paid to what for centuries has been bad and universal. He was not merely bold, he was fearless ; but he was thoroughly despotic in his character ; having a good object once in his eye, he rushed on to it, regardless of the mischief which he might be doing in his haste, and tearing up and throwing down all that stood in his way, with a vehemence which even the utility of his purpose did not always justify.

Stein was too honest a man long to retain the favour of France. An intercepted letter informed the cabinet of St Cloud, that he was governing for Prussian, not for French purposes ; and the king was requested to dismiss *le nommé Stein*. He retired to Prague, and amused himself with reading lectures on history to his daughters. His retirement was followed by a sort of interregnum of ministers, who could contrive nothing except the cession of Silesia to France, instead of paying the contributions. From necessity, Hardenberg was recalled ; and whoever will take the trouble of going over the principal acts of his administration will acknowledge, not only that he was the ablest minister Prussia has ever possessed, but likewise, that few statesmen, in the unostentatious path of internal improvement, have effected, in so brief an interval, so many weighty and beneficial changes—interrupted as he was by a war of unexampled importance, which he began with caution, prosecuted with energy, and terminated in triumph. He received Prussia stripped of half its extent, its honours blighted, its finances ruined, its resources at once exhausted by foreign contributions, and depressed by ancient relations among the different classes of society, which custom had consecrated, and selfishness was vehement to defend. He has left it to his king, enlarged in extent, and restored to its fame ; with a well-ordered system of finance, not more defective or extravagant than the struggle for the redemption of the kingdom rendered necessary ; and, above all, he has left it freed from those restraints which bound up the capacities of its in-

dustry, and were the sources at once of personal degradation and national poverty. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that, while Hardenberg had often to contend, in the course of these reforms, now with the jealousies of town corporations, and now with the united influence and prejudices of the aristocracy, he stood in the difficult situation of a foreigner in the kingdom which he governed, unsupported by family descent or hereditary influence. His power rested on the personal confidence of the king in his talents and honesty, and the confidence which all of the people, who ever thought on such matters, reposed in the general spirit of his policy.

It was on agriculture that Prussia had principally to rely ; and the relations between the peasantry who laboured the soil and the proprietors, chiefly of the nobility, who owned it, were of an extremely depressing nature. The most venturous of all Hardenberg's measures was that by which he entirely new-modelled the system, and did nothing less than create a new order of independent landed proprietors. The *Erbunterthänigkeit*, or hereditary subjection of the peasantry to the proprietors of the estates on which they were born, had been already abolished by Stein : Next were removed the absurd restrictions which had so long operated, with accumulating force, to diminish the productiveness of land, by fettering the proprietor not merely in the disposal, but even in the mode of cultivating his estate. Then came forth, in 1810, a royal edict, effecting, by a single stroke of the pen, a greater and more decisive change than has resulted from any modern legislative act, and one

on which a more popular form of government would scarcely have ventured. It enacted, that all the peasantry of the kingdom should in future be free hereditary proprietors of the lands which hitherto they had held only as hereditary tenants, on condition that they gave up to the landlord a fixed portion of them. The peasantry formed two classes. The first consisted of those who enjoyed what may be termed a hereditary lease, that is, who held lands to which the landlord was bound, on the death of the tenant in possession, to admit his successor, or, at least, some near relation. The right of the landlord was thus greatly inferior to that of unlimited property ; he had not his choice of a tenant ; the lease was likely to remain in the same family as long as the estate in his own ; and, in general, he had not the power of increasing the rent, which had been originally fixed, centuries, perhaps, before, whether it consisted in produce or services. These peasants, on giving up *one-third* of their farms to the landlord, became unlimited proprietors of the remainder. The second class consisted of peasants whose title endured only for life, or a fixed term of years. In this case, the landlord was not bound to continue the lease, on its termination, to the former tenant, or any of his descendants. But still he was far from being unlimited proprietor ; he was bound to replace the former tenant with a person of the same rank ; he was prohibited to take the lands into his own possession, or cultivate them with his own capital. His right, however, was clearly more absolute than in the former case, and it is difficult to see what claim the tenant could set up beyond the en-

duration of his lease. Though the fact, that such restrictions rendered the estate less valuable to the proprietor, may have been a very good reason for abolishing them entirely, it does not seem to be any reason at all for taking a portion of the lands from him who had every right to them, to give it to him who had no right whatever, except that of possession under his temporary lease. But this class of peasants, too, (and they are supposed to have been by far the more numerous,) on giving up *one-half* of their farms, became absolute proprietors of the remainder. The half thus taken from the landlords appears just to have been a price exacted from them for the more valuable enjoyment of the other ;—as if the government had said to them, Give up to our disposal a certain portion of your estates, and we shall so sweep away those old restrictions which render them unproductive to you, that what remains will speedily be as valuable as the whole was before.

It cannot be denied, therefore, that this famous edict, especially in the latter of the two cases, was a very stern interference with the rights of private property ; nor is it wonderful that those against whom it was directed should have sternly opposed it ; but the minister was sterner still. He found the finances ruined, and the treasury attacked by demands, which required that the treasury should be filled ; he saw the imperious necessity of rendering agriculture more productive ; and though it may be doubted, whether the same end might not have been gained by new-modelling the relations between the parties, as landlord and tenant, instead of stripping the former to

create a new race of proprietors, there is no doubt at all as to the success of the measure, in increasing the productiveness of the soil. Even those of the aristocracy, who have waged war most bitterly against Hardenberg's reforms, allow that, in regard to agriculture, this law has produced incredible good. "It must be confessed," says one of them, "that, in ten years, it has carried us forward a whole century;"—the best of all experimental proofs how injurious the old relations between the proprietors and the labourers of the soil must have been to the prosperity of the country.

The direct operation of this measure necessarily was to make a great deal of property change hands; but this effect was farther increased by its indirect operation. The law appeared at a moment when the greater part of the estates of the nobility were burdened with debts, and the proprietors were now deprived of their rentals. They indeed had land thrown back upon their hands; but this only multiplied their embarrassments. In the hands of their boors, the soil had been productive to them; now that it was in their own, they had neither skill nor capital to carry on its profitable cultivation, and new loans only added to the interest which already threatened to consume its probable fruits. The consequence of all this was, that, besides the portion of land secured in free property to the peasantry, much of the remainder came into the market, and the purchasers were generally persons who had acquired wealth by trade or manufactures.* The sale of the royal domains,

* It will scarcely be believed that, up to 1807, it was on-

to supply the necessities of the state, operated powerfully in the same way. These domains always formed a most important item in the revenue of a German prince, and one which was totally independent of any control, even of that of the imperfectly constituted estates. In Prussia, they were estimated to yield annually nearly half a million sterling, even in the hands of farmers ; and, under the changes which have so rapidly augmented

ly by accident that a person not noble could find a piece of land which he would be *allowed* to purchase, whatever number of estates might be in the market. By far the greater portion of the landed property consisted of estates-noble ; and if the proprietor brought his estate to sale, only a nobleman could purchase it. The merchant, the banker, the artist, the manufacturer, every citizen, in short, who had acquired wealth by industry and skill, lay under an absolute prohibition against investing it in land, unless he previously purchased a patent of nobility, or stumbled on one of those spots, small in number, and seldom in the market, which, in former days, had escaped the hands of a noble proprietor. Even Frederick the Great lent his aid to perpetuate this preposterous system, in the idea that he would best compel the investment of capital in trade and manufactures, by making it impossible to dispose of it when realized, in agricultural pursuits—a plan which led to the depression of agriculture, the staple of the kingdom, as certainly as it was directed in vain to cherish artificially a manufacturing activity, on which the country is much less dependent. This could not possibly last ; the noble proprietors were regularly becoming poorer, and the same course of events which compelled so many of them to sell, disabled them generally from buying. Destitute of capital to cultivate their own estates, it was not among them that the purchasers of the royal domains were to be looked for. In 1807, Stein swept away the whole mass of absurd restrictions, and every man was made capable of holding every kind of property.

the value of the soil all over the kingdom, they would soon have become much more profitable. But, while compelled to tax severely the property of his subjects, the king refused to spare his own; and, in 1811, an edict was issued, authorizing the sale of the royal domains at twenty-five years' purchase of the estimated rental. These lands, too, passed into the hands of purchasers not connected with the aristocracy; for the aristocracy, so far from being able to purchase the estates of others, were selling their own estates to pay their debts. The party opposed to Hardenberg has not ceased to lament that the crown should thus have been shorn of its native and independent glories; "for it ought to be powerful," say they, "by its own revenues and possessions." Our principles of government teach us a different doctrine.

Beneficial as the economical effects of this division of property may have been, its political results are no less important. It has created a new class of citizens, and these the most valuable of all citizens. Every trace, not merely of subjection, but of restraint, has been removed from the industrious, but poor and degraded peasants, and they have at once been converted into independent landed proprietors, resembling much the small proprietors created by the French Revolution. In Pomerania, for example, the estates of the nobility were calculated to contain 260 square miles; those of free proprietors, not noble, only 5 miles. Of the former, about 100 were *Bauernhöfe*, in the hands of the peasantry; and, by the operation of the law, 60 of these would still remain the pro-

perty of the boors who cultivated them. Thus there is now twelve times as much landed property, in this province, belonging to persons who are not noble, as there was before the appearance of this edict. The race of boors is not extinct ; for the provisions of the law are not imperative, if both parties prefer remaining in their old relation ; but this is a preference which, on the part of the peasant, at least, is not to be expected. Care has been taken that no new relations of the same kind shall be formed ; for, in 1811, an edict appeared, which, while it allows the proprietor to pay his servants in whole or in part with the use of land, limits the duration of such a contract to twelve years. It prohibits him absolutely from giving land *heritably*, on condition of service ; if a single acre is to be given in property, it must either be a proper sale, or a fixed rent must be stipulated in money or produce. Hardenberg was resolved that his measure should be complete.

When to the peasants who have thus become landholders, is added the numerous class of citizens, not noble, who have come into the possession of landed property by the sales of the royal domains, and the necessities of so many of the higher orders, it is not difficult to foresee the political consequences of such a body of citizens gradually rising in wealth and respectability, and dignified by that feeling of self-esteem which usually accompanies the independent possession of property. Unless their progress be impeded by extraneous circumstances, they must rise to political influence, because they will gradually become fitting depositaries of it. It would scarcely be too

much to say, that the Prussian government must have contemplated such a change ; for its administration, during the last fourteen years, has been directed to produce a state of society in which pure despotism cannot long exist but by force ; it has been throwing its subjects into those relations which, by the very course of nature, give the people political influence by making them fit to exercise it. Is there any thing in political history that should make us wish to see them in possession of it sooner ? Is it not better, that liberty should rise spontaneously from a soil prepared for its reception, and in which its seeds have gradually been maturing in the natural progress of society, than violently to plant it on stony and thorny ground, where no congenial qualities give strength to its roots, and beauty to its blossoms, where it does not throw wide its perennial shadow, under which the people may find happiness and refuge, but springs up, like the gourd of Jonah, in the night of popular tumult, and unnatural and extravagant innovation, to perish in the morning beneath the heat of reckless faction, or the consuming fire of foreign interference ?

This great, and somewhat violent measure, of creating in the state a new order of citizens possessing independent property, was preceded and followed by a crowd of other reforms, all tending to the same end, to let loose the energies of all classes of the people, and bring them into a more comfortable social relation to each other. While the peasantry were not only set free, but converted into landholders, the aristocracy were sternly deprived of that exemption from taxation which,

more than any thing else, renders them odious in every country where it has been allowed to remain. They struggled hard to keep their estates beyond the reach of the land tax, but the King and Hardenberg were inflexible. The whole financial system acquired an uniformity and equality of distribution which simplified it to all, and diminished the expense of collection, while it increased the revenue. Above all, those cumbersome and complicated arrangements, under which every province had its own budget, and its peculiar taxes, were destroyed ; and Hardenberg, after much opposition, carried through one uniform scheme for the whole monarchy. This enabled him to get rid of another monstrous evil. Under the miserable system of financial separation, every province and every town was surrounded with custom-houses, taxing and watching the productions of its neighbours, as if they came from foreign countries, and discouraging all internal communication. The whole was swept away. At the same time, the national expenditure in its various departments, the ways and means, the state of the public debt, and the funds for meeting it, were given forth with a publicity which produced confidence in Prussia, and alarm, as setting a bad example, in some less prudent cabinets. Those amongst ourselves who clamour most loudly against the misconduct of the Prussian government will allow, that the secularization and sale of the church lands was a liberal and patriotic measure ; those who more wisely think, that an arbitrary attack on any species of property endangers the security of all property, will lament

that the public necessities should have rendered it advisable. The servitudes of thirlage,* of brewing beer, and distilling spirituous liquors, existed in their most oppressive form, discouraging agriculture, and fostering the ruinous spirit of monopoly. They were abolished with so unsparing a hand, that, though indemnification was not absolutely refused, the forms and modes of proofs of loss sustained to found a claim to it were of such a nature, as to render it difficult to be procured, and trifling when made good. This was too unsparing.

In the towns there was much less to be done; it was only necessary to release their arts and manufactures from old restraints, and rouse their citizens to an interest in the public weal. Hardenberg attempted the first by a measure on which more popular governments have not yet been bold enough to venture, however strongly it has been recommended by political economists; he struck down at one blow all guildries and corporations, —not those larger forms, which include all the citizens of a town, and constitute a *borough*, but those subordinate forms, which regard particular classes and professions. But, whether it was from views of finance, or that he found himself compelled, by opposing interests, to yield something to the old principle, that the public is totally unqualified to judge who serves them well, and who

* Let those who accuse the Prussian government of disregarding the improvement of its subjects reflect, that it was only in 1799 that the British Parliament thought of contriving means to rescue the agriculture of Scotland from this servitude.

serves them badly, but must have some person to make the discovery for them, the Chancellor seems to have lost his way in this measure. He left every man at liberty to follow every profession, free from the fetters of an incorporated body ; but he converted the government into one huge, universal corporation, and allowed no man to pursue any profession without annually procuring and paying for the permission of the state. The *Gewerbsteuer*, introduced in 1810, is a yearly tax on every man who follows a profession, on account of that profession ; it is like our ale and pedlar licenses, but is universal.* So far, it is only financial ; but the license by no means follows as a matter of course, and here reappears the incorporation spirit ; every member of those professions which are held to concern more nearly the public weal, must produce a certificate of the provincial

* In 1820, it was estimated at 1,000,000 rix-dollars, about £225,000. The sum payable by individuals varies, according to the nature and extent of their profession, from one dollar to two hundred. A brewer, for example, pays according to the quantity of barley which he uses, or a butcher according to the number of oxen which he kills. This must produce an unpleasant inquisition into private affairs. The descriptions, too, are so indefinite, that it must frequently be impossible to ascertain to which class a man belongs. Thus, in the fifth class, which varies from 24 to 84 dollars, stand " the most respectable physicians in the three large towns," (Berlin, Breslau, and Königsberg.) Now, when the doctors differ, as assuredly they will do, who shall decide on the comparative respectability of these learned persons ? Again, midwives in these three cities pay more than in the other towns of the monarchy ; but why should such a person pay more in Berlin than in Magdeburgh ? Is the *place* where she practises any proof of the amount of her professional gains ?

government, that he is duly qualified to exercise it. Doctors and chimneysweeps, midwives and ship-builders, notaries-public and mill-wrights, booksellers and makers of waterpipes, with a host of other equally homogeneous professionalists, must be guaranteed by that department of the government within whose sphere their occupation is most naturally included, as perfectly fit to execute their professions. The system is cumbersome, but it wants, at least, the exclusive *esprit de corps* of corporations.

The other and more important object, that of rousing the citizens to an active concern in the affairs of their own community, had already been accomplished by Stein in his *Städteordnung*, or Constitution for the cities, which was completed and promulgated in 1808. He did not go the length of annual parliaments and universal suffrage; for the magistracy is elected only every third year; but the elective franchise is so widely distributed among all resident householders, of a certain income or rental, that none are excluded whom it would be proper to admit. Nay, complaints are sometimes heard from persons of the upper ranks, that it compels them to give up paying any attention to civic affairs, because it places too direct and overwhelming an influence in the hands of the lower orders. There can be no doubt, however, of the good which it has done, were there nothing else than the publicity which it has bestowed on the management and proceedings of public and charitable institutions. The first merchant of Breslau, the second city of the monarchy, told me it was impossible to conceive what

a change it had effected for the better, and what interest every citizen now took in the public affairs of the corporation, in hospitals and schools, in roads, and bridges, and pavements, and water-pipes. "Nay," added he, "by our example, we have even compelled the Catholic charities to print accounts of their funds and proceedings; for without doing so, they could not have stood against us in public confidence." This is the true view of the matter; nor is there any danger that the democratic principle will be extravagant in the subordinate communities, while the despotic principle is so strong in the general government of the country.

Such has been the general spirit of the administration of Prussia, since the battle of Jena; and it would be gross injustice to her government to deny, that in all this it has acted with an honest and effective view to the public welfare, and has betrayed any thing but a selfish or prejudiced attachment to old and mischievous relations; that was no part of the character of either Stein or Hardenberg. The government is in its forms a despotic one; it wields a censorship; it is armed with a strict and stern police; and, in one sense, the property of the subject is at its disposal, in so far as the portion of his goods which he shall contribute to the public service depends only on the pleasure of the government. But let not our just hatred of despotic forms make us blind to substantial good. Under these forms, the government, not more from policy than inclination, has been guilty of no oppressions which might place it in dangerous opposition to public feeling or opi-

nion ; while it has crowded its administration with a rapid succession of ameliorations, which gave new life to all the weightiest interests of the state, and brought all classes of society into a more natural array, and which only ignorance or prejudice can deny to have been equally beneficial to the people, and honourable to the executive. I greatly doubt, whether there be any example of a popular government doing so much real good in so short a time, and with so much continued effect. When a minister roots out abuses which impede individual prosperity, gives free course to the arts and industry of the country, throws open to the degraded the paths of comfort and respectability, and brings down the artificial privileges of the high to that elevation which nature demands in every stable form of political society ; while he thus prepares a people for a popular government, while, at the same time, by this very preparation, he creates the safest and most unfailing means of obtaining it, he stands much higher as a statesman and philosopher, than the minister who rests satisfied with the easy praise, and the more than doubtful experiment, of giving popular forms to a people which knows neither how to value nor exercise them. The statesmen of this age, more than of any other, ought to have learned the folly of casting the political pearl before swine.

This is no defence of despotism ; it is a statement of the good which the Prussian government has done, and an elucidation of the general spirit of improvement in which it has acted ; but it furnishes no reason for retaining the despotic forms under which this good has been wrought out, so

soon as the public wishes require, and the public mind is, in some measure, capable of using, more liberal and manly instruments. On the other hand, it is most unfair (and yet, in relation to Prussia, nothing is more common) to forget what a monarch has done for his subjects, in our hatred of the fact that he has done it without their assistance. The despotism of Prussia stands as far above that of Naples, or Austria, or Spain, as our own constitution stands above the mutilated charter of France. The people are personally attached to their king; and, in regard to his government, they feel and recognise the real good which has been done infinitely more strongly than the want of the unknown good which is yet to be attained, and which alone can secure the continuance of all the rest. They have not enjoyed the political experience and education which would teach them the value of this security; and even the better informed classes tremble at the thought of exacting it by popular clamour, because they see it must speedily come of itself. From the Elbe to the Oder, I found nothing to make me believe in the existence of that general discontent and ripeness for revolt which have been broadly asserted, more than once, to exist in Prussia;* and it

* To this it is commonly added, that the general discontent is only forcibly kept down by the large standing army. The more I understood the constitution of the Prussian army, the more difficult I found it to admit this constantly repeated assertion. Not only is every male, of a certain age, a regularly trained soldier, the most difficult of all populations to be crushed by force, when they are once warmed by a popular cause, but by far the greater

would be wonderful to find a people to whom all political thinking is so new, who know nothing of political theories, and suffer no personal oppressions, ready to raise the shout of insurrection. It will never do to judge of the general feeling of a country from the mad tenets of academical youths, (who are despised by none more heartily than by the people themselves,) or from the still less pardonable excesses of hot-headed teachers. When I was in Berlin, a plot, headed by a schoolmaster, was detected in Stargard, in Pomerania; the object was, to proclaim the Spanish Constitution, and assassinate the ministers and other persons of

part of this supposed despotic instrument consists of men taken, and taken only for a time, from the body of citizens against whom they are to be employed. There is always, indeed, a very large army on foot, and the foreign relations of Prussia render the maintenance of a large force indispensable; but it is, in fact, a militia. "We have no standing army at all, properly speaking," said an officer of the guards to me; "what may be called our standing army is, in reality, nothing but a school, in which all citizens, without exception, between twenty and thirty-two years of age, are trained to be soldiers. Three years are reckoned sufficient for this purpose. A third of our army is annually changed. Those who have served their three years are sent home, form what is called the War Reserve, and, in case of war, are first called out. Their place is supplied by a new draught from the young men who have not yet been out; and so it goes on." Surely a military force so constituted is not that to which a despot can well trust for enchainning a struggling people? if popular feeling were against him, these men would bring it along with them to his very standard. I cannot help thinking, that, if it were once come to this between the people and government of Prussia, it would not be in his own bayonets, but in those of Russia and Austria, that Frederick William would have to seek a trustworthy ally.

weight who might naturally be supposed to be hostile to the innovation. This no more proves the Prussian people to be ripe for revolt than it proves them to be ready to be murderers.

In judging of the political feelings of a country, a Briton is apt to be deceived by his own political habits still more than by partial observation. The political exercises and education which we enjoy, are riches which we may well wish to see in the possession of others ; but they lead us into a thousand fallacies, when they make us conclude, from what our own feelings would be under any given institutions, that another people, whose very prejudices go with its government, must be just as ready to present a claim of right, bring the king to trial, or declare the throne to be vacant. Prussia is by no means the only country of Germany where the people know nothing of that love of political thinking and information which pervades ourselves. But Prussia is in the true course to arrive at it ; the most useful classes of her society are gradually rising in wealth, respectability, and importance ; and, ere long, her government, in the natural course of things, must admit popular elements.* If foreign influence, and, above all,

* Since the above was written, a new organization of the Estates has been promulgated, limited, however, to the Saxon provinces of the monarchy. By the edict introducing this change, which appeared in 1827, these provinces are divided into six departments, viz. Thuringia, Wittenberg, Mansfeld, Eichsfeld, Magdeburgh, and Halberstadt. The assembly consists of sixty-six members, of whom twenty-nine are elected by the landed aristocracy, twenty-four by the cities ; Magdeburgh, on account of its

that of Russia, whose leaden weight is said to hang too heavily already on the cabinet of Berlin, do not interfere, I shall be deceived if the change be either demanded with outrageous clamour from below, or refused with unwise and selfish obstinacy from above. No people of the Continent better deserves political liberty than the Germans ; for none will wait for it more patiently, receive it more thankfully, or use it with greater moderation.

population and commerce electing two, and thirteen by the rural communes. The election of the representatives of the cities—the burgesses, so to speak—is indirect. All the electors in a town choose a delegate for every hundred and fifty houses which it contains ; and these delegates elect the member. The whole plan nearly resembles that which has been adopted at Weimar. But, however fair and laudable in itself, yet it loses much of its utility, and, in some respects, must be positively injurious to the general advancement of the monarchy, in consequence of its being limited to a certain district of the kingdom. It is not desirable that the interests of the Saxon provinces should be attended to at the expense of the others ; yet such is the natural conduct of a body so formed—announced by its very constitution as being intended to represent only a particular geographical and financial district, and to cultivate only partial interests. It can scarcely be called a body consulting for the public good. One consequence is, that except within its own territory, its deliberations and decisions cannot be expected to carry much weight ; and another consequence is, that this positive re-establishment of separate and provincial interests in a constitutional form, creates a new obstacle to the removal of all provincial distinctions, and the creation of one representative body for the whole kingdom.

CHAPTER III.

SILESIA—CRACOW.

Von Europen bekriegt,
Um mich hat der Grosse gekämpft und gesiegt.

THE country between Berlin and Frankfort on the Oder bears the same general character with that which lies to the westward of the capital: the hand of industry has been unable to root out its tiresome firs, or cover the nakedness of its dreary sands. The population seemed to be thinly scattered, and the villages are few; nor can it be a good sign of a country, that the toll-houses are almost the only good ones to be seen on the road.

Frankfort on the Oder makes a miserable appearance after its wealthy and bustling namesake on the banks of the Main. The town, small and ordinarily built, with the principal streets running parallel to the Oder, contains a population of about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and displays few traces of mercantile wealth and activity. Its university, too, is gone; having been, in 1810, united with that of Breslau.

The Oder is here a broad, deep, and majestic river, troubled in its colour, and not rapid in its motion. The bridge is of wood, a very solid, but a very clumsy structure. The parapet consists of large trees, screwed down upon the planks which form the pavement, and the floor itself is fortified, at certain distances, by heaps of large stones. All this, cumbersome and clumsy as it looks, has an object. When the river is inundated, it sometimes rises above the bridge; and there is a danger, that the water, hurrying through below, may force up the flooring. To guard against this is the reason of loading it with these enormous blocks of stone and wood.

The contrivance for protecting the bridge against the fields of ice which come down in spring is ingenious in its principle. About two hundred yards above the bridge, a wooden shed rises in the centre of the river, considerably elevated above the ordinary level of the water, and presenting an inclined plane to the current. The effect of this is, to break the descending body of ice into two great masses. A hundred yards nearer the bridge, these masses are opposed by three similar ice-breakers; and are thus subdivided into at least six, which again, on approaching the bridge, encounter another array of these opponents, one in front of each pier, in the usual way. The ice is thus reduced to pieces so small, that it passes into the water-way without exposing the bridge to much danger.

Beyond Frankfort, on the great road to Breslau, there is almost as little to interest the eye as before; the Oder is left to the right, and the ver-

ture which clothes its banks is the only beauty that nature wears. A solitary inclosure, on the summit of a small rising ground, turned out to be a Jewish burying-place, as lonely in its situation; and as neglected in its appearance, as can well be imagined. In so dreary a scene, these habitations of the dead look doubly dreary. The inscriptions were all in Hebrew, and the stones were overgrown with coarse rank grass. The Christian cemeteries, on the contrary, in this part of Germany, are kept with great neatness. Every grave is, in general, a flower-bed. I walked out, one morning, to the great cemetery of Berlin, to visit the tomb of Klaproth, which is merely a cross; and announces nothing but his name and age. Close by, an elderly-looking woman, in decent mourning, was watering the flowers with which she had planted the grave of an only daughter, (as the sexton afterwards told me,) who had been interred the preceding week. The grave formed nearly a square of about five feet. It was divided into little beds, all dressed and kept with the utmost care, and adorned with the simplest flowers. Evergreens, intermingled with daisies, were ranged round the borders; little clumps of violets and forget-me-not were scattered in the interior; and, in the centre, a solitary lily hung down its languishing blossom. The broken-hearted mother had just watered the lily, and tied it to a small stick, to secure it against the wind; at her side lay the weeds which she had rooted out. She went round the whole spot again and again, anxiously pulling up every little blade of grass—then gazed for a few seconds on the grave—put the weeds into

her apron—took up her little watering pot—walked towards the gate—returned again, to see that her lily was secure—and, at last, as the suppressed tear began to start, hurried out of the churchyard. There is something extremely tender and delicate in this simple mode of cherishing the memory of the dead.

At Crossen, a small town on the Oder, thirty miles beyond Frankfort, the traveller scarcely believes his eyes, when he sees regular vineyards laid out on the eminences along the banks of the river; for, though the soil has, by this time, become much better, there is nothing in the general style of the country and climate to make him expect these wanderers from the south. It is one of the most northerly points of Europe at which the vine is cultivated for purposes of commerce. The quantity is not so great as at Grünberg, eighteen miles farther on, where the vintage forms a principal source of the occupation and sustenance of the inhabitants. The crops, in such a climate, are necessarily extremely inconstant; the severity of winter often kills the vine, and such a failure reduces a number of these poor people to misery. They allow that it would be more profitable to use the ground as corn land; but the cost of laying out and stocking the vineyards has been incurred, and they are unwilling to lose all that has been expended. The wine itself is poor and acid. In Berlin it goes by the name of Grünberg vinegar; and vinegar is facetiously called Grünberg wine.

After leaving, at Neustädtel, the great road to Breslau, to gain the cross-road which leads to

Hirschberg and the mountains, there were still thirty miles of wearisome travelling in deep sand, with its usual accompaniments of firs, scanty crops, and parched grass. The face of the country certainly gives no contradiction to the hypothesis which has sometimes been started, that the whole of this region was once covered by the East sea. The cottages and peasantry display no marks of the superior comfort which has been supposed to prevail throughout all Silesia, in comparison with the rest of the monarchy; in this part of the province, the Silesians have to contend with the same obstacles as the farmers of Pomerania and the Mark. Ale-houses are abundantly scattered, and no postilion drives a stage, without stopping to enjoy a *schnapps*. Who can resist the temptation, when an ale-house, instead of a signpost, hangs out a board, with the seducing salutation, *Willkommen, mein Freund*—*Welcome, my Friend!* The posting itself is infamous, not so much after you are on the road, as before getting on it; you may reckon on waiting at least an hour for horses. At Spottau, after considerably more than an hour had expired, three starved horses tottered up to the carriage, one led by an old woman, another by a little girl, and the third by a lame hostler; and notwithstanding all this you are pertinaciously attacked for “expedition-money.” It was Sunday morning, and men, women, and children, were seated or stretched in the sun, before their doors. “Why don’t you go to church?”—I called to a young, white-headed rogue, who was basking himself, apparently half asleep, along a stone bench. “I have no time,”

was the reply ; and he turned himself again to his repose.

At length, these dreary deserts disappeared at Bunzlau, a small town, standing on the verge of that varied district which extends southwards to the mountains, and which contains the greatest natural beauties, as well as the principal part of the industry and wealth of the province. Like all the small towns of Silesia, it is confused, and somewhat gloomy, except that the various colours with which the outsides of the houses are painted, give some relief to the predominating dulness. The fronts uniformly terminate above in some out of the way form, sometimes a semicircle, sometimes a parallelogram, sometimes a semicircle on the base of a pyramid as a pedestal ; but most frequently they are cut into a multitude of circular and angular surfaces. The reason is, that the houses are generally built with the gable towards the street ; and, as it required no very refined taste to discover that such a succession of triangles offended the eye, the remedy was sought in giving to the gable a more varied, and, as it was thought, a more beautiful form. In all these little towns there is a great want of space ; the streets are narrow, but fortunately the buildings are not lofty, seldom exceeding three floors. The market-place is every thing to the inhabitants, and is generally spoiled by having the town-house, round which are stuck various booths and shops, placed in its centre. On that of Bunzlau stands the monument erected by the King of Prussia to Marshal Kutusoff, who died here, after having conducted the Russian army so far on its victorious march. It is a small obelisk,

standing on a pedestal of three steps, and rising from between two couching lions. On its sides the deeds and titles of the Marshal are recorded in German and Russ. The whole is of cast iron, and was executed in the Berlin foundery.

Löwenberg, the next stage, places you fairly within the beautiful country which attracts so many wanderers to Silesia from all parts of Germany. At every mile of the road to Hirschberg, richness of landscape, fertility of soil, and denseness of population rapidly increased: hill and dale, wood and water, followed each other in close succession: the wild rose was blooming in profusion, instead of the long dry grass which had been the only vegetable ornament of the Mark; and the Bober poured himself along beneath overhanging woods. This river, if it deserve the name of a river, though memorable in history, makes no figure in geography. It is a pleasing, clear, romantic stream, neither deep nor broad, except when swollen in consequence of rain; and yet, with its neighbour the Katzbach, it was the ruin of the French army, which Blücher drove, with utter destruction, first into the one, and then into the other.

The numerous villages of this Prussian Switzerland are often pitched in romantic situations, but in themselves they do not betoken more comfort than those of the desert sands to the north. Great part of the population is Catholic, and crucifixes appear among the trees almost as frequently as cottages. The most pleasing sight, among the living things, was the crowds of children trudging along to school, each with a book

and a slate. The little creatures were the very pictures of health, and, especially the girls, they were very cleanly, though coarsely dressed. As the carriage passed, they made their bows, dropped their curtseys, and lisped out their good morning, with the most smiling, modest, happy countenances in the world.

From a height, the whole valley of Hirschberg at length lay before the eye. In any country, it would be a ravishing prospect, and the region of tourists ; in Prussia, where the inhabitants are doomed to a nature which rarely assumes the character of beauty, or relieves the eye by variety, it is not wonderful that they should reckon it the perfection of romantic and rural scenery, and proudly set it by the side of the Swiss valleys and the Italian lakes. On the east, north, and west, a semicircular range of eminences, extremely various in elevation, form, and covering, inclose a valley, whose fertile soil is loaded with every thing which industry can bring from it, and thickly strewed with populous villages. On the south, it is bounded by the Sudetes, or *Riesengebirge*—the Giant-Mountains—and, right in the centre, towers their loftiest summit, the *Schneekoppe*, or Snow-Head, rearing its rounded top, crowned with a small chapel, to the height of nearly five thousand feet above the level of the sea. It has the advantage of rising almost at once from the plain, without having its absolute height diminished to the eye by intervening ridges of lower elevation. On the west it is flanked by other summits, varying in height from 4000 to 4500 feet ; and on different parts of the long ridge which connects these loftier

points, enormous masses of bare granite start up into the air. The weak point in the landscape is, the want of water. The Bober and Zacken, indeed, flow through it, but they are too small to make any figure. Our Benlomond yields in height to the Schneekoppe ; but his lake places him infinitely above the Silesian giant, in wild and romantic beauty.

Hirschberg, the principal town of this part of Silesia, and the capital of a circle to which it gives its name, does not contain more than 7000 inhabitants, and by no means promises to become more flourishing. It owed its eminence to the gauze and linen manufactures, of which it was the centre ; but both these manufactures, which have been the source of all the prosperity of Lower Silesia, and on which the greater part of its population still depends, have miserably decayed during the last thirty years. I heard precisely the complaints of Manchester and Glasgow re-echoed at the foot and in the valleys of the Mountains of the Giant. The Silesian linen found its way into all parts of Europe and South America, from Archangel to Peru. The quantities sent into Hungary and Poland were considerable ; Russia was a still more profitable outlet ; but by far the most important branch of the trade was the exportation to Spain, for the purpose of supplying the South American markets. In 1792, the linen exported from Silesia amounted to more than five and a half million dollars, (L.800,000,) and the manufacture furnished employment to thirty-five thousand people. Even at that time, it was considered to have gained its greatest height, and began to feel the suc-

cess with which Irish linen was encountering it in foreign markets. No very important falling off, however, was observed till the beginning of the present century. The trade between Silesia and America had passed chiefly through Cadiz, and the Continental System gave the death-blow to the prosperity of Silesia. Prussia, humbled at the feet of the conqueror, was compelled to receive his laws, and the prohibition against the importation of British wares, put an end to her own lucrative commerce with the new world. On the return of peace, Silesia endeavoured, but in vain, to regain the ground which it had lost; it found Britain firmly established as a successful rival in the markets of the new world, while, in Russia and Poland, it was opposed by Bohemia. The export, I was assured, is not one-third of what it amounted to before this calamitous period. Misery is almost always unjust; let the Silesian manufacturers, therefore, be pardoned their bitterness against England; for although, while receiving us individually with kindness and respect, they revile us as a nation of selfish monopolizers, they have shown by deeds, that they know well with whose intolerant ambition their evils had originated. How regularly does injustice bring its own punishment! The thousands of those honest and industrious people, whom the ambition of Napoleon had brought to ruin, swelled the hosts which, on the Katzbach, and at Leipzig, fought against him with the eager and obstinate perseverance of personal antipathy. A young man, the son of a linen-weaver, apparently not more than twenty-five years of age, but who had twice marched to

Paris, said to me, "Whenever Forward * ordered us to charge, I could not help thinking of the afternoon on which my father came home from Hirschberg, about two months before he died of grief, and told us, that he had brought nothing with him, for he had not been able to sell his web; for the manufacturer had said, that the English would not allow any body to buy from us, because the French would not allow any body to buy from them; and, do you know, sir, I thought it made my bayonet sharper."—"At least, it would make your heart bitterer."—"And doesn't a bitter heart," was his answer, "make a strong arm, (*macht nicht das eiserne Herz eiserne Hand?*)" It was a most intelligible, although a brief commentary, on the fire-side effects of the Milan and Berlin decrees.

Even when the traveller is rejoicing in the enterprise, the industry, the ingenuity, and prosperity of his own country, he cannot but look with regret on the decay which is creeping over these mountain valleys, and the industrious and kind-hearted population with which they are thronged. In Hirschberg, Schmiedeberg, and Landshut, the three great manufacturing stations, I heard but one voice, that of misery and complaint. The linen exported from the department of Reichenbach in 1817 had fallen half a million of dollars below that of the preceding year. A great number of manufacturing houses have abandoned the trade; and, in the neighbouring county of Glatz, it had sunk so low, that, in 1818, it was found necessary to provide other employment for a great proportion

* Blücher.

of the spinners and weavers, and even to endeavour to transplant some of them to Silesia, where matters were still somewhat better.

The Silesian weaver lies under the disadvantage of being, in some measure, a speculator. Our cotton-weavers receive from the manufacturer the materials of their labour; the price to be paid for any given portion of their work is fixed; however small the pittance may be, it is a certainty, and a gain; and, if the workman strain his weekly toil to the uttermost, he knows that he is adding to his weekly emoluments. But the Silesian manufacturers have always proceeded on a different footing; the artisan himself purchases the yarn, weaves the web, and brings it to market as a merchant. Thus he is never certain of gaining a farthing, for he is exposed to all the vicissitudes of the market. After he has spent days and nights at his loom, scarcely allowing himself time to snatch his miserable meal, he knows not but he may be forced to sell his cloth at a price which will not even cover the expense of the materials wrought up in it. Yet he must sell; the poor man has no capital but his hands; he cannot reserve his work for a more favourable opportunity; he must submit to starvation to procure the means of purchasing new materials. Thirty years ago, when the decay of the Silesian manufactures was only in its commencement, you might see weavers returning from the town to their distant villages, with tears in their eyes, and not a sixpence for the expectant family at home. The evil is now much more general.

Amid this decay of their own prosperity, it is

only natural that they should manifest considerable irritation at the more fortunate lot of British manufacturers ; and this irritation has just as naturally displayed itself in the utmost credulity regarding all stories about the unfair and rascally expedients by which, according to the less liberal, this preponderance has been attained. So late as 1818, it was printed in Silesia, that we were in the habit of sending Silesian linen to foreign markets as our own manufacture ; that our traders forged the stamps and marks of the principal Silesian houses, and purchased their linens, for the purpose of cutting them down to shorter lengths than they ought to be of, and exporting them in this falsified form, to ruin the character of the Silesian manufactures ! Absurd as all this was, it was so widely credited, that the principal dealers sent a notice to be inserted in the newspapers of Bremen and Hamburgh, putting all quarters of the linen-buying globe on their guard against the rascally tricks of English merchants ; and they complained much, that English influence prevented its insertion in the Hamburgh papers. It is gratifying, however, to know, that a Silesian defended us against charges which probably never reached our ears. A gentleman of Hirschberg, thoroughly acquainted with the linen trade in all its branches, wrote a couple of articles in the *Provinzial-Blätter*, exposing at once the falsity and the absurdity of the thing.

The inhabitants of this little town seem to be inordinately proud of their rank as inhabitants of the principal city of the district, and to ascribe to the pleasures of their own society, the crowds of visitors who repair to their neighbourhood in sum-

mer to visit the mountain scenery, or use the warm springs which lie in their vicinity. A classical Burgomaster took it into his head, that a low, fir-clad eminence on the north of the town, was very like the Grecian seat of the Muses ; and perhaps he knew, that Opitz, one of the earliest modern poets of Germany, had been called "the Swan of the Bober." Accordingly, the hillock was baptized Mount Helicon, and a temple was erected on it, and dedicated, not to the Muses, but FREDERICH DEM EINZIGEN, (Frederick the Unique.) It was gratifying to a Scotchman to find the works, and hear the praises, of Sir Walter Scott, even in this retired corner. All over Germany, his name is, to a countryman, almost a letter of introduction.

The neighbourhood abounds with mineral waters, which, added to the beauty of the scenery, bring into the villages in summer and autumn numbers of visitors, from whom the inhabitants gain some money, and learn some bad customs. There is one spring so impregnated with oxygen, that the common people crowd to it on Sundays, to intoxicate themselves cheaply. Warmbrunn, however, whose springs are hot, is the most celebrated of the Silesian baths, and is particularly famous for its good effects in gout and rheumatism. The company that frequents it is of a lower class than that which enjoys voluptuous idleness at Toplitz and Carlsbad ; but they ape all the follies of their betters. The changeableness of the atmosphere, and the inconstancy of the weather in the neighbourhood of the mountains, oppose themselves to the healing influence of the waters ; and it is law at Warmbrunn, that all salutations, even

to ladies, shall be made, not by uncovering, but by raising the hand to the hat *à la militaire*.

Although the inhabitants of some of the surrounding villages are supported by making and cutting glass, and by a number of extensive chemical manufactories, the principal employment of the population is, after agriculture, the preparation of flax and yarn, and the weaving of linen. The soil is not so fertile as in the plains which surround Breslau ; and the inconstancy of the climate frequently doubles the labour and expenditure of the agriculturist. The whole country is exposed to two enemies, sudden and violent showers of rain, and destructive thunder-storms. The former are called by the country people *Wolkenbrüche*, or breakings of the clouds ; and a peasant explained their production, with great simplicity, in the following way : He conceived that the clouds were a sort of thin bags, just strong enough to contain the rain, and that all went on well so long as they floated about freely in the air ; but that, when the wind drove them against the sides or summits of the mountains, the bag burst, and the rain descended in a deluge. The hypothesis is quite as scientific as Strepsiades's theory of thunder. These rains are never of long continuance, but they do incalculable damage. From the nature of the country, the greater part of the cultivated grounds lies along slopes more or less steep. In spring, after the fields have been sown, a *Wolkenbruch* often sweeps away soil and seed together. In summer, when the grain is considerably above ground, the torrent from the clouds, by carrying away the earth, leaves its roots bare, or drowns it in mud.

Thunder-storms are equally frequent and destructive. In the end of April and beginning of May, it thundered daily for three weeks together. All the houses in the villages are built of wood, and the roofing consists of thin pieces of the same material, nailed upon each other like slates. Even the upper part of the church towers, which are most exposed to lightning, are uniformly of wood. The consequence is, that in this part of Silesia, there is scarcely a village or a church which has not been set on fire by lightning, and many of them have had this misfortune oftener than once. In the towns, as well as in the country, all who can afford the expense arm their houses with conductors, and the frequency of the practice shows the greatness of the danger. So certain is it held, that the lightning will produce a conflagration somewhere, that the moment the storm commences, the persons who have charge of the fire-engines must repair to their posts, and be in readiness to act. A Protestant clergyman of Hirschberg was killed in his pulpit. A thunder-storm burst over the town, on a Sunday, while he was preaching; the top of the pulpit was suspended from the ceiling of the church by an iron chain; the lightning struck the spire, penetrated the roof and descended along the chain. The wig of the old man, who was continuing his discourse undisturbed, was seen in a blaze; he raised his hands to his head; gave a convulsive start, and sunk dead in his pulpit. The livid traces of the lightning are still visible on the stone bannister of the pulpit stair, which it split in making its way to the pavement.

The Zacken, an impetuous and romantic tor-

rent, which descends from the western part of the mountains to join the Bober at Hirschberg, sometimes presents a phenomenon, of which the Silesian naturalists have as yet given no satisfactory explanation. Its waters suddenly disappear, and always at some distance from its source; the channel remains dry, except where irregularities in the bottom detain a portion of the water motionless in pools, or the stream remains tranquil behind mill-dams. The period of the absence of the river varies from one to four hours; it is then observed to rise, at first, imperceptibly; but speedily it regathers its usual strength—fills its channel—thunders down its falls—overflows the mill-dams—and hastens on to the Bober, as impetuous and noisy as it was three hours before. The cause of the phenomenon cannot be at the sources of the river; for, on the last occasion on which it was observed, it began only beyond Petersdorf, a village not more than five miles above Hirschberg; the mill of Marienthal, which lies much nearer the source of the Zacken, never stopped for a moment, while from Petersdorf to the Bober, the channel was dry. As it always happens in December or March, the explanation generally given is, that its course is stopped by frost. This is impossible; frost would act much more vigorously on the shallow marshes, high up on the mountains, from which the river springs, than on the large and impetuous stream at a much lower elevation. Besides, on the day the phenomenon happened, the thermometer was only—2° of Reaumur, while, during the two preceding months, it had varied from —5° to —12°, without any change being

observed in the river. Moreover, if frost could so suddenly stop a full impetuous torrent, and so suddenly let it loose again, after an hour's interruption, it certainly would not spare the small and shallow brooks which are its humble tributaries ; yet, while the Zacken is gone, these brooks keep leaping down into his deserted channel with their customary liveliness. Another hypothesis is, that, in some narrow part of the channel, a mass of snow falls down into the bed, and dams up the river, till his impetuosity washes it away. But these Silesian avalanches are gratuitous creations. Though the mountains were covered with snow, there was none in the valleys, in which alone the phenomenon occurred. Again, such an interruption would have produced, in a few minutes, an inundation of the river above the point at which it happened, or would have forced the river into a new channel ; but there was no trace of either. The banks, likewise, of the Zacken, even where his channel is most confined, scarcely render such a thing possible. They are either so low, that snow, when it has once fallen, will lie tranquil till it dissolves ; or they are so precipitous, that no snow can rest upon them at all ; or they are darkened by ancient pines, whose umbrella-like branches receive the feathery shower, without ever allowing it to reach the ground, and throw it off, in silvery dust, at every breath of wind that blows. In the middle of June I walked through the forests which hang over the fall of the Zäckerle, and the course of the Zacken, beneath a canopy of snow, resting on the branches above, while violets and wood-hyacinths were blossoming rich-

ly below. The latest hypothesis takes it for granted, that whenever an interruption of the river of this kind takes place, some abyss has opened in some part of its channel ; that into this gulf its waters pour themselves, till it is either filled, or the aperture is stopped by the blocks of granite which the torrent hurls down along with it ; that it then flows *over* the aperture which, for a couple of hours, it had flowed *into*, and continues its usual course. This is giving much too literal a meaning to "the thirsty earth;" these subterranean drunkards, and unknown throats in the rocky channel, are altogether gratuitous. It is not here, as in Carniola, where we see them, with our own eyes, swallowing up whole rivers ; here we have granite and basalt to deal with, instead of porous calcareous rock. When geologists take "natural convulsions" into their hands, science is sure to be still more mortally convulsed. A part of the river, called the *Schwarze Wog*, has even been pointed out as the spot through whose bottom the thirsty spirits of the Riesengebirge suck in the waters of the Zacken. Now, the *Schwarze Wog* is, no doubt, a very ugly, deep, dark, dismal pool, in which even the river seems to stand still, for a moment, eddying back in horror from the gloomy walls above him ; but there is nothing whatever about it to make any one believe that there is a funnel below ; and why should this funnel open only now and then, and open only in winter ?*

* The recorded instances of the disappearance of the Zacken are the following :—

1703, March 17, from 6 to 9 A. M.

1746, March time not observed.

Though the Schneekoppe rises to the height of 4900 feet, the ascent is by no means difficult except towards the very summit. To climb it from Hirschberg, and return, would be no overpowering day's work ; but, as the natives would esteem it barbarism not to be on the top when the sun rises, the night is commonly spent in a *baude*, or hut, very near the summit of the mountain. The scenery round the bottom is extremely wild and romantic. The prospect below, as, at every new ascent, you look back on the vale of Hirschberg, with its numerous green heights, scattered villages, and laughing fields, is delicious ; but still there is a want of imposing masses of water, though there is no want of rapid and cheerful rivulets. On a scanty and bold projection of the rock stands the ruins of the Kienast, so separated on all sides from the body of the mountain by precipitous dells, except where a narrow ledge on the south connects it with the hill, that the raising of a single draw-bridge must have rendered it utterly inaccessible. Enough of the outer wall still remains, to preserve the memory of the fair Cunigunda, equally celebrated for her charms and her cruelty. She was the daughter and heiress of the lord of the

1773, March 19, from 5 to 9 A. M.

1785, Dec. 3, three hours.

1797, March 13, from 4 to 6 A. M.

1797, March 19, from 5 to 7 A. M.

1810, Dec. 10, from 6½ to 7½ A. M.

It must not be supposed that these are the only occasions on which the phenomenon has presented itself, or that the first of them was the earliest ; but they are the only instances of which any account has been preserved.

Kienast, and the most blooming of Silesian beauties. Her wealth and charms attracted crowds of knightly wooers to her father's castle ; but the maiden, like another Camilla, was entirely devoted to the boisterous exercise of the chase, in which she excelled many of her suitors ; she would listen to no tale of love, and dreaded marriage as she did a prison. At length, to free herself from all importunities, she made a solemn vow never to give her hand but to the knight who should ride round the castle on the outer wall. Now, this wall is not only too narrow to furnish a secure or pleasing promenade in any circumstances, but, throughout nearly its whole course, it runs along the very brink of hideous precipices, and in one place hangs over a frightful abyss, which, till this day, bears the name of Hell. The number of the lady's lovers rapidly diminished. The more prudent wisely considered, that the prize was not worth the risk ; the vain proposed themselves to the trial, in the hope that their presence would mollify Cunigunda's heart, and procure a dispensation from the hard condition ; but the mountain-beauty was proof against all arts, and, when the moment of danger came, the courage of the suitor generally gave way. History has not recorded the precise number of those who actually made the attempt ; it is only certain, that every one of them broke his neck, (as he well deserved,) and the lady lived on in her wild and virgin independence. At length, a young and handsome knight appeared at the castle gate, and requested to be admitted to the presence of its mistress, that he might try his fortune. Cunigunda received him,

and her hour was come ; his manly beauty, the courtesy of his behaviour, and his noble spirit, made her repent, for the first time, of the price which she had set upon her hand. Having received, in presence of the inmates of the castle, her promise to become his bride, if he should return in safety from the trial, he rode forth to the wall, accompanied by the tears and wishes of the repentant beauty. In a short time, a shout from the menials announced that the adventure had been achieved ; and Cunigunda, exulting that she was conquered, hastened into the court, which the triumphant knight was just entering, to meet his ardent caresses. But the knight stood aloof, gloomy and severe. " I can claim you," said he ; " but I am come, and I have risked my life, not to win your hand, but to humble your pride, and punish your barbarity"—and thereupon he read her a harsh lecture on the cruelty and arrogance of her conduct towards her suitors. The spirit of chivalry weeps at recording, that he finished his oration by giving the astonished beauty a box on the ear, sprung into his saddle, and galloped forth from the gate. It was the Landgrave Albert of Thuringia, already a married man, and who had long trained his favourite steed to this perilous exercise. The memory of the ulterior fate of Cunigunda has not survived.

Such traditions, and especially the exploits of the mischievous spirit Number-Nip (*Rübezahl*),*

* This perished spirit, so well known from our nursery tales, has left behind him a very uncertain character. The legends still preserved among the inhabitants of the mountain valleys, sometimes represent him as the most good-na-

who has disappeared from the Mountains of the Giant since a chapel was built on the Schnee-

tured of spirits, and sometimes as taking delight in nothing but doing mischief. He stood out for a short space, after the erection of a chapel on the summit of his mountain, in the end of the seventeenth century, but the first time that mass was performed in it was the signal for his departure. Though he never re-appeared himself, his hosts of tiny subjects, loath to quit their ancient abodes, lingered long behind him, till bad usage, about fifty years ago, drove them away. They employed themselves, in the bowels of the mountain, in manufacturing all sorts of household utensils, which they readily gave, or lent out, to the neighbouring villagers, on receiving a small meat-offering and drink-offering in return. The daughter of a villager was about to be married. Her father went up to "Rübezahl's Habitation," a collection of huge granite blocks tossed together in wild confusion, and requested the spirits to furnish the bridegroom's house, and lend him the necessary dishes and utensils for the wedding festival. His prayer was granted, with the condition that, on the marriage night, he would place a fixed portion of the marriage supper on a rock which was pointed out to him, and return the spits, and knives, and forks, next day. The spirits kept their word, but the niggardly churl broke his; he ate up the supper, and retained the dishes. The spirits then finally resolved to desert for ever so ungrateful a people. In the course of the following night, these little, kindly creatures, not one of them more than a foot and a half high, were seen marching in long array, through the standing corn, which, next morning, scarcely seemed to have been touched, and they are supposed to have joined their old master in some region more friendly to supernatural spirits, and more grateful for supernatural assistance.

This matter, trifling as it is, furnishes an amusing instance of the obstinacy with which men who pretend to learning will sometimes write downright nonsense, and of the huge interval that separates artificial erudition from straight-forward clearness of intellect. A disputed text in Virgil or Homer could not have produced more various

koppe, though his pulpit and garden still remain, commonly while away the hours of night among the twenty or thirty wanderers who assemble at evening from different parts of the mountains, in the *Hempelsbaude*, to start, long before the sun, for the rest of the ascent. There are no conveniences for sleeping in the rude *chalet*, and even very few for eating and drinking; but company dispels fatigue, and those who have some forethought load their guides with the necessaries of

readings, than the name of this amusing goblin has done. His name, *Rübezahl*, means just *Turnip-number*. Our translator of the legends concerning him was, therefore, perfectly right in calling him NUMBER-NIP, although he inverted the position of the elements of the original compound; and the first tale in his collection gives the true, popular, legendary origin of the name, an origin just as authentic as the existence of the spirit himself,—and in this lies the fictitious fitness of the tradition. But erudite Germans, though they allow that the appellation, as it stands, means Turnip-number, insist on referring it to a classical origin, or finding in it some disguise of a foreign phrase. One maintains, that *Rübezahl* is a corruption of *Riesenzahl*, (Giant-number,) and peoples the Schneekoppe with whole legions of Goliaths. A second, adopting the giants, supposes, that the Silesian boors, at a time when they could neither read nor write, called the spirit Giant-number, because they believed him to have piled their mountains upon each other, as the giants did *Pelion on Ossa to storm Olympus*. Excellent! The third, likewise, is both gigantesque and classical. According to him, the name is merely a corruption of *Ries Encelad*, the Giant Enceladus. Better still! A fourth runs away to France, to find the origin of the pure German name of a German hobgoblin, and is quite sure that *Rübezahl* is only a corruption of *Roi des Vallées*. Best of all! Somebody or other has very justly remarked, that there are things so close to a man's eyes that he cannot see them.

life. On this occasion, a considerable part of the motley assemblage consisted of Burschen ; they were extremely sociable, and sung their songs all night long, nearly four thousand feet above the plain, with infinite glee. About two o'clock in the morning the word was given to move, and twenty minutes, easy ascent placed the whole party, not on the summit of the mountain, but on the top of the long ridge, four thousand four hundred feet in elevation, on which his steep and pyramidal summit rests as on a base. The most troublesome thing in the ascent is, the quantity of thickly tangled *kniehholz* or *krummholz*, knee-wood or crooked-wood, which covers the sides of the Riesengebirge, as it does so many of the Styrian mountains. It is a species of fir ; but, instead of growing upright, it creeps along the ground, in which most of its branches fix themselves, and vegetate like new roots. Some of them, however, grow upwards, but extremely stunted, seldom reaching the height of ten feet. It diminishes in quantity as the elevation increases, and the long ridge of the chain wears, in general, no other covering than scattered fragments or decomposed portions of its own rock. Some of these fragments of granite are of great size ; one of the *Dreisteine* is a solid mass fifty feet high. The proper summit itself is equally bare, and much steeper than the lower part of the mountain. It rises, in a somewhat pyramidal form, between five and six hundred feet above its elevated base. The ascent is fatiguing, for the loose stones, over which you must mount, are perpetually giving way beneath your feet. The summit is not broad, and the

greater part of it is occupied by a small chapel, in which mass is performed thrice a-year. As the chapel is never open but on these occasions, it affords no shelter to the traveller amid the drizzling vapours, and passing snow-showers which so frequently visit the Schneekoppe, even in the heat of summer; but it protected us against a bitter north-west wind, by receiving us under its lee-ward side, just as the first faint strokes of light were beginning to glimmer over the far-distant Carpathians. When, at length, the sun himself came forth, the German wanderers displayed an example of that enthusiastic feeling which distinguishes their countrymen. There happened to be an old clergyman in the company. The rising orb had no sooner burst upon us, illuminating first our mountain pinnacle, and then lighting up the Bohemian summits to the south, "like gems upon the brow of night," than he took off his hat, and saying, "My children, let us praise the God of nature," began to sing one of Luther's psalms. The others joined him with much devotion; even the Burschen behaved with greater gravity than might have been expected.

At such an elevation, and with, on one side, at least, a comparatively open country, the prospect is necessarily extensive; but it is likewise very varied in its character. The rich, the cultivated, and populous scenery is on the north, towards Silesia; on the south, towards Bohemia, all is sublime and terrific. In this direction, the side of the mountain yawns at once into an irregular rocky abyss, formed of the *Riesengrund* and *Aupengrund*, which presents an almost perpendicular

descent of two thousand feet. Behind, the prospect is filled up with imposing masses of mountain and precipices ; and here and there some of the small Bohemian towns are indistinctly seen through the intersecting valleys. To the west, likewise, the view consists principally of mountains ; but on the north, the most beautiful and fertile part of Silesia, from Hirschberg to the Oder, is spread out like a map. Even Breslau is said to be sometimes visible ; and it is not its distance that can place it beyond the eye ; for, in a right line, it cannot be more than forty-five miles from the Schneekoppe ; but it lies in a low level country, and is confounded with the plain.

The descent along the eastern slope of the mountain to Schmiedeberg is more easy and gradual than on the opposite side. The country still continues rich and populous. Schmiedeberg and Landshut are smaller towns than Hirschberg, and are languishing under the same decay of manufactures. Landshut is close upon the Bohemian frontier, and just beyond the confine are the rocks of Adersbach. They are apparently the remains of a mountain of sandstone, which has been split in all directions, and much of its matter either decomposed, or washed away by water, so that you can literally walk through its interior, as if through the streets of a city. It is on a much larger scale than the rocks of the Saxon Switzerland, and its masses do not so uniformly exhibit traces of the action of water ; for, though the edges are sometimes round, they are as often perfectly sharp and angular. The alleys which lead through the mountain vary extremely in width ; in some

parts they are so narrow that it is difficult to pass through them ; in others they form spacious walks or swell out into ample courts. In general, they are open above, the mountain being separated to its very summit ; but this is not universally the case, for sometimes the rocky sides gradually approach as they ascend, and meet above in an angle. At one place, a rivulet which flows along the summit rushes down through an aperture into the bowels of the mass, and forms, in its interior, a very brisk and noisy cascade. The walls of rock themselves which line these natural streets seldom present any extent of unbroken surface ; they are always split by secondary apertures, which are much more numerous below than towards the top—seldom run up through the whole extent of the rock, and commonly terminate in an acute angle. In the outskirts of the whole are some insulated masses of singular forms. The most remarkable goes under the name of the *Zuckerhut*, or Sugar-loaf, but it is inverted. It stands alone on the plain, at some distance from the main body of the rocks. Where it springs from the ground, it is very narrow ; but, as it rises, which it does to a height of about sixty feet, it regularly increases in breadth, presenting precisely the appearance of a huge cone placed on its apex. The pool of water in which it stands was formed by the curiosity of some strangers who dug round its base, to ascertain whether it still continued to diminish underground, and how deep it was set in the earth. They had not gone far, when they met with the solid sandstone rock below, of which this mass is merely a projection.

The whole extent of this rocky wilderness is fully four miles in length, but not more than two in breadth. It is, in fact, a branch of the sandstone ridge which runs up into the county of Glatz; and the nearer you approach the main body of the chain, from which this is, as it were, an offshoot, the more compact does the rock become; one alley terminates after another, and at last there remains only the solid impenetrable mountain, with its dark covering of firs. Few of the houses, if the regular walls which run along these alleys may be so termed, are more than 100 feet high. All the theories which have been started to explain the origin of the phenomenon terminate in this, that water has gradually washed away the softer parts of the rock. This supposes a very strangely heterogeneous rock; because that softer substance, whatever it may have been, must have constituted great part of the whole, and must have been dispersed through it in irregular masses; for all the innumerable triangular apertures in the walls, broad below, and terminating in a point above, not penetrating deep into the rock, nor splitting it to its very summit, must have been filled with this more yielding substance. There is no reason to believe that the rock was not entirely homogeneous; and the soil in the different passages is a deposition of sand, evidently from the main body of the mountain. Then comes the difficulty, why certain parts should have been washed away, and others spared? The sharp, angular edges of the different masses, likewise, are not easily reconciled with the action of the water with which they must have been so long in contact.

Proceeding eastwards from Adersbach to Glatz, the capital of the fertile and beautiful county to which it gives its name, you still continue, for some miles, in Bohemia, and it is impossible not to remark the great difference between the population on the Austrian side, and that on the Prussian side of the frontier. Hitherto, so far as you have come in Lower Silesia, all has been industry and activity ; you have scarcely arrived at Adersbach, when idleness and beggary surround you in a thousand forms. The country is delicious. Braunau, the only Bohemian town through which I passed, lies in a lovely plain, offering every thing to supply the wants of men, and running up, on all sides, into romantic, wooded platforms, which present a great deal to gratify their taste ; but the population seemed to be utterly sunk in poverty, ignorance, and superstition. Mendicity crowds upon you with as much frequency and importunacy as in the States of the Church ; the people sing hymns to the Virgin, and will beg rather than work. The beggary diminishes, but unfortunately the ignorance and superstition still continue, after you have re-entered the Prussian dominions at Wünschelburg. Under Catholic Austria, every mode of oppression and discouragement was practised against the Silesian Protestants. Though in many places they were the more numerous party, it was esteemed a great boon that they were allowed to have six churches in the whole province. When Protestant Frederick conquered it, and made good his possession by seven years of the most wonderful exertions that ever monarch put forth, he placed both parties on the same footing : and, where Catholics

were then numerous, they have not diminished. At Alberndorf, a village between Wünschelburg and Glatz, I was assured that at least sixty thousand pilgrims repair to it annually to pray in its gaudy, gimcrack church, and to meditate up an eminence, along the slope of which some fool or another has built a crowd of small chapels, in exact imitation, as these poor people most conscientiously believe, of Mount Calvary. Their roads are impassable ; but at every half mile a Virgin is stuck upon a tree. One was adorned with an inscription which hailed her as " The true Lily of the Holy Trinity, and the Blooming Rose of Celestial Voluptuousness ! " *

The long journey from Glatz, through Upper Silesia, to Cracow, presents little that is interesting. The nearer one approaches to the frontiers of Poland, the farther he recedes from the industry and intelligence of the pure German portions of the province ; instead of Saxon activity and liveliness, he encounters Polish misery and servility. Till the middle of the twelfth century, Silesia formed an integral part of Poland ; and it has received all its arts and industry from German colonists. It is the same thing in Hungary, Transylvania, and the Bannat ; the most flourishing spots are uniformly those which, for centuries, have been the abodes of German settlers. Their introduction into Silesia was a bold experiment. The province had already become an appanage of a

- * Sey gegrüßet ! Du wahres Lilchen
Der heiligen Dreyfaltigkeit !
- Sey gegrüßet ! Du blühende Rose
Der himmlischen Wollustbarkeit !

younger branch of the sovereign family of Poland ; Bodislaus, one of three sons among whom it was divided on the death of their common father, received Breslau, and the greater part of what now forms Middle Silesia. Knowing that his relation on the Polish throne entertained designs against Silesia, and believing that, in case of so unequal a struggle, he could not repose confidence in his Silesian subjects, whom time and custom, with all the deep-rooted prejudices which they generate, had tied to the Polish crown, he adopted the expedient of mixing his natural born subjects with foreigners who should gradually acquire the predominance, and, having no natural attachment to the power which he dreaded, would defend with vigour the government that had favoured their settlement, and protected their infant establishments. To the fears of the pious Bodislaus, in the darkest period of the twelfth century, Silesia is indebted for its culture. These German colonists brought along with them their national industry, and the rudiments of such arts as they themselves knew. They were governed by German laws ; the flourishing condition to which their communities speedily raised themselves, in comparison with the rest of the country, extended at once their influence and their numbers. Favoured by the frequent contests with the crown of Bohemia, and, still more, by the disputed rights, or rather claims, of Bohemia and Hungary, they gradually made their people and their language triumphant, in the greatest part of this fertile and beautiful province.

Cracow neither requires nor deserves any detailed description. The ancient and magnificent capi-

tal of the Polish monarchs now consists of palaces without inhabitants, and inhabitants without bread; and only the improbable event of the restoration of Poland will relieve it from the desolation that reigns in its streets, and the misery that pines within its houses. The liberators of Europe, too jealous of each other to allow any one of themselves to retain a city which, as a frontier position, would have been of so much value, performed the farce of erecting it into a free town. Cracow, deprived of every outlet to industry, and every source of revenue, was left to bear the expenses of a government and an university. Dowried by her high protectors with a few miles of territory, and some hundreds of beggared peasants, she was married to penury and annihilation. The sensible among her citizens are by no means proud of their useless independence; and even the senators break jokes with melancholy bitterness on their mendicant republic. There are neither arts nor manufactures; the surrounding country is abundantly fruitful, but the peasantry who cultivate it have no spirit of enterprise, and no stimulus to exertion. No spot in Europe can present a more squalid rural population than that which basks in the sun in the public places of Cracow on a market-day. Twelve thousand of the inhabitants are Jews; they are sunk still lower than the peasantry in uncleanness and misery, and appear to be still less sensible to it. The part of the city which they inhabit is scarcely approachable; two or three families, men, women, and children, pigs, dogs, and poultry, wallow together in the mire of some sickening and low-roofed hovel. The Poles complain

of them as one great cause of the rapid decay of the city. They say that the Jews have gotten into their hands all the trade that remains to it ; for, purchasing cheaply by the practice of rascally arts, and living in a manner which scarcely requires expenditure, they undersell their Christian competitors. The palace of the kings of Poland is itself a picture of the vicissitudes of the state. Once inhabited by the Casimirs, the Sigismunds, and the Sobieskis, it is now the abode of tattered paupers, and even these are principally dependent on casual revenues for the pittance which merely supports life.

Adjoining the palace is the cathedral, in which the Polish monarchs were wont to be crowned and buried. In its general style it may be called Gothic, but the subordinate ornaments aim at the architecture of the south. The altars are so cumbered with pillars, and the columns which separate the nave from the aisles are so stuck round with monuments and tablets, that the whole has a heavy and confused appearance. Nearly all the ornaments, likewise, are formed of a black marble, which is found in abundance in the neighbourhood of Cracow, and has been lavishly consumed in its churches ; its gloomy hue contrasts strangely with the brilliantly gilded saints who are crowded into every corner. The architectural effect of the long and ample nave is spoiled by the gorgeous tomb and altar of St Stanislaus, which entirely divide it, and seem to be the abrupt termination of the church. On the altar lies the body of the saint, contained in a coffin of massive silver, six feet long, which is supported by four female figures,

about half the size of the life, fashioned in the same metal. A number of tall silver candelabras are ranged before it ; and on high is suspended a large lamp, equally sacred and costly. If the man did not deserve all this for his virtues, he, at least, merited it by his miracles ; for he is one of the few saints in the calendar who have gone the length of raising the dead, (but he did it for the protection of church-property,) and the story is worked in relief on his silver coffin. His death was tragical, and the circumstances which led to it were, according to the story, somewhat out of the way. St Stanislaus was bishop of Cracow, under Boleslaus II., towards the end of the eleventh century. Boleslaus was a headstrong and quarrelsome prince, and spent his whole reign in wars with his neighbours. He had kept his army in the field seven years ; and the ladies at home, esteeming this long desertion by their husbands a virtual annulling of all matrimonial obligations, selected new companions from among their very slaves. The authority of the king could not detain his warriors a moment longer ; they hastened home, and exacted a bloody vengeance from the faithless fair ones, as well as from their imprudent mates. Boleslaus followed, breathing wrath against the knights who had abandoned him in the field, and the ladies who had occasioned their desertion. He beheaded or hanged a considerable number of both, and condemned the women whom he spared to suckle dogs, as a symbol of the unnatural connexion which they had formed with their menials. The good bishop could endure neither the bloodshed, nor this unchristian sort of wet-nursing ; he reprimand-

ed the monarch for his lawless cruelties, and the resistance of the priest only inflamed the rough warrior. The bishop, strong in his apostolical dignity, excommunicated the king, and refused him admittance to the mass, which he was performing in a small church still called the *Stanislaus-Kirche*. The infuriated Boleslaus burst into the church by force, and, with his own hand, murdered the bishop on the steps of the altar. The thunders of Rome were immediately hurled against him ; and, compelled to fly from his kingdom, he shortly afterwards put a period to his life in exile in Hungary. Stanislaus was canonized ; the wooden church in which he was murdered was converted, by the generosity of the pious, into a respectable stone edifice ; and although it consisted entirely of wood when St Stanislaus fell, it so happened that some of his blood stained the stone wall which afterwards was built, and is still devoutly visited and kissed by hundreds of believing Poles.

The cathedral is crowded with the monuments of Polish kings. Those of the earlier sovereigns are in the usual form of massy sarcophaguses, whose sides are covered with rude sculpture, and on whose top is extended the stiff effigy of the defunct, with crown, sceptre, and regal robes. One of the oldest is that of Casimir the Great, the first, and, for centuries, the only Polish monarch who succeeded in remedying some of the evils which had rendered the kingdom an incessant scene of contention and bloodshed, and had retarded its progress in the most ordinary institutions of civil life. Of the modern monuments the most interesting is that of King John III. Sobieski, the only so

veraign, after the crown had become really elective, who effected any thing great either for the fame or welfare of the country. A large pedestal of black marble supports a sarcophagus ; the sides of the latter are covered with a battle, and military trophies, in relief, and two Turkish prisoners lie chained in front of it. A pyramid rises above, bearing the busts of Sobieski and his wife. The inscription records his exploits, and finishes with the distich,

*Tres luctus causæ sunt hoc sub marmore clausæ ;
Rex, decus Ecclesiæ, summus honor patriæ.*

Except the busts, the figures and trophies are merely of plaster ; Sobieski deserved something better. The body remained for nearly a century in the old vault, in which a long line of Polish monarchs had been deposited. Stanislaus fitted up a new vault, near the door of the cathedral. He intended it for himself and his successors, in the fond hope that with him was to commence a new and more happy race of sovereigns, and the body of Sobieski was the only one which he removed from the old vault. But Stanislaus himself was destined to close the series of Polish kings, and his ashes to be laid in a foreign country. The new vault contains only three bodies, but they are all those of men celebrated in European history, Sobieski, Kosciusko, and Poniatowsky. The last of them was deposited in it by order of the Emperor of Russia. The monument of Kosciusko was not yet finished. It will be the simplest of all memorials to the mighty dead, for it is merely a huge, round, tapering eminence of earth, arti-

ficially brought together. A hermit had already taken up his abode in a hovel on the ascent to it, to give the straggling visitor benedictions in return for farthings.

Cracow may be considered the centre of that singular and revolting disease, the *Weichselzopf* or *Plica Polonica*. It derives its name from its most prominent symptom, the entangling of the hair into a confused mass. It is generally preceded by violent headaches, and tingling in the ears ; it attacks the bones and joints, and even the nails of the toes and fingers, which split longitudinally ; I saw such furrows on the nails of a person twelve years after his complete cure. If so obstinate as to defy treatment, it ends in blindness, deafness, or in the most melancholy distortions of the limbs, and sometimes in all these miseries together. The most extraordinary part of the disease, however, is its action on the hair. The individual hairs begin to swell at the root, and to exude a fat, slimy substance, frequently mixed with suppurated matter, which is the most noisome feature of the malady. Their growth is, at the same time, more rapid, and their sensibility greater, than in their healthy state ; and, notwithstanding the incredulity with which it was long received, it is now no longer doubtful, that, where the disease has reached a high degree of malignity, not only whole masses of the hair, but even single hairs, will bleed if cut off, and that, too, throughout their whole length, as well as at the root. The hairs, growing rapidly amidst this corrupted moisture, twist themselves together inextricably, and at last are plaited into a confused, clotted, disgusting-looking

mass. Very frequently they twist themselves into a number of separate masses like ropes, and there is an instance of such a *Zopf* growing to the length of fourteen feet on a lady's head, before it could be safely cut off. Sometimes they assume other forms, which medical writers have distinguished by specific names, such as, the Bird's-Nest Plica, the Turban Plica, the Medusa-Head Plica, the Long-tailed Plica, the Club-shaped Plica, &c.

The hair, however, while thus suffering itself, seems to do so merely from contributing to the cure of the disease, by being the channel through which the corrupted matter is carried off from the body. From the moment that the hair begins to entangle itself, the preceding symptoms always diminish, and frequently disappear entirely; and the patient is comparatively well, except that he must submit to the inconvenience of bearing about with him this disgusting head-piece. Accordingly, where there is reason to suspect that a *Weichselzopf* is forming itself, medical means are commonly used to further its outbreking on the head, as the natural progress, and only true cure of the disease. Among the peasants, the same object is pursued by increased filth and carelessness, and even by soaking the hair with oil or rancid butter. After the hair has continued to grow thus tangled and noisome for a period, which is in no case fixed, it gradually becomes dry; healthy hairs begin to grow up under the plica, and, at last, "push it from its stool." In the process of separation, however, it unites itself so readily with the new hairs, that, if not cut off at this stage, it continues hanging for years, an entirely foreign ap-

pendage to the head. There are many instances of Poles who, suffering under poignant ailments, which were, in reality, the forerunners of an approaching *Weichselzopf*, have in vain sought aid, in other countries, from foreign physicians, and, on their return, have found a speedy, though a very disagreeable cure, in the breaking out of the plica.

But till the plica has run through all its stages, and has begun of itself to decay, any attempt to cut the hair is attended with the utmost danger to the patient ; for it not only affects the body by bringing on convulsions, cramps, distortion of the limbs, and frequently death, but the imprudence has often had madness for its result ; and, in fact, during the whole progress of the disease, the mind is, in general, affected no less than the body. Yet, for a long time, to cut off the hair was the first step taken on the approach of the disease. People were naturally anxious to get rid of its most disgusting symptom, and they ascribed the melancholy effects that uniformly followed, not to the removal of the hair, but merely to the internal malady, on which this removal had no influence ; and medical men had not yet learned that this was the natural outlet of the disease. Even towards the end of the last century, some medical writers of Germany still maintained that the hair should instantly be cut ; but the examples in which blindness, distortion, death, or insanity, has been the immediate consequence of the operation, are much too numerous to allow their theoretical opinion any weight. The only known cure is, to allow the hair to grow till it begins to rise pure and healthy

from the skin, an appearance which indicates that the malady is over. The hair is then shaved off, and the cure is generally complete, although there are cases in which the disease has been known to return. The length of time during which the head continues in this state of corruption, depends entirely on the degree of malignity of the disease.

Two instances of the wonderful disposition of the hairs thus to intertwist themselves with each other were mentioned to me, which I would not have believed had I not received them from an eyewitness, and would not repeat, were not that eyewitness among the most respectable citizens of Cracow in character and rank, the historian of its fate, and a member of its senate. The first occurred in his own house. A servant was attacked with the *Weichselzopf*; at length the hair began to rise in a healthy state from the head; it was shaved off, and the man wore a wig. But the cure had not been complete; the malady speedily returned, and the new-springing hairs, already diseased, instead of plaiting themselves with one another, made their way through the lining of the wig, and intertwisted themselves so thoroughly with *its* hairs, that it could not be removed, until the natural hair itself, from whose extremity it depended, had returned to its natural state. The other case was that of a young lady whose relations had ignorantly cut off her hair at the commencement of the disease; the consequences were violent, and threatened to be mortal. Fortunately the lady, with the liking which every girl has for a head of beautiful hair, had ordered her ravished locks to be carefully preserved, and it was resol-

ved to try an experiment. The hair was again bandished on the head ; as the new and corrupted hair sprung up, it united itself so firmly with the old, that they formed but one mass ; the convulsions and distortions disappeared, and, in due time, the cure was complete.

The Weichselzopf, at once a painful, a dangerous, and a disgusting disease, is not confined to the human species ; it attacks horses, particularly in the hairs of the mane, dogs, oxen, and even wolves and foxes. Although more common among the poorer classes, it is not peculiar to them, for it spares neither rank, nor age, nor sex. Women, however, are said to be less exposed to it than men, and fair hair less than brown or black hair. It is contagious, and moreover, may become hereditary. In Cracow, there is a family, the father of which had the Weichselzopf, but seemed to be thoroughly cured ; he married shortly afterwards, and his wife was speedily subjected to the same frightful visitation ; and, of three children whom she bore to him, every one has inherited the disease. Among professional persons, great diversity of opinion prevails regarding its origin and nature. According to some, it is merely the result of filth and bad diet ; but, although it certainly is more frequent among the classes who are exposed to these miseries, particularly among the Jews, whose beards it sometimes attacks as well as their locks, it is by no means confined to them ; the most wealthy and cleanly are not exempt from its influence : of this I saw many instances in Cracow. Others, again, allowing that it is much aggravated by uncleanness and insalubrious food, set it down

as epidemic, and seek its origin in some particular qualities of the air or water of the country, just as some have sought the origin of *goitres* ; but, though more common in Poland than elsewhere, it is likewise at home in Livonia, and some other parts of Russia, and, above all, in Tartary, from whence, in fact, it is supposed to have been first imported, during the Tartar invasion in the end of the thirteenth century. A third party has made it a modification of leprosy. The more ignorant classes of the people believe that it is a preservative against all other diseases, and therefore adorn themselves with an inoculated *Weichselzopf*.

Cracow is washed on the south by the broad and rapid Vistula ; and so soon as you have crossed the long wooden bridge, you are in the dominions of Austria, part of her shameful gains, when

Sarmatia fell unwept, without a crime !

The jealous vigilance of her police is immediately felt ; at every stage, the postmaster insists on examining your passport. The same spirit even accompanies the stranger down into the neighbouring salt mines of Wieliczka ; he finds no difficulty in procuring admittance ; but, when he has been admitted, he encounters many difficulties in seeing every thing he would wish to see, and learning all that he might wish to learn.

Notwithstanding the length of time during which these mines have been worked, and the quantity of salt which has been taken out of them, their treasures appear to be as inexhaustible as ever. They are situated in the outskirts of the Carpathians,

which, although they do not present in this direction any very elevated summit, form to the eye a much finer range of hills, than the Silesian mountains of the Giant. The mines descend to the depth of about fifteen hundred feet. The miners go down on ladders, through an ordinary shaft ; but the visitor has likewise the accommodation of salt stairs, as ample, regular, and convenient, as if they had been constructed for palaces ; and, below, the immense caverns which have been formed by the removal of the salt are, in many instances, connected by passages equally smooth and spacious with the streets of a capital. The finest of them have been named after monarchs, because they have generally been, if not formed, yet widened into their present regularity and extent on the occasion of some imperial or royal visit. Thus you have Francis Street, and Alexander Street ; and the great staircase itself was originally hewn out for the accommodation of Augustus III. of Saxony and Poland, in the middle of last century. In a gold, or silver, or iron mine, luxuries of this sort cost a prodigious quantity of labour, and the labour spent in removing the stubborn rock brings no other reward than the luxury itself ; but in a salt mine, it is both more easily attainable and more profitable ; for in widening the passages salt is gained, and it is just as well to procure the fossil in this way as in any other. Another mode of entering is to descend the perpendicular shaft through which the barrels, filled with salt below, are brought above ground. Towards the lower extremity of the rope, a number of cross pieces of wood are firmly secured to it, the groups being

separated from each other by an interval of seven or eight feet. A couple of strangers seat themselves on this frail machine, clasping the rope in their arms, with their legs hanging down into the dark and deep abyss. They are then lowered till the next pair of cross sticks is on a level with the mouth of the shaft ; on these a second couple is seated in the same way ; and thus it goes on till the visitors are exhausted, or the rope is sufficiently loaded for its strength. The rope and its burden are then allowed to drop slowly into the earth, the windlass above being stopped, on a given signal, as each party reaches the bottom, to give them time to dismount from their wooden horses. At the very end of the rope hang two boys, with lights, to afford the passengers the means of preventing the vibrations of the rope from dashing them against the walls of the shaft. You are landed below, at a depth of three hundred feet, in the first floor, near St Anthony's chapel, an early production of the miners. The chapel itself, its pillars, with their capitals, and cornices, its altar and its images, are all hewn out in the salt rock. It is not true, however, as has often been stated, that the outlines of its different forms have retained their original accuracy, and its angles their sharpness. They have all suffered, as was to be expected, from the long-continued action of moisture, which is abundantly visible in every part of the chapel. The angles of the walls and capitals of the pillars are entirely rounded away ; and even St Anthony himself, a very tolerable statue, considering the artists and the materials, has been almost deprived of his nose, the most unseemly of

all failings in canonized sanctity. In fact, Wieliczka has been the subject of much exaggeration. It is not true that the miners have their houses and villages beneath ground, or that some of them have been born there, and that still more of them have never been on the earth since they first descended ; for, though the labour is carried on without interruption during the four and twenty hours, the workmen here, as in most other mines, are divided into three bands, each of which works only eight hours ; and their houses, wives, and families, are above ground. It is true, that the horses employed in removing the barrels of salt from different parts of the mine to the mouth of the shaft through which they are to be drawn up, rarely revisit day-light after they have once descended, and that they have their stables and hay-lofts below ground ; but it is not true that they generally become blind in consequence of living so much in the dark. The often-repeated wonder of a stream of fresh water, flowing through the salt rock, is equally void of foundation ; but neither is it true, that all the fresh water in the mine is brought down artificially from above. There are some springs of fresh water ; but there is no reason to suppose, that, in their course, they ever touch the salt rock. The soil which lies immediately on the fossil is a black clay, and above it is a stratum of sand abundantly impregnated with water. The upper surface of the salt rock, where it comes into contact with these superincumbent matters, forms not a regular, but a waved line ; every here and there it sinks down into valleys, as it were, with hills of salt on each side.

These valleys are filled with sand and earth, and it is through them that the springs of fresh water find their way down into the mine. In one of the lowest depths there is a small lake ; that is, the water oozing through the rock has filled up a large cavity which had been produced by the removal of the salt ; its bottom and banks are all rock salt ; and, accordingly, the little lake is most bitterly salt itself. There are various other small streams which flow out of or through the fossil ; and they are all so saturated with salt, that the Austrian directors have been known, in carrying them out of the mine, to turn their waters into places filled with all species of filth, lest the neighbouring population should make use of them for the purpose of procuring salt by evaporation.

In the upper galleries of the mine the salt does not appear so much in the form of a continuous rock as in that of huge insulated masses, inserted into the mountain, like enormous pebbles ; some of them exceed a hundred feet in diameter, and sometimes they are found not larger than a foot-ball. This was the portion first wrought, because nearest the earth, and mining in those days must have been ruinously rude. These immense masses of salt were removed much too freely ; the irregularly vaulted roofs of the caverns which they had occupied were left without support, and the consequence was, that they frequently fell in. On more occasions than one, the town of Wieliczka, which stands above great part of the mine, has been shaken as if by an earthquake, and some of its houses have sunk into the ground. The miners began to feel the inconvenience of these dangers and inter-

ruptions ; and, as the neighbourhood abounded, in those days, with wood, which cost nothing but the trouble of cutting it down, they filled the cavities with stems of trees laid upon each other. Even this remedy, toilsome as it was, was an imperfect one ; for you can still distinctly trace where the weight of the superincumbent mass has conquered the resistance of the wood, and bent and crushed it out of its true position. The materials which they thus used exposed them, likewise, to the danger of fire, which actually overtook them in the middle of the seventeenth century, when the mine continued on fire rather more than a year. Perhaps the timber had not been sufficiently long below ground to imbibe salt in such a quantity as would enable it to resist flame ; for, if the experience of Austria and Silesia be correct, it would not have burned when fully impregnated with salt. In those parts of Silesia and Austria where the houses are roofed with narrow and thin pieces of wood, which, in summer, become nearly as dry and inflammable as tinder, and, at all times, present a most efficacious instrument for propagating a conflagration, the frequency of destructive fires attracted the notice of the public authorities. As the result of the chemical investigations to which this led, it has been recommended, under the sanction of learned societies, that the wood used in roofing should previously be saturated with salt. In this state, they say, it will resist fire as effectually as either slates or tiles will do. The alteration has hitherto been very sparingly adopted, partly because it would cost a little money, but much more because it is a change ; and German peasants, in general, ar

sworn adherents of the Glenburnie creed, not to be "fashed." In Wieliczka, the wood is now as hard as rock. I was assured that even animals which die do not putrefy, but merely assume the appearance of stuffed birds and beasts; and it was added, that when, in 1696, the bodies of some workmen, who it was supposed had perished in the great conflagration, were found in a retired and deserted corner of the mine, they were as dry and hard as mummies.

In the deeper galleries, the operations have been carried on with much greater care and regularity. In them the salt assumes more decidedly the character of a continuous stratum, although it is often interrupted, both vertically and horizontally, by veins of rock. The salt is cut out in long, narrow blocks, as if from a quarry; it is then broken into smaller pieces, and packed up in barrels. At certain distances, large masses of it are left standing, to act as pillars in supporting the roof. Its colour, in the mass, is dark, nor is the reflection of light from its surfaces at all so dazzling as has sometimes been represented. When, indeed, flambeaux are flashing from every point of rock, and the galleries and caverns are illuminated, as they sometimes have been, in honour of royal personages, with numbers of gay chandeliers, their crystallized walls and ceilings may throw back a magnificent flood of light; but, in their ordinary state, illuminated only with the small lights, by whose guidance the miners pursue their labours, the effect is neither very brilliant nor imposing.

The whole of this part of Galicia is a beautiful and fertile country. On the south and south-east,

it is bounded by the shady and romantic eminences with which the lofty ridge of the Carpathians commences, and from whose western extremity, the young Vistula, as you approach, at Teschen, the frontiers of Moravia, comes hurrying down. There is a most observable difference in the appearance both of the towns and the peasantry, from the character of those which you have just left in Poland; there is more activity and seeming comfort; what the traveller sees would not lead him to think that the inhabitants of Galicia ought to regret their transference from the crown of Poland. In Moravia, the country has more of the plain, and the people gradually display, the nearer you come to the capital, the jovial and social *bonhomie* of the Austrian character. The whole province is in high cultivation, and is so fertile in fruit, that it is usually styled the Orchard of Austria. The population, too, is dense, and the whole road is a succession of clean, bustling small towns, many of them depending principally on the woollen manufacture, which, with the assistance of the raw material from Bohemia and Hungary, has gradually risen to what is, for Austria, a very honourable degree of respectability. The manufacturers assert, that they could carry it much farther, if the sheep farmers would condescend to take some lessons from the Saxons as to the manner of preparing and assorting their wool.

On reaching the brow of the low eminences that border, to the north, the valley through which the Danube takes his course, a magnificent prospect burst at once upon the eye. A wide plain lay below, teeming with the productions and habitations

of industrious men. On the east, towards Hungary, it was boundless, and the eye was obstructed only by the horizon. To the westward rose the hills which, beginning in orchard and vineyard, and terminating in forest and precipice, form, in this direction, the commencement of the Alps ; and to the south, the plain was bounded by the loftier summits of the Styrian mountains. Nearly in the centre of the picture lay Vienna itself, extending on all sides its gigantic arms ; and the spire of the cathedral, high above every other object, was proudly presenting its Gothic pinnacle to the evening sun. From this point, the inequality of the ground on which Vienna stands strikes the eye at once, and the cathedral has the advantage of occupying the highest point of the proper city ; for not only the spire, but nearly the whole body of the edifice, was distinctly seen above all the other buildings of the city.

CHAPTER IV.

VIENNA.

Oben wohnt ein Geist der nicht
 Menschlich zürnet und schmähet
 Noch, mit Wolken im Gesicht,
 Küß' und Flaschen zählet ;
 Nein ; Er lächelt mild herab,
 Wenn sich zwischen Wieg' und Grab
 Seine Kinder freuen.

LANGBRIN.

He condemns not our joys, like our brethren of earth,
 The Spirit immortal that governs above ;
 Nor, wrapping his brow in the cloud of a frown,
 Counts the bottles of mirth, or the kisses of love ;
 No ; he smiles when the children his hand planted here
 In transport enjoy from the breast to the bier.

THESE lines, from a popular German poet and novelist, contain the text on which every one of the three hundred thousand inhabitants who crowd Vienna and its interminable suburbs, seems to reckon it a duty to make his life a commentary. They are more devoted friends of jovialty, pleasure, and good living, and more bitter enemies of every thing like care or thinking, a more eating, drinking, good-natured, ill-educated, hospitable, and laughing people than any other of Germany, or, perhaps, of Europe. Their climate and soil, the corn

and wine with which Heaven has blessed them, exempt them from any very anxious degree of thought about their own wants ; and the government, with its spies and police, takes most effectual care that their gaiety shall not be disturbed by thinking of the public necessities, or studying for the public weal. In regard to themselves, they are distinguished by a love of pleasure ; in regard to strangers, by great kindness and hospitality. It is difficult to bring an Austrian to a downright quarrel with you, and it is almost equally difficult to prevent him from injuring your health by good living.

The city itself is a splendid and a bustling one ; no other German metropolis comes near it in that crowded activity which distinguishes our own capitals. It does not stand, strictly speaking, on the Danube, which is a mile to the northward, and is separated from the city by the largest of all the suburbs, the Leopoldstadt, as well as by the extensive tract of ground on which the groves of the Prater have been planted, and its walks laid out. The walls, however, are washed, on this side, by a small arm of the Danube, which rejoins the main stream a short way below the city, and is sufficiently large for the purposes of inland navigation. On the south, the proper city is separated from the suburbs by a still more insignificant stream, which, however, gives its name to the capital, the Vienna. This rivulet, instead of serving effectually even the purposes of cleanliness, brings down the accumulated refuse of other regions of the town ; and its noisome effluvia often render it an

effort to pass the bridge across it, one of the most crowded thoroughfares of Vienna.

The proper city is of nearly a circular form, and cannot be more than three miles in circumference, for I have often walked quite round the ramparts in less than an hour. The style of building does not pretend to much ornament, but is massive and imposing. The streets are generally narrow, and the houses lofty, rising to four or five floors, which are all entered by a common stair. There is much more regularity, and there are many more cornices and pillars, in Berlin ; in Dresden there is a more frequent intermixture of showy edifices ; there is more lightness and airiness of effect in the best parts of Munich ; and in Nürnberg and Augsburg, there is a greater profusion of the outward ornaments of the olden time ; but in none of these towns is there so much of that sober and solid stateliness, without gloom, which, after all, is perhaps the most fitting style of building for a large city. Some individual masses of building, in the very heart of the city, are as populous as large villages. The Bürger-Spital, formerly, as its name denotes, an hospital for citizens, but converted into dwelling-houses by Joseph II., contains ten large courts, is peopled by more than 1200 inhabitants, and yields a yearly rental of L.6500. Another edifice, in one of the suburbs, belonging to Prince Esterhazy, contains 150 different dwelling-houses, and lets for from L.1600 to L.2000. Mr Trattener, formerly a bookseller, and the most fortunate bibliopole that the Austrian capital has yet produced, erected on the Graben, the most bustling part of the city, a huge building, which

yields to its proprietor L.2400 a-year ; and Count Stahremberg has another, whose annual rental amounts to L.4000. Even the ordinary buildings are generally in the form of a square, surrounding a small court ; but the houses are so high, and the court is of such narrow dimensions, that it frequently has more of the appearance of a well ; and the common stair, which receives its light from it, is left in darkness. Even on the Graben, it is sometimes necessary to have lamps in the stair-cases during the day.

Every house, whatever number of families it may contain in its various floors, is under the superintendence of a *Hausmeister*, or house-master, who is a personage of much importance to the convenience of all who inhabit it. He is some mean person, frequently an old woman, appointed by the proprietor to watch over the building and its tenants, in so far as the welfare of mason-work and carpenter's-work is concerned, to attend to the cleanliness of the common passages, and the safety of the street-door. This little despot commonly lurks in some dark hole on the ground floor, or still lower down ; and every evening, as the clock strikes ten, he locks the street-door. After this, there is neither ingress or egress without his permission, and his favour is to be gained only at the expense of the pocket ; if you come home after ten o'clock, he expects his twopence for hearing the bell, and opening the door. It is true, that he is bound in duty to admit you at any hour, and that you are not bound to give him any thing ; but if you have entered in this way once or twice, without properly greeting his

itching palm, the consequence is, that on the next, and all subsequent occasions, you may ring half an hour before the grumbling *Hausmeister* deigns to hear, and another before he condescends to answer your thankless summons. It is the same thing even in the inns ; at ten o'clock the outer gate must be shut, whatever revelry may be going on within. It is a police regulation, and the police is watchful. Besides a body of men corresponding to our watchmen, but who, instead of calling the hour, strike their bludgeons upon the pavement, the streets are patrolled, all night long, by gens-d'armes, both mounted and on foot. Street noise, street quarrels, and street robberies, are unknown. It is only outside of the walls, in the more lonely parts of the glacis which separates the city from the suburbs, that nocturnal depredations are sometimes committed ; and, in such cases, robbery is not unfrequently accompanied with murder.

“ The Art of walking the streets ” in London, is an easy problem, compared with the art of walking them in Vienna. In the former, there is some order and distinction, even in the crowd ; two-legged and four-legged animals have their allotted places, and are compelled to keep them ; in the latter, all this is otherwise. It is true, that in the principal streets, a few feet on each side are paved with stones somewhat larger than those in the centre, and these side slips are intended for pedestrians ; but the pedestrians have no exclusive right ; the level of the street is uniform ; there is nothing to prevent horses and carriages from encroaching on the domain, and, accordingly, they

are perpetually trespassing. The streets, even those in which there is the greatest bustle, the *Kärntherstrasse*, for example, are generally narrow ; carriages, hackney-coaches, and loaded waggon, observing no order, cross each other in all directions ; and, while they hurry past each other, or fill the street by coming from opposite quarters, the pedestrian is every moment in danger of being run up against the wall. A provoking circumstance is, that frequently a third part, or even a half of the street, is rendered useless by heaps of wood, the fuel of the inhabitants. The wood is brought into the city in large pieces, from three to four feet long. A waggon-load of these logs is laid down on the street, at the door of the purchaser, to be sawed and split into smaller pieces, before being deposited in his cellar. When this occurs, as it often does, at every third or fourth door, the street just loses so much of its breadth. Nothing remains but the centre, and that is constantly swarming with carriages, and carts, and barrows. The pedestrian must either wind himself through among their wheels, or clamber over successive piles of wood, or patiently wait till the centre of the street becomes passable for a few yards. To think of doubling the wooden promontory without this precaution is far from being safe. You have scarcely, by a sudden spring, saved your shoulders from the pole of a carriage, when a wheel-barrow makes a similar attack on your legs. You make spring the second, and, in all probability, your head comes in contact with the uplifted hatchet of a wood-cutter. The wheel-barrows seem to be best off. They fill

such a middle rank between bipeds and quadrupeds, that they lay claim to the privileges of both, and hold on their way rejoicing, commanding respect equally from men and horses.

To guide a carriage through these crowded, encumbered, disorderly, narrow streets, without either occasioning or sustaining damage, is, perhaps, the highest achievement of the coach-driving art. Our own knights of the whip, with all their scientific and systematic excellencies, must here yield the palm to the practical superiority of their Austrian brethren. Nothing can equal the dexterity with which a Vienna coachman winds himself, and winds himself rapidly, through every little aperture, and, above all, at the sharp turns of the streets. People on foot, indeed, must look about them ; and, from necessity, they have learned to look about them so well, that accidents are wonderfully rare ; and very seldom indeed does it happen, that the Jehus do not keep clear of each other's wheels. The hackney-coachmen form as peculiar a class as they do in London, with as much *esprit de corps*, but more humour, full of jokes and extortion. They say that the most skilful coachman from any other country cannot drive in Vienna without a regular education. A few years ago, a Hungarian nobleman brought out a coachman from London ; but Tom was under the necessity of resigning the box, after a day's driving pregnant with danger to his master's limbs and carriage.

In Vienna the distinction between the fashionable and unfashionable parts of the city is less strongly marked than in most other capitals. The

courtiers naturally love to be near the palace, which joins the ramparts on the south side of the city, and the Herrengasse, the nearest street, is full of princely abodes ; but there are few parts of the town, and especially on the ramparts, where you are not struck by the huge piles, gorgeously dressed servants, and glittering equipages of Hungarian and Bohemian nobles. Yet there are few particular buildings which could be pointed out as fine edifices—for no great metropolis has hitherto made so few pretensions to classical and elegant architecture, although it has the merit of having avoided, in a great measure, those barbarous mixtures, and gewgaw fripperies, which are the disgrace of some other capitals. More than one of the public buildings which were intended to be splendid, are either mediocre, or positively bad ; and, even when the main conception is good, there is commonly some unpardonable adjunct which mars its beauty, and interrupts its effect. The palace of Prince Lichtenstein is a gorgeous building ; its library is the handsomest part of it, and the finest single hall in Vienna, and its contents are at once abundant and valuable. Yet the only entrance to the library is by a dark and narrow stair at the back of the house, and leads the visitor past the reeking doors of the prince's stables, which are right below. When this part of the building was raised, it was proposed to inscribe upon it, *EQUIS ET MUSIS*. The Imperial riding-school, a work of Fischer of Erlach, the first architect who introduced some grandeur into the public edifices of Vienna, is in a chaste and severe style, so far as it can be seen ; but it is stuck on the irregular

pile of the palace, and palace theatre, in such a way that no whole is observable, and it looks like a fragment. The palace of the House of Hapsburgh itself, the residence of a family which, entering Germany in the person of a Swiss knight unexpectedly chosen to wear the imperial crown, has raised itself, in defiance of all the political storms which have attacked it, to so powerful a rank among the sovereigns of Europe, is almost an emblem of the progress of its proprietors, a collection of dissimilar and ill-assorted masses, added to each other as convenience required, and occasion served. Even in the present century, the court architects have been carrying on their additions, and with much less taste than their predecessors displayed a hundred years ago. The latter formed a regular court, more than three hundred feet long, and surrounded by buildings which, though very different in style—from the antiquated and venerable appearance of the old Burg on the east side, to the florid architecture of the long mass which bounds it on the north—are never positively mean, and always present large and uniform surfaces on every side. But the moderns, for the sake of widening a hall, have broken the south front by carrying it out in an impertinent projection, which looks much liker a coffee-house than a palace.

Vienna has some noble public squares, though no people requires them less for purposes of recreation; for, when amusement is their object, they hasten beyond the walls to the coffee-houses of the glacis, or the shades of the Prater, the wine-houses and monks of Kloster-Neuburg, or the gar-

dens of Schönbrunn. The best of these squares happen to be in parts of the city where the fashionable world does not often intrude. They are not planted, but they are excellently paved ; they are not gaudy with palaces, but they are surrounded by the busy shops, and substantial and comfortable dwellings of happy citizens, and are commonly adorned with some religious emblem, or a public fountain. Their decorations have too much work about them ; there is too much striving after finery of sculpture, a department of art in which the Austrians are still very far behind. The consequence is, that round their fountains there are crowds of figures which have no more to do with a basin of water than with a punch-bowl. The *Graben*, an open space in the most busy part of the town, and entered, at both extremities, by the narrowest and most inconvenient lanes in Vienna, (although, on Sundays and festivals, it is the great thoroughfare of all classes, from the emperor to the servant girl,) is embellished with two fountains. The fountains themselves are simple and unaffected ; but it was necessary to have statues. Therefore, at the one well stands Joseph explaining to the Messiah his Hebrew genealogy, and, at the other, St Leopold, holding in his hands a plan of the Monastery of Neuburg ! The artist of the fountain in the *Neu-markt*, or New-market, seems to have felt the want of congruity in this union of holy saints with cold water, and he placed on the edge of his basin four naked figures, representing the four principal rivers of Austria, pouring their waters into the Danube, whose genii surround the pillar that rises from the centre. But even here

comes something Austrian and absurd. The basin is so small, that half a dozen of moderately sized perch would feel themselves confined in it; yet these four emblematical figures are anxiously gazing into the tiny reservoir, and brandishing huge tridents to harpoon the invisible whales which are supposed to be sporting in its waters.

In all these squares, and in all the spots that are the favourite resorts of the people, a Briton, and even a Prussian, feels strongly the want of those public memorials which public gratitude ought to raise to men who have adorned or benefited a state by their talents. A stranger, wandering through the squares and churches of Vienna, would believe that the empire had never possessed a man whom it was worth while to record, except Joseph II.—to whom the government has erected a proud monument, while it has not only avoided his practical imprudences, but has bigotedly proscribed even the good principles on which these imprudences were merely excrescences. It is true, that Austria, of herself, has produced few high names; and, perhaps, this may be one reason why she has so carefully refrained from presenting to the public eye any proof of the frequency with which she has been compelled to trust for her safety and fame to the talent which other countries had produced. If Austria does not blush to have made use of foreign talent, why does she blush at recording its services in the eyes of her citizens? The bitter satire of the words which London's widow inscribed on the monument erected to him by herself in the shades of his country-seat, was richly deserved; NON PATRIA; NON IMPERATOR; CON-

JUX POSUIT. Where are Montecuculi, and Eugene, and Lacy, and Loudon, the only worthy opponent of Frederick? Where are Prince Louis of Baden, and John Sobieski of Poland, who saved Leopold, trembling in his palace, and hurled back the Crescent when ready to enter Vienna in triumph over the ruins of the Cross? Where are Jacquin and Van Swieten? Where are even the Daun and Kaunitz, the Mozart and Haydn of Austria itself? Simple busts of Loudon and Lacy were placed by Joseph in the hall where the Council of War holds its meetings, and were honoured with inscriptions from his own pen; but they were not for the public, and are visible only to high military officers. Daun was commemorated by an uncouth, gaudy, gilded thing; but even this, ugly as it is, was locked up in a chapel of the Augustine monks. Even the monument of Prince Eugene, to whom Austria owed a heavier debt than perhaps any country ever owed to one man, was the work, not of the public gratitude of Austria, but of the family feeling of a Duke of Savoy. With what pride does a Briton look round St Paul's and Westminster Abbey, or a Prussian point to the Wilhelmsplatz! In Vienna, there is not presented to the public eye the slightest memorial of the greatest men, (excepting Joseph II.,) to teach the people what no people more easily forgets than the Viennese, that there really is something in the world more respectable than mere eating and drinking, and waltzing.

The statue of Joseph II. stands in a square which bears his name. Two sides of the square are formed by the majestic elevations of the im-

perial library, which would gain by the removal of the two large gilt balls which disfigure its summit. The statue is a colossal and equestrian one, cast in bronze, and elevated on a lofty pedestal of granite. The pedestal and its attendant pilasters are adorned with medallions representing, not so much the public reforms, as the different journeys, of the emperor. The whole work is very creditable to the sculptor, Zauner ; there is nothing trivial or trifling about it. The horse, however, though a very good German horse, is not sufficiently improved for sculpture ; and altogether, the best parts of the monument are those which depart least from the model of all equestrian statues—Marcus Aurelius, in the Roman Capitol. This memorial was erected by the present emperor, who thus did honour to his uncle, without having hitherto followed one of his principles. Let the very just inscription, *SALUTI PUBLICÆ VIXIT NON DIU, SED TOTUS*, warn the successors of Joseph II. to take care that they give no room for reversing it in regard to themselves. The errors of Joseph were those of all enthusiasts. He was far advanced before his age in Austria : he believed that the people would as easily see the absurdity of popular prejudices, as he distinctly perceived them himself : he forced them, rather than managed them. He constrained them for a while ; but both he himself, and Leopold, who, with the same excellent spirit, had much more prudence, disappeared from the scene, before the people had yet had time to learn how far these new changes would do good, and the people willingly returned to what they were not sure was bad, but were perfectly

sure was old. Joseph shook to its foundations the civil power of the Romish hierarchy, stripped it of its exorbitant wealth, and proscribed its corrupting idleness. Europe saw the holy head of the church cross the Apennines and the Alps to admonish his unruly son, the King of Rome. But Joseph forgot, that the intellect of his subjects was under the yoke of the priesthood, not under the guidance of enlightened reason ; and that, when he marched on with so bold a pace, instead of considering him a liberator, they looked on him as the profane persecutor of all which they had been taught to revere. Francis I. has re-filled empty monasteries, and established new orders, with infinitely greater success, than Joseph experienced in crushing and curtailing them. The selfish interests, likewise, of the great mass of the aristocracy, who, till this day, are the least manly in sentiment, and least enlightened in mind, of the German nobles, threw a thousand obstacles in his way ; and sometimes he raised obstacles himself by the very speed of his course, just as the hoof of a rapid steed will strike fire from a stone which a more moderate pace would have left undisturbed. If Joseph had attempted less, he would have effected much more.

The Sculpture of Vienna has been more indebted to private affection, than to public gratitude or munificence. The church of St Augustine contains the monument erected by the late Duke of Sachsen-Teschen* to his wife Christina, an Arch-

* He died in 1822, burdened with the infirmities of a very advanced age, which even bathing in wine could not

duchess of Austria. It is a work of Canova, and is not only among his most bulky productions, but ranks among his foremost in simplicity of grouping, contrast of form, and that propriety in every figure and feature of the different personages, on which the effect of such a work, as a whole, always depends so much. It is by far the best of Canova's monuments. In this difficult department of the art, where common-place combinations on the one hand, and exaggerated allegories on the other, are the quicksands to be avoided, the great Italian, though the purity of his taste kept him far from the latter, sometimes touched upon the former.* A pyramid of greyish marble, twenty-eight feet high, and connected by two broad steps with a long and solid base, is placed against the wall of the church. In the centre of the pyramid is an opening, representing the entrance of the funeral vault, and two melancholy groups are slowly ascending the steps towards it. The first consists of Virtue, bearing the urn which contains the ashes of the deceased, to be deposited in the

long resist. He was a prince of immense wealth, considering him as a person who did not wear a diadem. The greater part of his fortune descended to a much better known personage, the Archduke Charles, of whom all Vienna said, that he needed it, and would make a good use of it.

* A strong proof of this is the monument which he executed in St Peter's in Rome, at the request of the King of England, to commemorate the last members of the Stuart family. A pyramidal mass, representing the doors of a vault, leans against one of the pillars; above it are medallions of the persons to be recorded, and on each side a genius hangs down his torch. Moreover, the figures are only

"f. This is trivial.

tomb, and by her side are two little girls, carrying torches to illuminate the gloomy sepulchre. Behind them, Benevolence ascends the steps, supporting an old man, who seems scarcely able to totter along, so rapidly is he sinking beneath age, infirmity, and grief; a child accompanies him, folding its little hands, and hanging down its head, in infantine sorrow. On the other side couches a melancholy lion, and beside him reclines a desponding genius. Over the door of the vault is a medallion of the Archduchess, held up by Happiness; and, opposite, a genius on the wing presents to her the palm of triumph. The last two figures, as well as the portrait, are only in relief on the body of the pyramid; all the others are round, and all are as large as life. There is nothing strained or affected in the allegory; an air of soft and tranquil melancholy pervades the whole composition; and the spectator, without being very forcibly struck at first, feels pensiveness and admiration gradually growing upon him. The figure of the old man, whom Benevolence supports to the grave of his benefactress, is exquisite; his limbs actually seem to totter, and the muscles of his face to quiver with agitation; yet there is nothing exaggerated in expression or attitude. The composition is a most eloquent one, but pure and chaste throughout. There may be some allegorical meaning in the wings of the genius who reclines on the lion, being raised; but, at first sight, the spectator does not see why the wings should be in motion, when the state of the figure is that of repose. The general design of the monument was first composed by Canova for a monument

which the Venetian Senate intended to have erected to Titian, and the original drawings are still preserved in the Academy of Venice. Amid the misfortunes of the republic, the plan was given up. The sculptor afterwards substituted the emblems of private virtue and affection for the figures which were to have been symbolical of the arts, and the monument was used to commemorate the Archduchess Christina.

Vienna possesses, by the fortune of war, another great group of Canova, in his Theseus killing the Minotaur. The Austrians showed a very laudable attention to the safety of the group in bringing it from Italy ; for, excepting a very brief overland carriage in Dalmatia, it was conveyed entirely by water ; it was shipped on the Tiber at Rome, and landed from the Danube at Vienna. But, in selecting a site for it in their own capital, they have displayed a want of taste, which, it is to be hoped, no other academy of the fine arts would sanction. The group had been originally ordered by Bonaparte, for the purpose of placing it on the Porta del Sempione, at Milan, which it was intended should be the most magnificent portal in Italy, and which, I suppose, is still decaying, unfinished, beneath its wooden shed. Canova is said to have made the Athenian hero a portrait of the French Emperor, so far as classical character left it in his power ; and, on his downfall, to have thought it prudent, or polite, to alter the style of countenance. I saw it in Rome, when it was yet unfinished, and it had not the slightest tinge of Napoleon. On regaining Lombardy, the Emperor - Austria stopped the building of the Porta del

Sempione ; and, as if determined to injure in every possible way the self-love of his Italian subjects, he determined to transfer as a trophy to Vienna the majestic group which had been destined for Milan. Apprehensions were very justly entertained that Carrara marble would speedily suffer from being exposed in the open air in the climate of Austria. The Emperor suggested, that it would be best "to get Canova himself to tell them what sort of thing they should put it in." Canova recommended a temple, in strict imitation of the Temple of Theseus at Athens. They had the good sense to follow his advice ; they have built, or, at least, are building the temple ; but, to keep it out of sight as much as possible, they have actually buried it in the lowest part of the glacis, close under the rampart where the rampart is highest ; and, to make the matter worse, they have excavated the glacis itself to a considerable depth, that the temple may be still more under ground. It is sunk in the ditch ; while, above it, on the most commanding part of the broad bastions, stands the fashionable coffee-house of Courtois, whose gay visitors, as they lounge along, look down with contempt on the Athenian temple, pushed out of the way, at the very gates of Vienna. Prince Metternich, who adds to his other multifarious offices that of Curator of the Imperial Academy of the Fine Arts, is said to have proposed that the coffee-house should be purchased, and the temple built on its site, or, at least, erected on the ramparts, instead of being sunk below them. This would have given the edifice an infinitely more conspicuous and imposing attitude ; but perhaps

they were not fond of setting the chaste and severe majesty of the Doric temple in contrast with the gilded frippery of the Church of St Charles, which would have closed the view at the other extremity, though at a considerable distance. It may be, likewise, that they were not rich enough to buy the coffee-house.*

Besides a number of private chapels, and the meeting-houses of those communions which are only tolerated by the Romish hierarchy, Vienna contains fifty-seven churches, twenty in the proper city, and thirty-seven in the suburbs. Few of them aspire to the beauties of modern architecture, but neither do they degenerate into mere toys. Although they contain many relics of the olden time, which would have interest for the historian of Vienna, there is little about them to attract the notice of a stranger. St Michael's has a good deal

* Few buildings in Vienna are more valuable than established coffee-houses, or apothecary shops. The reason is, that here, as in some other German states, no person can engage in either of these professions without the permission of the Government, a permission always expensive, and never easily obtained. Sometimes the privilege is merely personal to the grantee, and expires with his life; this is the course most generally followed at present; but, in former times, it was customary, as a matter of special favour, to attach it to a particular building, which it followed, into the hands of whomsoever the house might come by sale or inheritance, like a freehold qualification. Houses of this kind, though frequently of no worth in themselves, bear an enormous value. The proprietor of a coffee-house on the Graben wished to sell it; the purchaser, in addition to an extravagant price for the house itself, a single floor, and a small one, paid upwards of £3000 for the privilege attached to it.

of pillared pomp, though on a diminutive scale, and it is notorious as a place of assassinations. The church of the Augustine monastery is the only specimen in Vienna of the more light and airy species of Gothic, while all that is lofty, imposing, and sublime in that style of architecture is united in the cathedral, St Stephen's. It is the largest church of Germany; its length, from the principal gate, which is never opened but on very solemn occasions, to the eastern extremity, is three hundred and fifty feet, and its greatest breadth two hundred and twenty. Though begun before the middle of the twelfth century, by the first Duke of Austria, it cannot be carried farther back, in its present form, than the middle of the thirteenth, during the earlier half of which it was twice burnt down. Even then it was considerably without the city, though it is now in its very centre, rising, free from other buildings, on the highest point of the sloping bank, along which Vienna swells up from the Danube. At the entrance of the Graben, the most bustling part of Vienna, in regard to business, and forming part of its most fashionable promenade, there still stands the trunk of a tree, a solitary remnant of the forest which, in those days, intervened between the town and the cathedral. But, like the stockings of Martinus Scriblerus, its identity is extremely questionable; for, so many nails have been driven into it by the idle and the curious, that it is now a tree of iron, and gives to an adjacent part of the street the name of *Stock-am-eisen Platz*, Iron Trunk Square. Majestic as the exterior of the cathedral is, it is perhaps too heavy; every corner is overburdened

with stone, a defect which is not diminished by the old monuments stuck round its outer walls; it looks as if the early Austrians had wished to commemorate St Stephen, by collecting in his church as great a quantity as possible of the material which was the instrument of his martyrdom. But the interior is noble—ample, sombre, simple, elevated, and overpowering. The wooden carving round the stalls of the tribune is an interesting memorial of the early excellence of the Germans in this branch of art. There are one or two bulky monuments, but, though not ornaments, they do not greatly interrupt the fine perspective of the nave and aisles. The church, indeed, derives its ornament simply from its architecture; the altars are unassuming, and their pictures and statues are mediocre, except an *Ecce Homo* of Correggio, which is scarcely visible. At the western extremity is a gaudy chapel of the princely family of Lichtenstein, remarkable merely for the privilege bestowed upon it by Pius VI. A long inscription records, that by a grant of his Holiness, the soul of a Lichtenstein shall be released from purgatory every time that mass is celebrated at the altar of this chapel. When wealth and rank can procure such conveniences, they really are something better than merely temporal advantages. The tower of the church is rivalled in height only by that of Strasburgh, but is not so light and elegant. The height, from the pavement to the pinnacle, is four hundred and fifty feet. The upper and pyramidal part has most visibly departed from the perpendicular, and inclines to the north. This aberration is said to have been first produced by the bom-

bardment of the Turks in 1683, and to have been increased by the cannonading of the French when they marched to Vienna more than once during the late war.

Vienna is no longer a fortified city ; promenading is the only purpose to which the fortifications are now applied ; and from their breadth and elevation, they are excellently adapted for it. In one part they look out upon the gradually ascending suburbs ; on another the eye wanders over intervening vineyards, up to the bare ridge of the Kahlenberg, from which Sobieski made his triumphant attack against the besieging Turks, traces of whose entrenchments are still visible ; on another it rests on the waters of the Danube, the foliage of the Prater, and the gay crowds who are streaming along to enjoy its shades. The twice successful attacks of French armies having proved the ramparts, or bastions, as they are universally called, to be useless for the protection of the citizens, trees, benches, and coffee-houses have taken the place of cannon, and rendered them invaluable as sources of recreation to this pleasure-loving people. On Sundays and holidays, so soon as the last mass has terminated, (which it always does about mid-day,) they are crowded to suffocation with people of all ranks. Even on week days, so long as the weather permits it, the coffee-houses, surrounded with awnings, are the favourite resort of persons, chiefly gentlemen, who prefer breakfasting in the open air ; and, in the evening, they are the favourite resort of both sexes, especially of the middle classes. An orchestra in the open air furnishes excellent music ; as night comes on, (and the crowd

always increases with the dusk,) lamps are hung up among the trees, or suspended from the awnings. The gay unthinking multitude sits to be gazed at, or strolls about from one alley to another to gaze—good and bad, virtuous and lost mingled together—sipping coffee, or keeping an assignation, eating an ice, or making love ; till ten o'clock, when the terrors of the *Hausmeister* drive them home, the ramparts, and the glacis below, form a collection of little Vauxhalls.

The glacis itself, the low, broad, and level space of ground which stretches out immediately from the foot of the ramparts, and runs entirely round the city, except where the walls are washed by the arm of the Danube, is no longer the naked and cheerless stripe which it used to be. Much of it has been formed into gardens belonging to different branches of the imperial family ; the rest has been gradually planted and laid out into alleys ; and, two years ago, the emperor, in his love for his subjects, allowed a coffee-house to be built among the trees. Beyond the glacis, the ground in general rises ; and along these eminences stretch the thirty-four suburbs of Vienna, surrounding the city like the outworks of some huge fortification, and finally surrounded themselves by a brick wall, a mere instrument of police, to insure the detection of radicals and contraband goods, by subjecting every thing, and every person, to a strict examination.

The suburbs cover much more ground than the proper city, but they are neither so well built, nor so densely inhabited. The Leopoldstadt, between the arm of the Danube and the main stream, is

the most regular and most populous, and contains 600 houses; the smallest of them contains only eleven houses. The proper city contains little more than one-sixth of the whole number of houses which form the capital, but, from their greater size, it contains a much larger proportion of the whole population, which is generally reckoned at from 280,000 to 300,000. A considerable part of the suburbs is occupied with gardens, partly public, and partly private property. Both Prince Lichtenstein and Prince Esterhazy, besides their houses in the city, have palaces, gardens, and picture-galleries in the suburbs.

Though the suburbs, from the greater regularity of their streets, the smaller height of the buildings, and the general elevation of the site, are in themselves more open and airy than the city, yet, owing to the absence of pavement, and the presence of wind, they can scarcely be said to be more healthy. Vienna, though lying in a sort of kettle, and not at so absolute an elevation as Munich, is more pestered by high winds than any other European capital.* In the proper city the streets are paved—and excellently well paved; but, throughout the immense suburbs, they present only the bare soil. This soil is loose, dry, and sandy; and the wind acting upon it keeps the city and suburbs enveloped in a thick atmosphere, loaded with particles of sand, which medical men do not pretend to deny has a perceptible influence on health. From the summit of the Kahlenberg, an eminence about two miles to the west, I have seen Vienna

* Except, perhaps, Edinburgh.

as completely obscured by a thick cloud of dust, as ever London is by a cloud of smoke ; and our smoke is, in reality, the less disagreeable of the two. When the wind is moderate, and allows the dust to settle, rain commonly follows, and the suburbs are converted into a succession of alleys of mud.

The temperature is extremely variable, principally, it is believed, from the neighbourhood of the Styrian mountains, and the free course which the openness of the country, towards Hungary, leaves to the east wind. It not only varies most provokingly in the course of a day, but its changes are often most sensibly felt in merely passing from one part of the city to another. It is to this that the medical men of Vienna almost universally ascribe the prevalence of rheumatic affections, which, with gout and consumption, are the besetting infirmities of the Austrian capital. Consumption, they say, is greatly aided, if not frequently produced, by the quantity of dust with which the air is so often loaded all day long, and a considerable portion of which is necessarily inhaled ; while the acidity of the native wines, of which so much is drunk, even by the lower classes, comes forth in the shape of those gouty affections so common in Vienna, not precisely the genuine, old-English, port-wine gout, but arthritic complaints differing from it in little, except in degree. Amid the prevalence of such ailments, the inhabitants are fortunate in having the hot springs of Baden so near them. They are almost specifics in rheumatism. Though they find the gout a more stubborn enemy, they always confine his operations, and not

unfrequently succeed in putting him entirely to flight.

The Prater of Vienna is the finest public park in Europe—for it has more rural beauty than Hyde Park, and surely the more varied and natural arrangement of its woods and waters is preferable to the formal basins and alleys of the garden of the Tuileries. It occupies the eastern part of that broad and level tract on the north of the city, which is formed into an island by the main stream of the Danube on the one side, and the smaller arm that washes the walls on the other. They unite at its extremity, and the Prater is thus surrounded on three sides by water. The principal alley, the proper *drive*, runs from the entrance in a long, straight line, for about half a mile. Rows of trees, consisting chiefly of horse-chestnuts, divide it into five alleys. The central one is entirely filled with an unceasing succession of glittering carriages, moving slowly along its opposite sides, in opposite directions; the two on each side are filled with horsemen, galloping along to try the capacity of their steeds, or provoking them into impatient curvettings, to try the effect of their own forms and dexterity on the beauties who adorn the open calèches. The two exterior alleys are consecrated to pedestrians; but those of the Viennese who must walk, because not rich enough to hire a hackney coach, are never fond of walking far; and, forsaking the alleys, scatter themselves over the verdant lawn which spreads itself out to where the wood becomes more dense and impenetrable. The lawn itself is plentifully strewn with coffee-houses; and the happy hundreds seat themselves

under shady awnings, or on the green herbage, beneath a clump of trees, enjoying their ices, coffee, and segars, till twilight calls them to the theatre, with not a thought about to-morrow, and scarcely a reminiscence of yesterday. But though the extremity of this main alley be the boundary of the excursions of the fashionable world, it is only the beginning of the more rural and tranquil portion of the Prater. The forest becomes thicker; there are no more straight lines of horse-chestnuts; the numerous alleys wind their way unconstrained through the forest-maze, now leading you along, in artificial twilight, beneath an overarching canopy of foliage, and now terminating in some verdant and tranquil spot, like those on which fairies delight to dance; now bringing you to the brink of some pure rivulet, which trickles along unsuspectingly, to be lost in the mighty Danube, and now stopping you on the shady banks of the magnificent river itself.

CHAPTER V.

VIENNA.

AMUSEMENTS AND MANNERS—RELIGION—
GOVERNMENT.

A STRIKING peculiarity of the Austrian capital lies in the diversity of character which it exhibits. The empire is a most heterogeneous one; the provinces which compose it do not differ more from each other in geographical situation, than they do in language and national character; and the higher ranks in all of them are perpetually making the common capital the place either of a temporary sojourn, or of their continued residence. The joyous and happy Austrian, always pleased with himself, and inclined to do all he can to please every body else, looks with much indifference on the proud step, the gallant bearing, and magnificent parade of the haughty Hungarian, who, full of imagined superiority, and, what is stranger still, of imagined superiority in political rights,* makes

* The Hungarian nobles (and every man calls himself noble who is not an absolute slave, a mere *adscriptitius glebae*) place their pride in the political constitution of their

the streets resound with the clattering of his chivalrous spurs, even though he should never mount a horse. The Bohemian brings along with him both more real feeling and greater mental activity.

country, which they call a free one, and which I have heard them often set above that of Britain. The emperor, say they, cannot exact a farthing or a man from us, or impose a single law upon us, without our own permission. This is a most ignorant boast. The constitution of Hungary is, till this day, one of the most oppressive oligarchies that Europe has seen, much more mischievous, because much less enlightened, than the destroyed oligarchy of Venice. It is perfectly true, that the aristocracy can control the monarch in every thing; but then, it is equally true, that nobody can control them, and that all beneath them have only to obey. The king of Hungary is, indeed, only its first magistrate; but its nobility are despots, and its people have neither rights nor voice. This is peculiarly true of the rural population, who are still the most degraded and maltreated in Europe, and just in consequence of the boasted Hungarian constitution. If Hungary had been without this constitution, Maria Theresa, Joseph, and Leopold, could have done much more good than they actually succeeded in effecting. There have been many liberal and enlightened despots, but the world has not yet seen a *body* of enlightened and liberal despots. A learned person of Vienna related to me the following circumstance, of which he was an eye-witness. He had gone down into Hungary to spend a few days with one of its most respectable noblemen. Taking a walk with the Count, one afternoon, over part of the grounds, they came upon some peasants who were enjoying their own rustic amusements. The Count imagined that one of them did not notice him, as he passed, with sufficient humility; he immediately sent a boy to his house for some servants, and, so soon as they appeared, ordered them to seize, bind, and lash the poor man. His orders were instantly executed. W——, thunderstruck at the causeless barbarity, intreated the Count to put an end at such a punishment for so trivial an offence, if it was one at all. The answer was; "What! do you intercede

The Pole, while he mingles among them, shows, even in his pleasures, a degree of solemnity and reserve, and still manifests the melancholy feeling of the loss of national independence. The Italian subjects of the empire join in the crowd. If business or curiosity has brought them to the capital, they walk among the people, cautious and taciturn, perfectly aware with what jealousy they are regarded, and that spies are watching every step, and listening to every word. If they are in place, or are come to seek place, they laud the beneficence, prudence, and patriotism of the Austrian Government of Italy with a servility which is despicable, or exaggerate the vices of their own country, and speak with a forgetfulness of its true honour and welfare, which is utterly detestable.

But all these varieties of population join in the universal love of enjoyment of the native Viennese, and assist in swelling the stream of dissoluteness and pleasure which is unceasingly holding its way through the Austrian capital. Vienna, with a population not exceeding three hundred thousand inhabitants, supports five theatres, comparatively a much greater number than is found necessary to minister to the amusement of London. Three of them are in the suburbs, and belong to private proprietors; the two others, which are both in the city, are imperial property. There is no architectural merit about them externally; internally they are gaudy. Each of the companies

for such a brute? He is no nobleman. That these people may not think any body cares about them, give him twenty more, my lads, in honour of W——;” and they were administered.

has a walk of its own. The *Burg-Theatre*, or Court Theatre, which forms part of the palace, is appropriated entirely to the regular drama ; its boards are trodden only by tragedy and comedy, and sometimes by that mixed species called *Schauspiel*, or Spectacle, which is neither the one nor the other, has frequently something of both, and, as its name imports, is a banquet for the eyes, rather than an entertainment for fancy or feeling. Broad vulgar farce is not often admitted, but has found refuge, and flourishes luxuriantly, in the suburbs. The performers are at least on a level with those of Berlin, but their tragic declamation is tiresome and monotonous. They are perpetually ranting ; the public taste is not sufficiently pure. Comedy is much better off, both in the actors, and in what is to be acted ; for, after all, with the exception of Schiller, German tragedy is deficient in true dramatic stuff ; it deals more in situation and imagery than in character and passion. It would be difficult, indeed, to produce any thing like a long list of comedies which could stand the test of strict criticism, but what country can produce such a list ? There is only one School for Scandal. People go to a comedy to laugh heartily at the follies of other people ; and if these follies be so represented as that sensible and well-bred persons can enjoy the ridicule, the theatre will be filled, in defiance of critics. Now, of such pieces, which, though not displaying a great deal of dramatic genius, yield a great deal of amusement, the German stage has a large quantity. To say nothing of the endless Kotzebue, I find produced no fewer than forty-eight pieces, Jünger twenty-

eight, Madam Weissenthurn, still an actress on the Vienna stage, between twenty and thirty, and Schröder about thirty. Ziegler, too, a retired performer, has written much, but not well. His pieces are generally serious and showy, excessively dull, full of rodomontade, and devoid of character. His comedies are miserable, and he has written an essay to prove that Shakspeare's Hamlet is a badly drawn character.

Civil tragedy, if it be allowable to borrow the German expression, that is, tragedy founded on the misfortunes of persons in private situations, is much more cultivated, and much more popular, in Germany than with us. The Gamester and George Barnwell belong to this class; but the Germans have a host of them. Island wrote much in this way, but is often dull and tedious; his scenes are frequently mere alternations of set rhetorical speeches, which plain and sensible citizens never talk to each other. Vienna possesses an actor, an old man, of the name of Koch, who is inimitable in this branch of the drama. I never knew an actor draw so many tears from an audience as this man does, when he plays the worthy broken-hearted father, borne down by the dissoluteness or the crimes of a son, as in the *Verbrechen aus Ehre*.

Altogether, however, the prevailing taste is for show and noise; Schiller's Maid of Orleans will always attract a greater audience than his Death of Wallenstein. So little accurate are they even in this their favourite taste, that the grossest violation of costume and sense are frequently committed without being even remarked. In the Maid

of Orleans, Dunois takes the place of the king, who stands beside him, for the purpose of essaying whether Johanna will detect the cheat, and thus prove her divine mission. In the Burg Theatre, Dunois seated himself on the throne, uncovered, and in a very ordinary dress ; Charles stood by, in bonnet and plume, and robed in the ermined purple. Johanna must have been very silly indeed to have blundered. More pardonable, but still more laughable, are the absurdities which frequently occur in pieces that deal with foreign customs. In Ziegler's *Parteiwuth*, the scene of which is laid in England during the Republic, a jury makes its appearance on the stage in a criminal trial. It consists of six persons ; they are robed in the professional uniform of gowns and wigs, and talk most constitutionally of the danger of losing their places as jurymen, if they give a verdict against the ruling party. The Sheriff presides, though Chief-Justice Coke has come down on purpose to hold the commission. His Lordship sits at the table, as crown counsel, and finally charges the jury. The censor knew well, that such a representation of trial by jury could not be infectious.

The finest productions of the German Muse are woefully spoiled, likewise, by the scissors of the censor. Not only is every thing omitted which displeases the bigotry of the priesthood, or the despotism of the government, but alterations are made for which no earthly reason can be assigned, except a very silly sensibility and mawkish sentimentalism. To exclude dangerous ideas about liberty and the House of Hapsburgh, William

Tell is so miserably mangled, that the play loses all connexion. Schiller, in his *Robbers*, made Charles Moor and his brother sons of the old man : in Vienna they are converted into nephews ; for want of filial affection, forsooth, is something too horrible to be brought on the stage. With so little consistency is the alteration carried through, that Charles, after he has spoken about his uncle through four acts, in the fifth calls Heaven and Hell together to avenge the maltreatment of his father. The monk who comes to the haunt of the banditti, as ambassador of the magistracy, and who makes, to be sure, a ridiculous enough figure, is changed into a lawyer ; for, why should the cloth be laughed at ? as if ridiculous priests were not at least equally numerous with ridiculous juriconsults, and as if the danger of teaching people to laugh at law and justice by the one exhibition, were not just as great as the danger of teaching them to laugh at religion by the other. The lying account brought to the old man of the death of Charles represents him to have fallen in the battle of Prague (Kolin) in the Seven Years' War. Now, the Austrians have so little pleasure in recollecting the Seven Years' War, that, on their stage, the whole action is thrown back to the days of King Matthias, and Charles is made to fall in battle against the Mussulmen.

The very ballets and operas are watched over with the same jealous care. It is very ridiculous to be so thin-skinned, and not at all prudent to show it. The Emperor seems to think so himself. When I was in Vienna, a drama appeared, *Der Tagsbefehl*, founded on the current anecdote

of Frederick the Great, in the Seven Years' War, having compelled an officer whom he had detected writing to his wife by candle-light, though a general order had been issued prohibiting fires or lights after sunset, to add, in a postscript, "To-morrow I am to be shot for a breach of duty," and having actually put him to death. The piece instantly made a great noise, for there were battles in it; but much more, from the admirable personification which the actor (who was likewise the author) gave of the Prussian monarch. Those who still recollected Frederick were hurried away by the illusion. The Emperor saw it, and was delighted; and, on leaving his box, said to one of the noblemen who attended him, "Now, I am glad that I have seen it, for, do you hear, they will be for prohibiting it immediately"—alluding to its connexion with the Seven Years' War.

The other court theatre, called, from its situation, the theatre of the Carinthian Gate, is properly the opera-house. The representations given in it are exclusively operas and ballets. Nowhere are the one or the other got up with greater splendour and expense than here, for it would be difficult to find in Europe a public so extravagantly fond of theatrical music and theatrical dancing as that of Vienna. The public taste runs much more in these two channels than in that of the regular drama. Melpomene and Thalia are even plundered of their hard-earned gains to supply the extravagance of their meretricious sisters. The expenses of the opera and ballet are so enormous, that the income of the theatre, at least under the imperial direction, has always been deficient, and has

swallowed up the gains made on the regular drama. This has at last induced the government to put them into private hands. A lease of the theatre was given to a Neapolitan in 1822. He immediately raised the prices, and made the Viennese sulky; he then produced an Italian company, with Rossini at its head, and their singing made the Viennese enthusiastically frantic.

Of the theatres in the suburbs, that on the Vienna holds almost the same rank with an imperial theatre. It is the property of a Hungarian nobleman, who, equally unfortunate in his management as the court, gave it in lease to the same enterprising Italian who took the opera-house. It is the most elegant theatre in Vienna. Its boards admit every thing, the drama, melo-drama, farce, opera, ballet, but itself and its performers are fitted only for mere spectacles. That is the path in which it finds no rival, for its machinery surpasses all others. "You will find," said the proprietor to me when inviting me to visit it, "you will find as many ropes and pulleys as in one of your ships of war,"—a woful recommendation of a theatre. It possessed, till very lately, a department of the ballet which was unique in Europe. The ballet-master had educated nearly two hundred children, boys and girls, into a regular *corps de ballet*. Even when they were dismissed, (in 1822,) the greatest number of them did not exceed twelve, many of them not eight years of age. The ballets composed for them were extremely appropriate, being taken chiefly from stories of spirits and enchantments, in which the young dancers appeared as fairies or hobgoblins. On the commencement

of the new management, this seminary of dancing and immorality was suppressed, on the urgent recommendation, it was universally said, of the Empress herself.

The theatre in the suburb called the Leopoldstadt, though private property, is the true national theatre of Austria, the favourite of the middling and lower classes, and not slighted even by the more cultivated. It is devoted entirely to mirth and song, but the jokes and character of the pieces are throughout Austrian. The broadest farce and most extravagant caricature, exaggerated parodies, and the wildest fairy inventions, are all made the vehicle of humour and satire, which would scarcely be understood anywhere else, for they are generally founded on some local and temporary interest, full of allusions to the passing follies of Vienna, and written in the broad national dialect of the Austrian common people. One must be an Austrian to enjoy them. They are in a great measure lost to a stranger, as well from the local allusions, as from the language. The performers correspond perfectly to the plays. It is their business to o'erstep the modesty of nature ; but, in their own way, some of them are masters. Schuster is fully as great a man in Vienna as Matthews is at home. The humour is no doubt broad and extravagant, and frequently indecent ; but still it is national and characteristic, and the Austrians are the only people of Germany who possess any thing of the kind. They have even some talent at caricature-making, but the two great departments of that satirical art, public men and private scandal, are shut against them. They are fond of pun-

ning, but their language is too rich for it. A celebrated advocate is at present the Coryphæus both of the bar and the punsters.

The Viennese take to themselves the reputation of being the most musical public in Europe ; and this is the only part of their character about which they display much jealousy or anxiety. So long as it is granted that they can produce among their citizens a greater number of decent performers on the violin or piano than any other capital, they have no earthly objection to have it said that they can likewise produce a greater number of block-heads and debauchees. They are fond of music, and are good performers ; but it is more a habit than a natural inclination. Of all the people in Germany, universal as the love of music is among them, the Bohemians appear to draw most directly from nature. Every Bohemian seems to be born a musician ; he takes to an instrument as naturally as to walking or eating, and it gradually becomes as necessary to him as either. In summer and autumn, you cannot walk out in the evening, in any part of the country, without hearing concerts performed even by the peasantry with a precision which practice, no doubt, always can give, but likewise with a richness and justness of expression which practice alone cannot give. Gyrowetz and Wranitzky, the best known among the living native composers of the empire, and deservedly admired, above all, for their ballet music, are both Bohemians. All these honours the Viennese place upon their own head. A capital in which amusement is the great object of every body's pursuit, is always the place where a musician, be he com-

poser or performer, will gain most money. Every man of reputation seeks his fortune in Vienna ; and its citizens, running over a list of great names, expect you should allow their city to be the soul of music, and music the soul of their city. They have had within their walls Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Hummel ; they have still among them Salieri, Gyrowetz, and Gelinek ; but not one of these belongs to Austria. That a man was born and reared in Bohemia or Hungary, instead of Austria, does not merely mean that he belongs to a particular geographical division of the same empire. In turn of mind, in manners, in language, the Austrian is as different from the Bohemian or Hungarian, as from the Pole or Dalmatian. Vanity is by no means a general failing of the Austrians, any more than of the other German tribes ; but when they attempt to disprove the Boeotian character which the common country has fixed upon them, they not unfrequently just give new proofs how well it is deserved. I have seen a "Review of the Literature of Austria" in a respectable periodical of Vienna, in which the author, to support the honour of his country against the wits of the north, actually stuck into his nose-gay of Austrian weeds all that had blossomed, during the preceding twenty years, from the mouths of the Po to the foot of the Simplon.

It is not to be denied, however, that in the general diffusion of dilletanteism, and that, too, accompanied by a degree of practical proficiency which rises far above mediocrity, Vienna has no superior. Wherever cards, those sworn enemies of every thing like amusement or lightness of

heart, those unsocial masks of insipidity and tædium, do not intrude upon their private parties or family circle, music is the never-failing resource. Concert-playing is their great delight, as well as their great excellence, and hence that admirable accuracy of ear which is so observable in the Viennese. So soon as a boy has fingers fit for the task, he betakes himself to an instrument ;—and this, alas ! is frequently the only part of his education that is followed out with much perseverance or success. From the moment he is in any degree master of his instrument, he plays in concert. A family of sons and daughters who cannot get up a very respectable concert, on a moment's notice, are cumberers of the ground on the banks of the Danube. This practice necessarily gives a high degree of precision in execution, and, to a certain extent, even delicacy of ear ; but still all this is in the Viennese only a habit, and a very artificial one. They may become more accurate performers than the citizens and peasantry of the south, but they will never feel the influence of “ sweet sounds” with half the energy and voluptuousness which they infuse into the Italian. The enjoyment of the former is confined to the powers of the instrument, the latter carries the notes within himself into regions of feeling beyond the direct reach of string or voice ; the one would be lost in the singer, the other would forget the singer in the music. Go to an opera in any provincial town of Italy. In the pit you will probably find yourself surrounded, I do not say by tradesmen and shopkeepers, but by vetturinos, porters, and labourers. Yet you will easily discover, that what

to the same sort of persons in any other country would be at best tiresome, if not ridiculous, is to them an entertainment of pure feeling. You will mark how eagerly they follow the expression of the melody and harmony ; you will hear them criticise the music and the musicians with no less warmth, and with far more judgment (because it is a thing much more within their reach) than our pot-house politicians debate on the Reform of the British Parliament. Is it not owing to this inherent natural capacity of understanding and speaking the language in which music addresses us, that Italian singers have maintained their pre-eminence in Europe since operas were first known ? In every capital of the Continent, and even among ourselves, there are native voices as good, improved by as studious industry, managed with as much practical skill, and accompanied by as great theoretical knowledge, as ever crossed the Alps. Yet they never produce the same effect in any music that rises above mediocrity.

All this has nothing to do with the comparative merits of the music of Italy and Germany. Great composers, like great poets, are the same every where. They are all made of the same stuff. The musical taste of the Viennese has been formed and saved by the purity of their great composers. In their love of practical excellence, they would have run into the heartless rattling, the capriccios, and bizarrerie of the French school ; but the admirably good taste of their masters has always kept them within due bounds. People who reckon it almost a misfortune not to be able to hum Don Giovanni, or the Creation, without book, are in little danger of falling into extravagancies.

Beethoven is the most celebrated of the living composers in Vienna, and, in certain departments, the foremost of his day.* Though not an old man, he is lost to society in consequence of his extreme deafness, which has rendered him almost unsocial. The neglect of his person which he exhibits gives him a somewhat wild appearance. His features are strong and prominent; his eye is full of rude energy; his hair, which neither comb nor scissors seem to have visited for years, overshadows his broad brow in a quantity and confusion to which only the snakes round a Gorgon's head offer a parallel. His general behaviour does not ill accord with the unpromising exterior. Except when he is among his chosen friends, kindness or affability are not his characteristics. The total loss of hearing has deprived him of all the pleasure which society can give, and perhaps soured his temper. He used to frequent a particular cellar, where he spent the evening in a corner, beyond the reach of all the chattering and disputation of a public room, drinking wine and beer, eating cheese and red herrings, and studying the newspapers. One evening a person took a seat near him whose countenance did not please him. He looked hard at the stranger, and spat on the floor as if he had seen a toad; then glanced at the newspaper, then again at the intruder, and spat again, his hair bristling gradually into more shaggy ferocity, till he closed the alternation of spitting and staring, by fairly exclaiming, "What a scoundrelly phiz!" and rushing out of the room. Even among his oldest

* Beethoven has died since this was written. He died, moreover, in want, amid a people who pretend to be the most devoted worshippers of music and musicians.

friends he must be humoured like a wayward child. He has always a small paper book with him, and what conversation takes place is carried on in writing. In this, too, although it is not lined, he instantly jots down any musical idea which strikes him. These notes would be utterly unintelligible even to another musician, for they have thus no comparative value; he alone has in his own mind the thread by which he brings out of this labyrinth of dots and circles the richest and most astounding harmonies. The moment he is seated at the piano, he is evidently unconscious that there is any thing in existence but himself and his instrument; and, considering how very deaf he is, it seems impossible that he should hear all he plays. Accordingly, when playing very *piano*, he often does not bring out a single note. He hears it himself in the "mind's ear." While his eye, and the almost imperceptible motion of his fingers, show that he is following out the strain in his own soul through all its dying gradations, the instrument is actually as dumb as the musician is deaf.

I have heard him play; but to bring him so far required some management, so great is his horror of being any thing like exhibited. Had he been plainly asked to do the company that favour, he would have flatly refused; he had to be cheated into it. Every person left the room, except Beethoven and the master of the house, one of his most intimate acquaintances. These two carried on a conversation in the paper-book about bank stock. The gentleman, as if by chance, struck the keys of the open piano, beside which they were sitting, gradually began to run over one of Beethoven's

own compositions, made a thousand errors, and speedily blundered one passage so thoroughly, that the composer condescended to stretch out his hand and put him right. It was enough ; the hand was on the piano ; his companion immediately left him, on some pretext, and joined the rest of the company, who in the next room, from which they could see and hear every thing, were patiently waiting the issue of this tiresome conjuration. Beethoven, left alone, seated himself at the piano. At first he only struck now and then a few hurried and interrupted notes, as if afraid of being detected in a crime ; but gradually he forgot every thing else, and ran on during half an hour in a fantasy, in a style extremely varied, and marked, above all, by the most abrupt transitions. The amateurs were enraptured ; to the uninitiated it was more interesting to observe how the music of the man's soul passed over his countenance. He seems to feel the bold, the commanding, and the impetuous, more than what is soothing or gentle. The muscles of the face swell, and its veins start out ; the wild eye rolls doubly wild ; the mouth quivers, and Beethoven looks like a wizard, overpowered by the demons whom he himself has called up.

There is a musical society in Vienna, consisting of nearly two thousand members, by far the greatest part of whom are merely amateurs. Many of them are ladies ; even a princess figures in the catalogue as a singer, for no person is admitted an active member who is not able to take a part, vocal or instrumental, in a concert. They seem to expend more ingenuity in inventing new instruments than in improving the manufacture of known

ones. I have heard Beethoven say, that he found no pianos so good as those made in London. Every body knows the Harmonica, at least by name; but what will the reader say to the Phys-harmonica, the Ditanacclasis, the Xänorphica, the Pammelodicon, the Davidica, the Amphiona? Considering how far the Austrians are behind in most things in which a people ought to be ashamed of being behind, it is a thousand pities that pursuits of higher utility and respectability cannot obtain from them a greater share of the industry and perseverance which so many of them display in the acquisition of this elegant accomplishment. They have an excellent opera, and that is sufficient to console them for the fact, that in the whole range of German literature, a literature, young as it is, studded with so many bright names, there is not a single great man whom Austria can claim as her own. In Vienna, with three hundred thousand inhabitants, there are thirty booksellers, four circulating libraries, sixty-five piano-forte makers, and dancing-halls without number.

Many of these dancing-halls are institutions for infamous purposes. They belong to private proprietors, who are always innkeepers. On the evening of every Sunday, and generally of every great religious festival, when every body is idle and seeking amusement, these congregations are opened in the suburbs as well as in the city. The balls given in them are less or more merely a pretext for bringing worthless persons together. The price of admission is extremely low, for the scoundrelly landlord speculates on the consumption of wine and eatables during the evening. In more cases

than one, the object is so little concealed, that females are admitted gratis; and the hand-bill, which fixes the price of admission for gentlemen at fourpence or sixpence, adds, with a very appropriate equivoue, *Das Frauenzimmer ist frey*. It is thus that these institutions, by furnishing opportunity, and inflaming the passions at so cheap a rate, diffuse the poison of licentiousness among the males of the middle and lower orders. As to the ladies, again, those who aspire at being sought instead of seeking, those who consider themselves as forming the aristocracy of their own community, and the Corinthian capital of prostitution, carefully avoid all such intercourse with their more vulgar sisters. In this they show a wiser feeling of dignity and reserve than their betters. In external behaviour, however, these lost creatures are perhaps the most decent in Europe. You run no risk of being even addressed, much less of being attacked with the gross depravity of Covent Garden or the Palais Royal.

How do the rest of the ladies, then, behave in Vienna? Really, generally speaking, not much better. There cannot be a more dissolute city—one where female virtue is less prized, and, therefore, less frequent. A total want of principle, the love of pleasure, and the love of finery, are so universally diffused, that wives and daughters, in not only what we would call comfortable, but even affluent circumstances, do not shrink from increasing the means of their extravagance by forgetting their duty. They sacrifice themselves, not so much from inclination, as from interest. You will probably find in Naples or Rome as many faith-

return to flutter round the maids of honour. It is in vain that their Imperial Majesties are spotless in their life and conversation ; it does not go beyond themselves ; the public mind is vitiated through and through ; they are surrounded by a mass of corruption, much too dense to be penetrated by the light of any single example.* A wealthy foreigner, generally resident in Vienna, the companion of princes and ministers, used to drive his mistress into the Prater before the admiring and envious eyes of all the world. The girl had what in this country would be called the impudence to invite most of the ministers and corps diplomatique to a ball ; and they had what in this country would be called the forgetfulness of character to go. Prince Metternich being asked by a foreign minister whether he intended to go, archly answered, " Why, I would rather like to see the thing ; but, you know, it might hurt one's character here ! " When it was proposed to Joseph II. to build licensed brothels, the Emperor said, " The walls would cost me nothing, but the expense of roofing would be ruinous, for it would just be necessary to put a roof over the whole city." The hospitals and private sick-rooms of Vienna teem with proofs how mercifully Provi-

* Munich is, at least, not worse than Vienna, for nothing can be worse ; and from a statement in the *Hamburg Correspondent*, in May 1821, it appears that 304 legitimate children were born in Munich, in the first three months of that year, and 307 illegitimate children. If to the acknowledged illegitimate we add those of the ostensibly legitimate, who have no other claim to the title than the maxim, *pater est quem nuptiæ demonstrant*, what a result comes out as to the morality of these capitals !

dence acted, when it placed the quicksilver mines of Idria in a province destined to form part of an empire of which Vienna was to be the capital.

This, with the general want of manly and independent feeling, of which it is merely a modification, is the worst point in the character of the Viennese ; setting aside this unbounded love of pleasure, and the disinclination to rigorous industry, either bodily or intellectual, that necessarily accompanies it, they are honest, affectionate, and obliging people. There is some weakness, however, in their fondness for being honoured with high-sounding forms of address. This disposition may be expected, in some degree or other, in every country where the received forms of society and modes of thinking give every thing to rank, and nothing to character ; but nowhere is it carried to such an extravagant length as in Vienna, producing even solecisms in language. Every man who holds any public office, should it be merely that of an under clerk, on a paltry salary of forty pounds a-year, must be gratified by hearing his title, not his name ; and, if you have occasion to write to such a person, you must address him, not merely as a clerk, but as, " Imperial and Royal Clerk," in such and such an " Imperial and Royal Office." Even absent persons, when spoken of, are generally designated by their official titles, however humble and unmeaning these may be. The ladies are not behind in asserting their claims to honorary appellations. All over Germany, a wife insists on taking the official title of her husband, with a feminine termination. There is *Madame General-ess*, *Madame Privy-councillor-ess*, *Madam Chief-*

book-keeperess, and a hundred others. In Vienna, a shopkeeper's wife will not be well pleased with any thing under *Gnädige Frau*, Gracious Madam. It is equally common, and still more absurd, for both sexes to prefix *von* (of), the symbol of nobility, to the surname, as if the latter were the name of an estate. A dealer in pickles or pipe-heads, for instance, whose name may happen to be Mr Charles, must be called, if you wish to be polite, Mr of Charles, and his helpmate Mrs of Charles. Kotzebue has ridiculed all this delightfully in his *Deutsche Kleinstädte*, the most laughable of all farces.

This looseness of morals, so disgraceful to the Austrian capital, if not aided, is, at least, very little restrained by religion. That happy self-satisfaction under certain iniquities, which only quickens our pace in the career of guilt, though it may not form any part of the doctrines of the Catholic church, is an almost infallible consequence of the deceptive nature of many parts of her ritual, and exists as a fact in every country where her hierarchy is dominant, and no extraneous circumstances modify its corrupting influence. Popery is the established religion in all the provinces of the empire ; but, since Joseph II. had the manliness and justice to forsake the barbarous policy of his mother, who hunted down even the few straggling Protestants that lurked in the mountains of Styria, every other form of worship has been tolerated. Protestants are not very numerous in Vienna itself, and they are not so much Austrians by birth, as families from the Protestant states of Germany, and the north of Hun-

gary, who have settled in Vienna. The Lutherans have one meeting-house, and the Calvinists another, placed side by side, and both of them partly formed of what, forty years ago, was a Popish convent. The clergymen are excellent preachers, and enjoy a reputation for eloquence and learning which no Catholic ecclesiastic surpasses. The congregations, though not imposing in numbers, are more than respectable in character and wealth; in bad weather, the array of carriages at the Protestant meeting-houses is not equalled at the doors of any Catholic church. The most numerous class of Christians, not Papists, are the adherents of the Greek church; they are said to exceed four thousand, and they have four chapels. The Jews have a couple of chapels. Vienna contains many Israelites of great wealth, and, therefore, of high importance; it contains still more of those who, to gain worldly respectability, have ostensibly become converts to Christianity. Many generations must pass away before the latter will gain all that they contemplated in submitting to be baptized, or be allowed to feel that their blood has been regenerated: *ein baptizirter Jude*, a baptized Jew, is always pronounced as a term of contempt. But these persons are rich; and Christian youths, like Vespasian with the produce of his tax, find no unseemly odour in the gold of a Jewish bride.

Joseph administered such violent medicines, and Leopold, during his brief reign, was so unwilling to administer restoratives, that the monkish institutions of the empire, reduced to a skeleton, were rapidly approaching their dying hour; his present Majesty, himself a most devout, and

unaffectedly devout man, mounted the throne, and they have recovered much of their monastic corpulence. Nay, four years ago, Vienna presented the spectacle of the creation of a new order, at a time when, in every other country of Europe, there was but one voice amongst reasonable men against the increase of such orders, if not for the suppression of those which already existed. The new order originated in the expulsion of the Jesuits from Russia, some of whom found protection in Vienna. It was thought prudent to avoid the odious name which had already exposed them to destruction in so many corners of Europe, and the new order was erected under the name of Redemptorists. This appellation was shortly afterwards abandoned for that of Licorians, from an Italian St Licorius, whose principles and rules of life were declared to be those of the order. The number of its members has increased rapidly, and the Emperor has made them a present of one of the churches in the city. The most celebrated amongst them is Father Werner, a Protestant apostate. He is a Prussian, and opened his career with dramatic poetry. His productions are chiefly dramatic, extremely irregular, almost universally imbued with mysticism, but full of fire and imagination. The best is, the *Weihe der Kraft*, which is merely the commencement of the Reformation dramatized, and has been represented on the Berlin stage. For a time, he led a very gay life in Paris; he returned to Prussia, entered the Protestant church, married, and continued to write mystical dramas. Of a sudden he removed to Vienna, changed his religion, and was rewarded

with an ecclesiastical appointment. It is doubtful whether he be more fanatic or hypocrite ; public opinion, however, among well-educated persons, runs most generally for the latter. He has contrived to gain the crowd and the simple, by outward demonstrations of superior sanctity, and by a style of preaching which, though devoid of popular eloquence, wins the multitude by its plain vulgarity, and amuses by its eccentricity,—an eccentricity and vulgarity which the better instructed hold to be mere affectation ; for no man, say they, was ever more formed for a courtier, and a caballing courtier, too, than Father Werner. The fact is, that his hopes of advancing by the favour of the great seem to have perished, for his motives and designs have been penetrated ; and, moreover, the new Archbishop of Vienna is not favourable to the new order. He therefore seeks the sources of his influence and reputation among classes which must be pleased by other means, and there he has found them ; the order prospers, and Father Werner, the most important member of the order, must flourish along with it. I have seen him in a public bath at Baden, whenever a lady approached him in the motley crowd, standing up to the neck in hot water, make the sign of the cross, and turn away, as if with an, *Avaunt thee, Satan !* he lounged through the public walks, always reading ; he seated himself to dinner at a Restaurateur's, and, while he ate, a brother of the order, who attended him as domestic, read to him from a thick quarto.

As the order was not endowed with property, its principal revenues lie in the contributions of the faithful, and in drawing within its toils per-

sons of some fortune. The most mischievous thing is, that it has already succeeded in seducing useful men from active life. Dr Veith was the first man in Austria, and among the first in Europe, in the veterinary art ; at the head of the Imperial Veterinary Institution, his instructions and writings were forming a new epoch in this branch of medical science. The canting of the Licerians reached him ; he resigned wealth and fame, to seek salvation among the new brethren. The Emperor is said to have personally remonstrated with him, in vain, against a mistaken devotion which has rendered him equally useless to himself and to society. Nor are these the only men whom prudence or bigotry in Vienna has drawn into political or religious apostacy. Gentz, bought into the service of the cabinet, draws up the declarations of the Holy Alliance as manfully as he once addressed liberal exhortations to the King of Prussia. Frederick Schlegel, too, seems to have laid his genius to rest, since he set himself down in the German Bœotia, to fatten on the sweets of an Austrian pension. He has the reputation of being occasionally employed to pen political articles for the Austrian Observer. I have heard, indeed, his nearest relations deny it ; and it certainly would be difficult to find in that newspaper any article that required Frederick Schlegel's cleverness ; but, nevertheless, it is the public voice of Vienna, and it is natural that he should continue to take an interest in a journal which he himself first established.

While such things are going on, it would be in vain to expect any decay of superstition among

those who pretend to have any religion at all. Prince Metternich is much too sensible a man, and much too jealous of his own omnipotence, to allow the priesthood to control his imperial master or himself, but he delivers up the subjects to their mercy. The superstition of the people is even fostered by the government encouraging pompous pilgrimages, for the purpose of obtaining the blessings of heaven by walking fifty miles in hot weather. The favoured spot is Mariazell, in Styria, and the pageant is commonly played off in July or August. The imperial authority is interposed by a proclamation affixed to the great gate of St Stephen's, authorizing all pious subjects to perform this mischievous act of holy vagabondizing, that they may implore from the Virgin such personal and domestic boons as they feel themselves most inclined to, and, at all events, that they may supplicate continued prosperity to the house of Hapsburgh. On the appointed day, the intended pilgrims assemble in St Stephen's, at four o'clock in the morning; most of them have been anxiously accumulating many a day's savings, to collect a few florins for the journey, for they generally do not return before the fourth day. Mass is performed, and the long, motley line, consisting of both sexes, and all ages, separated into divisions by religious standards and gaudy crucifixes, alternately cheered and sanctified by the trumpets and kettle-drums which head each division, and the hymns chanted by the pilgrims who compose it, wends its long, toilsome, and hilly way, into the mountains of Styria. The procession which I saw leave Vienna consisted of near-

ly three thousand persons, and they were all of the lower classes. The upper ranks do not choose to go to heaven in vulgar company ; and, if they visit Mariazell at all, they make it a pleasure jaunt, (for the place of pilgrimage lies in a most romantic country,) like an excursion to the Lakes of Scotland or Cumberland, and pray to the Virgin *en passant*. Females predominated ; there were many children, and some of them so young, that it seemed preposterous to produce them in such a fatiguing exhibition. The young women were numerous, and naturally were the most interesting objects. Many of them were pretty, but they were almost all barefooted, both from economy, and for the sake of ease in travelling. Observant of the pilgrim's costume, they carried long staffs, headed with nosebags, and wore coarse straw-bonnets with enormous brims, intended to protect their beauties against the scorching sun,—unaware, perhaps, of the more fatally destructive enemy, who, ere this perilous journey is terminated, cuts down, in too many instances, the foundation of that pleasing modesty with which they pace forth to the performance of what they reckon a holy duty. Joseph II. saw and knew all the mischief of the ceremony, and abolished the pilgrimage ; Francis I. restored and fosters it.

But, though the Austrians have no great capacity for thinking, and a very great capacity for immorality and superstition, much of both must be ascribed to that total prostration of intellect which their government inflicts upon them, a prostration which can never exist long, in the degree in which it exists in Vienna, without producing

some degradation of the moral principle. The whole political system is directed, with prying and persecuting jealousy, to keep people in ignorance of all that goes on in the world, except what it suits the cabinet to make known, and to prevent people from thinking on what is known differently from the way in which the cabinet thinks. All the modes of education are arranged on the same depressing principle of keeping mind in such a state, that it shall neither feel the temptation, nor possess the ability, to resist power. During the Congress of Laybach, the Emperor said to the teachers of a public seminary, "I want no learned men; I need no learned men; I want men who will do what I bid them," or something to the same purpose,—the most unfortunate words for the honour of his throne, that could be put in the mouth of a monarch. The principle is fully acted on in Vienna. Over all knowledge, and all thinking, on every thing public, and on every thing relating to the political events and institutions not only of the empire, but of all other countries, there broods a "darkness which may be felt." Nowhere will you find a more lamentable ignorance, or a more melancholy horror of being suspected of a desire to be wise above what is written down by the editor of the Austrian Observer. Nothing is known but to official men; and the first official duty is to confine all knowledge within the official circle. Talk to a Viennese about the finances, for example. What is the amount of the public revenue? I don't know. What is done with it? I don't know. How much does your army cost? I don't

know. How much does the civil administration cost? I don't know. What is the amount of your public debt? I don't know. In short, do you know any thing at all about the matter, except how much you pay yourself, and that you pay whatever you are ordered? Nothing on earth.

The Austrian police,—*monstrum horrendum, ingens*;—it cannot be added, *cui lumen ademptum*, for it has the eyes of an Argus, though no Mercury has yet been found to charm them to sleep, while he rescued manly thought and intellectual exertion from the brute form into which political jealousy has metamorphosed them. The French police under Napoleon was reckoned perfect; in efficiency, it could not possibly surpass that of Vienna, which successfully represses every expression of thought, by forcing on all the deadening conviction, that the eyes and ears of spies are everywhere. The consequences of a denunciation are secret arrest, secret imprisonment, and an unknown punishment. It can be tolerated in some measure, that spies should be placed in coffee-houses, in the apartments of restaurateurs, or in places of public amusement; for on such occasions, every sensible person, to whatever country he may belong, will be on his guard; but it is sickening when, even in private society, he must open his lips under the conviction that there may be a spy sitting at the same table with him. This is the case in Vienna to a very great extent. The efficacy of such a system depends on those who are its instruments being unknown; but, if the Viennese themselves may be believed, not only men, but women, too, and men and women of rank, are in

the pay of the secret police. Among those whom you know to be your personal friends, if you indulge in a freedom of opinion in which you would not venture in mere mixed society, they will draw back with a sort of apprehension, and kindly warn you of the danger to which you are exposing both them and yourself. This is true, not merely of what might be considered modes of thinking hostile to the whole frame of government, but it is equally so of individual acts of administration,—if you question, for instance, the propriety of punishing a public peculator, like T——, by dismissing him with a pension, or the purity of the motives which procured Count A—— his provincial government. The government is not even very fond that its measures should be praised ; it is much better pleased that nothing be said about them at all.

This is the general spirit of the thing. Every Englishman who has been much conversant with Vienna, and occasionally forgotten where he was, must have felt it so. Of the practical efficiency of the system of espionage take a single example. A certain Russian nobleman was resident at Vienna in 1821. His political opinions were known to be somewhat more liberal than was agreeable to the courts of Vienna and Petersburg ; above all, he was favourable to the Greeks. The burden of the Austrian minister's political harangues delivered twice a-week at his levees was, " You see it is the same thing with all of them, whether in Spain, or Italy, or Greece ; it is just rebel A, rebel B, rebel C, and so on." This nobleman, himself a pretty regular attender of these levees, thought

otherwise, and had amused himself with drawing up a discourse to prove that the Greeks could not be considered, and ought not to be treated, as rebels. He had communicated it to some of his *intimate acquaintances*. A few days afterwards the manuscript was not to be found in his desk. He immediately understood the matter, and foresaw the consequences. The next courier but one from St Petersburg brought a very friendly expressed notice from the Autocrat, that, until some determinate resolution was adopted regarding Greece, it would be agreeable to his Imperial Majesty that Prince —— should choose his residence elsewhere than in Vienna. The recommendation, of course, was attended to, and the prince retired to a six months' tiresome sojourn in a provincial town.

Foreigners are still more pryingly watched than natives, and Englishmen more than any other foreigners, except Italians. An English gentleman's papers were seized one morning in a domiciliary visit by agents of the police, carried off, examined, and returned. "Mind what you are about," said a foreign minister, who was stating this circumstance next day to another British sojourner, "Mind what you are about ; I know you keep something like a journal ; take care what you put in it, and that nobody shall know what you do put in it."

It is not only always an imprudence, but in general it is a piece of mere foolish affectation, for a stranger in any country to use language or behaviour which necessarily exposes him to the odium of the government, however allowable or

laudable they may be at home. Our own countrymen, unaccustomed to bridle their tongues about any thing, and fortunately trained to habits which give them a strong inclination to speak severely on such a state of things as exists in the Austrian capital, are peculiarly liable to fall into this error,—for an error it is, unless some powerful call of humanity justify the sacrifice of prudence to feeling. They are too apt to forget the homely saying, that it is folly to live in Rome and quarrel with the Pope. Now it so happens that Rome is the place where an Englishman is allowed to take his own way more freely than in any other despotic country of the Continent—at least it was so in the late pontificate, under the administration of Consalvi. The police of Vienna is much more imperative, and in all probability immediately orders such a person to quit the empire. A young Englishman, apparently as harmless and affected a specimen of the dandy as ever emigrated from Bond Street, was ordered to leave the capital on a very brief notice, because, according to his own account, he had been preaching the doctrines of Tom Paine in a coffee-house. If it was so, a piece of such egregious folly deserved no better treatment. Of all the exhibitions of English growling few are more amusing than that of a sturdy Englishman compelled to undertake a long journey in this unceremonious fashion, because he has forgotten the difference between the ministers of Francis I., and the ministers of George IV. Having received orders to depart, away he hastens full-mouthed to his minister, with whom he can use his own language and his own feelings. He dis-

plays his passport, demands protection as a British subject, and perhaps hints something about responsibility to the House of Commons. But no Excellency can prevent the laws of the country, such as they are, from taking their course ; John must go. And now every thing is soured to him. The *danseuses* of the Kärnthertor are ugly and awkward ; the choicest viands of Widman's kitchen are only fit for dogs ; he quarrels with every item in his landlord's bill ; he pays his servants niggardly, or not at all, for " The brutes that submit to such a government do not deserve to possess a halfpenny." He gets into his carriage, while the myrmidons of the police look on in disguise. The postilion, the horses, and his own servant, come in for their full share of his bad humour ; the only dependent he has is made to feel all the burden of his inferiority ; and John drives across the frontier, swearing that England is the only country fit for a gentleman to live in, and that every man is a fool who puts himself in the power of Alexander, Francis, or Frederick William.

While the police hunts out words and deeds, the censorship labours to confine thought. Nowhere in Germany is it exercised with such jealous rigour as here, particularly in regard to public affairs, to history, and theology. A great number of what may be called literary journals are published in the capital, but they are either mere vehicles of amusement, full of dull tales and charades, or devoted to the fine arts and theatrical criticisms. The "*Jahrbücher der Literatur*," (Annals of Literature,) the Quarterly Review, so to speak, of Vienna, is more respectable, but it is written ac-

according to the censor's rule, just as much as the most trifling weekly sheet. The treatment which a literary article written for this review met with, will better illustrate the spirit of the censorship, than a hundred general statements. The present patriarch of Venice, a Hungarian by birth, and a person of elegant acquirements, published an epic poem, the *Tunisiad*, of which Charles V. is the hero, and his expedition against Tunis the subject. He has used as machines various sorts of good and evil spirits, the former fighting for the Christians, the latter for the infidels. C——n, who, though not without taste, happens to be a bigot, a pietist, and a censor of the press, had expressed great dissatisfaction with these spirits, as being irreconcilable with any system of orthodoxy; and, for this very reason, I believe, he refused to review the book, though he had reviewed another production of the patriarch, "*Perlen der heiligen Vorzeit*," a collection of sacred songs, and reviewed it, the author himself says, *con amore*. A literary person, the librarian of a Hungarian prince, wrote a review of the *Tunisiad*. Whatever he might think of the poetical worth of the spirits as machines, he defended them at least in regard to orthodoxy, and would by no means grant that a poet was to be tried like a writer of homilies. The manuscript of this article fell into the hands of C——n, as censor. After some time he returned it to the author, having not only erased every thing that it contained in defence of the profane machines, but having inserted sentiments of quite an opposite tendency. What was worse, the passages cited by the reviewer were distorted by the censor.

The sense was altered ; and even the verses, which are very flowing, well-built hexameters, were, in many instances, new cast, and converted into lines which bade defiance to the rules of all prosodies, ancient or modern. The reviewer naturally was very angry, sat as censor on the censor, erased all that the impertinence and bigotry of the latter had interlarded, and it was only in this mutilated form that the article was allowed to be printed.

The population of the Austrian empire, including Hungary and the Italian States, is commonly stated at about twenty-three millions ; the number of newspapers printed in it does not amount to thirty ! In Vienna itself there are only two proper newspapers ; three others, one of which is printed in Hungarian, another in Servian, and the third in modern Greek, for the use of these nations, are merely transcripts. These two are the Austrian Observer and the Vienna Gazette. The Observer is the proper political paper ; the Gazette, though it gives political intelligence, is the mercantile and advertising paper. It has existed, under different forms, since 1703. It has a monopoly of all advertisements, and all notifications from the public offices, and pays for this privilege a yearly sum of nearly L.2000 to government. The Observer, which is published daily, even on Sunday, (it costs L.1, 16s. yearly,) is sufficiently well known all over Europe. It is the official political paper, and there is no other ; it is the faithful reflection of the Austrian policy, the speaking trumpet through which the Austrian cabinet makes known to the empire whatever it thinks proper should be known, or wishes to be believed. The

intelligence which it extracts from foreign journals has always the same tendency ; no syllable of opinion, and no fact which might lead a rational Austrian to think otherwise than the minister wishes he should think, can be admitted. The leading articles are said even to pass occasionally under the review of the minister himself. The editor is a M. Pilate, ever ready, like his pagan namesake, to become a passive instrument, whenever the cabinet calls out against a fact or an opinion, "Crucify it, crucify it."

The foreign journals which are admitted are narrowly watched. They are examined before being delivered ; and, if they contain articles which are thought unsafe for the reading public of Vienna, the numbers are kept back, except from persons whose rank commands respect, or whose principles are known to be immovably fixed by interest. One who had no access to English papers would never have learned in Vienna, that the declarations issued by the Allied Sovereigns at Laybach had produced such strong denunciations of its principles in the British Parliament, or that Lord Castlereagh's circular had been written. "You Englishmen," said an old merchant to me, "you Englishmen certainly are the best subjects in Europe ; your newspapers are always pleased with the government and praising it." I was naturally startled at the assertion, and asked his reasons for it ; "Why," said he, "don't I read all the extracts from your journals in our newspapers, and they are always in praise of the measures of government ?"

Our dislike to the arbitrary principles and illi-

beral policy of the Austrian government, has led us to be unjust to the members of the Austrian family. It has become common to rail at them as stupid people. There is no ground for this. There is not a stupid man amongst them, unless it be the Crown Prince, whose countenance does betray something like imbecility, and whose character is alleged to possess a great deal of it. The Archdukes, the Emperor's brothers, are all well-informed men, and perfectly qualified to command respect any where. The Archduke John blundered, indeed, in the battle of Asperne; the fault, however, did not lie with him, who never pretended to be a soldier, but with those who made him a soldier, instead of allowing him to follow his own pursuits of gathering plants, breaking mineralogical specimens, and shooting chamois, in the mountains of Styria. His example and exertions, aided by the establishment of the Johanneum at Grätz, have done much for the practical improvement, at least, of natural history in Austria.

The Archduke Charles is very popular. The Austrians are apt to exaggerate his military genius; but to have coped with Moreau, as he did cope with him, is no mean renown to a military man. In all his habits he is entirely domestic and unaffected. He takes his walk along the streets, or on the ramparts, with a child in each hand, as simply dressed, and as simply affectionate, as any father in Vienna.

The Emperor himself, though without any reach of political talent, is very far indeed from being a stupid man; no one who knows him ever thinks of calling him so. He is about fifty-six years of

age, but appears much older. His countenance betokens strongly that simplicity of character and good-nature, which are the most prominent features of his disposition, but it does not announce even that quantity of penetration which he is allowed on all hands to possess. His manners are simple and popular in the extreme ; he is the enemy of all parade. Except on particular occasions, he comes abroad in an ordinary coloured dress, without decorations of any kind ; and not unfrequently you may light upon him in a black or brown coat which many of his subjects would disdain to wear. In some part of the long line of light and splendid equipages which move down to the Prater, in the evening, the Emperor may often be discovered driving the Empress in an unostentatious caleche, with a pair of small quiet horses, that will neither prance nor run away. Here, however, driving is easy ; once into the line, there is no getting out of it.

There are few more popular monarchs in Europe than the Emperor Francis, excepting always among his Italian subjects. There is but one ardent feeling of dislike of the Austrian yoke from the Laguna of Venice to the Lago Maggiore ; but his German subjects are affectionately attached to him. I do not mean that they feel the enthusiasm which may be excited by distinguished qualities, or by great services he has done them ; on the contrary, his reign brought heavier calamities upon them than Austria had felt since the Thirty Years' War. But they have forgotten all these hardships in their strong and true attachment to his personal

character. They like his good-natured plainness, for it is entirely in their own way ; even the corrupt German which he speaks pleases them, for it is theirs. Twice a-week, and at an early hour in the morning, he gives audiences, to which all classes are not only admitted, but which are expressly intended for the middling and lower ranks, that they may tell him what they want, and who has injured them. Not one of his subjects is afraid of presenting himself before *Franzel*, the affectionate diminutive by which they love to speak of him. He listens patiently to their petitions and complaints ; he gives relief, and good-natured, fatherly advice, and promises of justice ; and all the world allows him the determination to do justice so far as he can see it. The results of this must not be sought in the foreign policy or general administration of his empire ; on these he holds the opinions which his house has held, and his people has admitted, for centuries ; these are irrevocably in the hands of his ministers. But complaints of individual oppression or injustice always find in him an open and honest ear, and the venal authorities have often trembled before the plain sense and downright love of justice of the emperor. Any personal efficacy, however, of this sort in the monarch of an extensive empire, can never go far ; the very interference is a proof of bad government, — of a government in which no private rights are recognised, or, as most frequently happens, in which there are no public institutions operating impartially to secure these rights. Wherever a monarch must interfere personally to do justice, it is a proof either that the laws are at variance with

justice, or that those who administer them are scoundrels.

The Emperor came to his throne a young man, and found himself called on to cope with the French Revolution, a task which would have proved too severe a trial for a prince of much greater experience and grasp of intellect. He was compelled to throw himself into the arms of ministers; and the events of the protracted struggle, always increasing in importance to Europe and Austria, have kept him in this official embrace, till it has become too late to unlock it. At the head of the ministry stands despotic the Chancellor of State, Prince Metternich, the most powerful individual in Europe who does not wear a crown. A private nobleman from the banks of the Rhine, whose most celebrated vineyard has been bestowed on him by the grateful monarchs for whom he laboured, he has raised himself to be absolute master of the empire, firmly rooted in the confidence of his master, unwilling to bear a rival near the throne; but neither liked nor admired by the people. When I first saw him in the ball-room at Baden, he was sitting by the court, but yet alone. He was dressed in a plain suit of black, for it was the mourning for the late Queen of England. His eyes were fixed on the floor, as if in deep thought, except when they glanced up to follow the fair Countess A——, who was flying round the hall in the waltz. His appearance has nothing striking or commanding. He is of middling stature, rather meagre than otherwise, but altogether a handsome man. His countenance is pale; his large broad brow is marked with what seem to be the wrinkles of cun-

ning, rather than the furrows of thought ; his smile appears to be so habitual, that it has scarcely any character, except when it is satirical. His manners are polite and conciliating, for he is through and through a man of the world. He possesses in a high degree the power of concealing his own sentiments, and a coolness which keeps him clear of all embarrassment.

It is in vain to deny that Prince Metternich possesses talent, because we dislike his politics. What he has made himself is an irrefragable proof that he must be a clever man. It would be equally unjust to judge of him from the extravagant eulogiums of those who flutter round him at his levees, and worship no other idol than their political maker. In the country which he governs, among men who have heads to judge, and no temptation to judge partially, you will never hear ascribed to him any comprehensive political view, or any commanding quality of intellect ; their praise seldom rises above "*Il est très adroit*," — shrewdness in detecting means, and patience and tact in using them, are his excellencies. They usually quote the success with which he blinded Napoleon, and his ministers and marshals, at Dresden, regarding the designs of Austria, as the *chef-d'œuvre* of his political skill, and add, "In what does political skill of this sort consist, but in the art of telling lies with a good grace ?" His activity in the multifarious matters which are laid upon his shoulders is inexhaustible. Though very far from being insensible to pleasure, he never allows it to interfere with business.

However hostile we may be to the general spirit

of Prince Metternich's administration, the steadiness with which he pursues his object is a most valuable political quality. If he be the most implacable enemy among European ministers to liberal alterations in the European governments, this arises partly from ambition, and partly from what may almost be called a sense of duty. Enjoying such extensive power, a representative body is the last rival his ambition could endure, because it would be the most dangerous. His imperial master considers all such innovations as rebellious encroachments on his divine prerogative, and conscientiously believes them to be pregnant with misery to the world; and the minister of such a prince holds himself bound to rule on these principles. His object is to keep the empire safe from this supposed infection; he attacks it, therefore, wherever it appears, and is within his reach. He garrisons Naples with Austrian troops, and sends the Carbonari of Lombardy and Romagna to Laybach or the Spielberg. Where they are beyond the reach of his artillery and judges, as in Spain and Portugal, then, besides the more serious engines of political intrigue, he takes care that, in Vienna, at least, they shall be hated or despised. His dispatches supply him with an infinity of anecdotes, whether true or false, of all the leading liberals of Europe, from Sir Francis Burdett down to Benjamin Constant. Every Wednesday and Sunday evening he holds a sort of political conversazione, and the political sermons which he delivers on these occasions to the admiring and believing circle are thickly interlarded with such anecdotes, all tending to make the apostles of liber-

alism odious or ridiculous. "Probably, my lord," said he one evening to an English nobleman, "you have had no opportunity of learning the spirit of the German universities: Do you know, that, among the gymnastic exercises of a public teacher in Berlin, one consisted in throwing a dagger with so much dexterity as to hit a given point at a considerable distance? Yet this man had not for three months given a single lecture on any subject on which it was his duty to have instructed his pupils."

Besides ambition, the Premier is said to have two other strong passions, money and beauty; the former, however, much less certain than the latter. If the universal voice of Vienna speak truth, it may be justly inscribed on his tomb, "Lightly from fair to fair he flew." In a country, or, at least, in a capital, where female virtue is so little prized, and where the slavish spirit which knows no good but the favour of power prospers so richly from the very nature of the government, the wealth and influence of an absolute minister, who is, besides, a perfectly agreeable and well-bred man, can seldom meet with very stubborn fair ones. To indulge in such stories would be the mere prating of private scandal; but they are more justifiable when they throw light on the public organization of a country, and the way of getting on in it. During one of those congresses which, of late years, have been so frequently held, to establish, if possible, one uniform system of despotism all over Europe, the beauty of the young Countess ——— attracted the favourable regards of a minister high in authority at the Austrian Court.

No sooner did he discover the charms of the wife, than they opened his eyes to the talents of the husband ; he now saw, what he was ashamed not to have seen before, that the public good required that these talents should be transplanted to Vienna ; the husband was to be made an Aulic Councillor. Husband and wife come to the capital ; the husband visits among the great, dangles about at levees, and while he is thus engaged, that well-known carriage standing daily at his door tells all the world who, in the meantime, is visiting his wife. Months pass away, and the place and salary are not forthcoming. The husband grows impatient and urgent, and the lover must make an effort to keep his word. The difficulty is, that the whole story is by this time so well known, that no veil can possibly be thrown over the transaction, and it undoubtedly has reached the ears of the Emperor. The minister to whose department the affair belongs (but, it was said, with great reluctance) at length proposes to the Emperor the nomination of Count ——— as an Aulic Councillor, and enlarges on the polite attentions which he had shown to so many crowned heads. The Emperor hears him out patiently, claps him on the shoulder, and, looking as archly as he can look, plainly answers, *Ich weiss alles schon, Herr Graf; es kann nicht gehen, es kann nicht gehen*,—"Count, I know every thing about it ; it won't do, it won't do ;"—and it did not do, and the disappointed couple returned to their Carniolian obscurity. But justice must be done to the generosity of the lover. The attack was some time afterwards renewed in another form ; and,

shortly before I left Vienna, Count — had actually been appointed to the government of a populous, and beautiful, and fertile region of Upper Austria.

When blockheads can thus climb to offices of power and trust by such means, what honest man can hope to win them by the fair exercise of his talents and integrity? If even clever men gain them by such means, what must the state of society be which renders such means necessary or practicable, and, in public opinion, scarcely dishonourable? It is thus that despotism produces at once moral and intellectual degradation. Power and influence, or the favour of those who possess power and influence, are made the leading objects in the eyes of all the citizens. The means by which they are to be acquired, base and immoral as they may be, become mere laudable and prudential sacrifices. Respectability is made to consist in standing well with those who have power, or with those who stand well with those who have power. The Austrian aristocracy, though far from being the least respectable of Germany in point of wealth, is the least respectable in education, conduct, and manliness of spirit. I once heard some Hungarian officers express great doubts of the credibility of an English gentleman, when he told them, that it was quite possible and customary to hold a commission in the British army or navy, and yet to vote against ministers in Parliament. They could not conceive how such a state of things could exist in any well-regulated government. A body of nobility, elevated above the great mass of the people by rank and wealth, and ha-

ving no other public duties to discharge than implicitly to obey the commands, and fawningly court the smiles of a monarch, *must* be ignorant and unprincipled; for knowledge would be incompatible with the unthinking submission to which they are bound by habit, as well as by authority; and moral rectitude cannot exist with their systematic idleness, which seeks only pleasures. The aristocracy of Britain is not only unique in the world, but is almost a political and moral phenomenon. It is not to be ascribed, however, to any peculiar temperament of feeling, or any peculiarly well-balanced constitution of mind. It is principally the result of the form of our government, which, necessarily recognising a higher class, (which must exist in all states, however it may be disguised in name,) and investing its members with high privileges, loads them, at the same time, with high public duties, which these privileges only enable them the more effectually to perform; gives them, in the respect and honest favour of the people, a much surer pillar of prosperity than the smiles of a monarch to a worthless flatterer, and leaves the public eye to watch strictly how their important vocation is fulfilled. Shut the doors of the House of Lords; exclude its members from lieutenancies of counties, grand juries, and commissions of the peace; leave them, in short, no other space to fill in the public eye but what may be occupied by the recklessness of their expenditure, or the magnificence of their equipages, by their rank in the army and navy, or by provincial employments which they seek merely from views of gain, and the high-minded and

well-informed peerage of Britain will speedily become as ignorant, as dissolute, and as useless, as the servile and corrupted aristocracy of Vienna.

Judging from what we ourselves would feel under such a state of things, we would be apt to infer that a spirit of discontent must be widely diffused throughout the empire, and that there must be eager longings for a more equal, and manly, and liberal system. Nothing, however, would be farther from the truth than such an assertion; the Austrian people is the most anti-revolutionary of Europe, and few princes have so little to apprehend as its monarch. Excepting Italy, where, again, the public feeling of dislike is directed against Austria as being a *foreign* yoke, none of the provinces which compose the empire contains any general practical wish for a popular constitution, or any conviction that it is theoretically desirable. It has been said, though in a very harsh spirit of exaggeration, that it is only by chance that an Austrian ever thinks at all; it is certain that it is only by chance that he ever thinks on political matters. The paper money of Austria led to as complete, though not so formal a bankruptcy, as the assignats of revolutionary France. The paper money forced into circulation at its nominal value, as equal to that of the imperial florin in specie, never maintained its ground. Its rapid fluctuations brought ruin to thousands; and the government at last ordained that the paper currency should pass for only two-fifths of the nominal value at which the government itself had issued it. These *Schuldscheine*, these government notes, are still the general currency of Vienna; and while

a note for a florin bears on the face of it, in German, Polish, Hungarian, and Bohemian, that it is equal to a florin *Conventions-Münze*, (the metallic currency of the defunct German Empire,) its real value is only two-fifths of a florin. When a people has passed tranquilly through such a process, it is not likely to indulge in the reasonings, or to feel the truths, of theoretical politics. In politics, as in most other departments of intellectual exertion, Austria is the least advanced country of Germany. The subjects are as contentedly obedient as the government is jealous and arbitrary; the priesthood lends its aid to fetter thought, and perpetuate superstition; the censor prevents them from learning, and, if they think, the spies of the police prevent them from speaking; and the Austrian lives on, wishing, indeed, sometimes, that the government would take less money from him, but never troubled with the idea that he ought to have some influence himself on the modes in which revenue is raised, and the purposes to which it is applied. It seldom happens that the mere forms of a despotic government become the objects of popular hatred, so long as its actual administration is not felt to be personally oppressive. With the great body of a people, revolutions are the result of feeling, rather than of judgment; they do not so much seek to gain what political reasoning tells them is right, as to escape from what they feel to be individual privations. "That which is best administered is best," however faulty as a principle in the theory of government—because it forgets the question, by what forms that best administration is most likely to be secured—is perfectly true

in regard to the opinions of the great mass of a nation ; with them it always becomes at last a question of personal enjoyment or insult, except where the habitual exercise of political rights has linked them to their affections as a personal possession. The Saxons, who are among the most enlightened of Germans, submit to an arbitrary government as peaceably as the Austrians, whom they reckon the most stolid. So long as the subjects of the Emperor Francis have enough to eat and to drink, his throne is the most secure in Europe ; so soon as the subjects of George IV. are starving, no constitution is exposed to greater danger from popular commotion than that of England. Rome might never have discovered the charms of a republic, had not Tarquin's son been inflamed by the beauty of Lucretia ; and it was hunger and imprisonment that drove the Roman populace to the Sacred Mount. The cantons which founded the liberty of Switzerland might have remained till this day appendages of the house of Hapsburgh, had not imperial officers wounded the pride of Alpine shepherds, and outraged the modesty of Alpine dames. Liberty, like virtue, may be its own reward ; but how difficult is it to induce the bulk of mankind to love the one or the other only for its own sake !

CHAPTER VI.

STYRIA—CARNIOLA.

Wo der Steirer Eisen bricht.

FOURTEEN miles to the south of Vienna, the little town of Baden, created and supported by the celebrity of its mineral waters, lies amid vineyards, on the footstool of the Styrian Alps, overflowing, in summer and autumn, with idleness and disease from the capital. Some persons of the higher ranks have houses of their own, in which they spend a couple of months not for purposes of health, but to enjoy the delicious scenery in the neighbourhood. Excepting, however, when the Imperial Family makes Baden its summer residence, fashionable people confine their visits to driving down on Saturday afternoon, going to the ball on Sunday evening, and returning to Vienna on Monday morning.

The warm springs, loaded with sulphur, and strongly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, issue from beneath a low eminence of limestone, which a few years ago was only bare rock, but is now clothed with artificial groves, and hewn out into romantic walks. Some of the sources belong to

the town, others are the property of private individuals. In certain cutaneous diseases, the waters are specific; but persons who labour under such ailments are very properly compelled to bathe by themselves. The rest of the crowd, consisting principally of cripples from swellings, or from contractions of the limbs, rheumatic and gouty patients, and not a few who, though in perfect health, take a strange pleasure in being in such a crowd, use the bath together, males and females mixed promiscuously, and sit, or move slowly about, for an hour or two, up to the neck in the steaming water. The ladies enter and depart by one side, and the gentlemen by another; but in the bath itself there is no separation; nay, politeness requires that a gentleman, when he sees a lady moving, or attempting to move, alone, shall offer himself as her support during the aquatic promenade. There is no silence or dulness; every thing is talk and joke. There is a gallery above, for the convenience of those who choose to be only spectators of the motley crowd, but it is impossible to hold out long against the heat. The vapours, which are scarcely felt when the whole body is immersed in the water, are intolerable when the body is out of it, and the sulphurous fumes immediately attack the metallic parts of the dress. A very fair and fashionable lady entered the bath one morning. The gentleman who expected her had scarcely taken her hand to lead her round, when her face and neck were observed to grow black and livid. A cry was raised that the lady was suffocating; some of her own sex immediately carried her out to the dressing room, and speedily returned with a malicious tri-

umph. The lady had painted, and the sulphur had unmasked her. Yet, though there is much idleness and listlessness in Baden, there is much less dissoluteness than in most German watering-places of equal celebrity. The reason is, the vicinity of Vienna. Acquaintances may be made in Baden, but the prosecution of them is reserved to be the amusement of the following winter in the capital.

Every evening both the sick and the healthy repair to the lovely valley of St Helena, at whose mouth Baden is situated. It is a dell, rather than a valley. At its entrance, there is scarcely room for more than the ample mountain stream which waters and enlivens it throughout its whole extent. The lofty rocks which, on each side, guard its mouth, still bear the sombre ruins of two ancient fortresses frowning at each other across the valley, like warders posted on hostile towers. Neither horse nor carriage can possibly enter, and the highest in the land must mingle on foot with the lowest. When the Imperial family is in Baden, this scanty path, and the little glades into which it sometimes opens out, present samples of all the nations of the empire, from Transylvania to Milan, and of all the various classes of its society. The Emperor himself, the most plainly dressed man in the valley, was soberly plodding along, with the Empress on his arm, and his eldest son, the Crown Prince, stalking by his side. The Empress had burdened his majesty with her parasol, and his majesty was very irreverently converting it into a staff, and polluting it in various little puddles which some heavy rain in the forenoon had formed here and there in the grass. The Em-

press seemed to lose patience, snatched it from him, and shook it at him, as if in a good-natured threat to castigate her imperial husband, and you might hear distinctly from the passing vulgar the kindly exclamation, *Die guten Leute!* To the left, a group of homely citizens were enjoying their coffee, (for, of course, there are coffee-tents,) and, close by, the Archduchess Charles was resting herself on a rude bench; at her feet, young Napoleon, with much more of the Austrian family, than of his father, in his countenance, was tumbling about in the grass with his little cousins.* As she returned the obeisance of Prince Metternich, who was strolling past with the French ambassador, one of the girls cried, "There's papa," and the Archduke himself, his coat pulled off, and thrown over his shoulder, on account of the heat, came scrambling down the rocks on the opposite side of the river, with one of his boys in each hand. There is a great deal of affectionate plainness in the way in which the members of the Imperial family move about among their subjects, and it has much more strength in knitting them together, than political theories will readily have in separating them.

From the head of the valley of St Helena, a romantic path runs through the woods, and joins the great road from Vienna to the mountainous district of Upper Styria at the Cistercian monas-

*The Duke of Reichstadt, it is said, is to be imprisoned in the church; a bigot, therefore, has been given him as his governor, the same gentleman who, as already mentioned, acted so despotically with the review of Pykker's *Tunisiad*.

tery of Holyrood, (*Heiligen-Kreutz*,) about thirty miles from the Styrian frontier. The monastery is an ancient and comfortable building, and the monks neither display in their persons any marks of mortifying the flesh, nor, in their conversation, any predilection for serious and holy topics. They are ruddy, jocular, well-conditioned people ; and, though there were ladies in the party, the monks cheerfully admitted them to the penetralia of their cells. One part of monastic discipline is entirely reversed. The door of every cell is pierced with a small circular hole, covered by a sliding pannel. The pannel used to be on the outside, and the intention of the whole arrangement was, to enable the Abbot to peep into the cells whenever he chose. But the monks have got the system changed, and the sliding pannel is now on the inside. The inmates are not all entirely idle, for the monastery is a sort of theological seminary. About forty young men, who have passed through the usual preparatory courses in a university or Lyceum, are supported, and instructed in divinity, and are then transferred, as occasion allows, to fatten on the banquets of the wealthy monasteries of Lilienfeld and Kloster-Neuberg. Yet the pious brethren must have a great deal of unoccupied time on their hands ; and, therefore, it is disgraceful to them that their garden is in such utter disorder. It was, in every respect, the garden of the sluggard ; straggling roses were rising among luxuriant nettles. One of the monks told me, that, during the war, their treasury and altars had been despoiled of upwards of thirty tons of silver, to meet the necessities of the state ; but till they become

industrious themselves, they do not deserve to have their plundered riches restored.

From this point, the traveller who is moving westward to the Styrian frontier is always getting deeper into the valleys of that mountainous ridge which runs up through the territory of Salzburg, and then joins the Alps of the Tyrol. The road is a good one, for it is the line by which the salt and iron of Upper Styria are conveyed to Vienna. There are as yet no cloud-capped mountains, or terrific precipices, but the whole face of the country is picturesque. It is a succession of hollows, rather than of valleys, inclosed by eminences, which, though not lofty, are abrupt and varied in their forms, and uniformly clothed with their original forests. There is no want of population : small market towns are numerous, and, to supply their wants, the bottom of these romantic dells has been industriously cultivated. It was only the beginning of August, yet the crops were all cut down, and spread out on the field to dry, before being made up into stacks. Much of the land belongs to abbeys, which are thickly strewed, and the princely monastery of Lilienfeld, the wealthiest abode, in Austria, of the followers of St Bernard, is the most prosperous and the most ancient of them all. The series of the portraits of its abbots commences in the year 1206, and comes down to 1818 in an uninterrupted succession, excepting that there is a gap from 1786 to 1790, the period during which Joseph disturbed the repose of all the monks in his empire. The inscription on the portrait of Abbot Ignatius, elected in 1790, records the restoration of the abbey

by the grace of Leopold II. Numerous as these abbeys are, and great as the extent of their territorial possessions frequently is, it is wrong to accuse the princes, or the pious individuals who endowed them, of having been imprudently liberal to the church. Thousands of acres were given; but they were acres of wood and water, utterly unproductive to the public, and which would probably have remained for centuries in the same wild state, if they had been the property of a quarrelsome baron, instead of belonging to the peaceful sons of the church. The monks, though idle themselves, were not encouragers of idleness in their subjects. Their leisure allowed them to instruct, and their love of gain led them to aid their vassals in agricultural science, rude as it was, while, at the same time, the sacred character which they enjoyed placed their peasantry beyond the reach of the oppressions practised by feudal nobles. It has long been a current proverb in Germany, *Man lebt gut unter dem Krummstab*. It is true, that one is apt to feel provoked when he is told that these fruitful valleys, and the pasture hills which rise along their sides, belong to a congregation of idle monks; but monks were the very men who made the valleys fruitful and the hills useful. They received them covered with trees and rocks—no very liberal boon—and it was they who planted them with corn, and stored them with sheep. The flourishing monastery of Lilienfeld still maintains a symbol of its ancient hospitality. The members of the long procession of pilgrims which annually walks from Vienna to

Mariazell, are refreshed within its walls with a long benediction, and a small plate of thin soup.

The whole road, as far as Mariazell, the first Styrian town, and the holy abode of an ugly picture of the Virgin, is much more thickly strewed with emblems of believing piety, and conveniences for devout worshippers, than with the marks of civic industry and comfort,—for it is the line of the great pilgrimage from Vienna. Every valley which the pilgrims have to traverse is crowded with Saints and Virgins, and every hill across which they toil is surmounted with a chapel or a Saviour. But even pilgrims cannot dispense with temporal restoratives, and brandy-booths refresh the votaries of the Madonna as frequently as her own image. The Annaberg, or Mountain of St Anne, is at once the steepest ascent which they have to climb, and the most romantic spot in this part of Styria. The rocks press together so closely, and the wood entangles itself so thickly round the mountain path, that, at every turn, it seems impossible to emerge from the dell in which you have been caught; but, on reaching the apparently extreme point of your progress, the road turns sharply round some angle of the mountain, and leads you, amid sparkling streams and overhanging rocks, into another dell of the same sort, till the summit of the hill itself appears, crowned with its ancient cloister. The pilgrims always ascend this eminence chanting hymns; the young women allow their hair to hang down loose over their shoulders, dropping, not with myrrh, but with perspiration; and the more laboriously pious add to the sum of their good works, by dragging after

them a cumbersome cross. At the foot of the hill there is a chapel in which they may pray, and, opposite to it, a brandy-shop to quicken the body. Their devotions are renewed in another chapel on the summit, but the spring which it contains supplies only water. It is the most profanely grotesque of all fountains. It is formed by a rude image of the dying Messiah lying on the lap of his mother ; an iron pipe is inserted into the wound in his side, and the pure stream issues from it.

The nearer you approach to the holy city itself, the greater is the number of drinking booths and beggars ; for the pilgrimage is often made a pretext for mendicancy, and people who would not stoop to ask alms on other occasions, reckon it no disgrace to seek the aid of charity in observing the rites of their superstition. The first object that met my eye on passing the boundary from Austria into Styria, was a board, announcing an express prohibition against begging ; and right under it sat an old woman begging. When asked if she did not see what was above her, she answered, " Yes ; but, dear sir, I can't read." It is still more melancholy that poor and industrious people should waste their scanty means in travelling from remote corners of the empire to pay this tribute to superstition. While I was resting at the fountain, on the summit of the *Josephi-berg*, a middle-aged man, accompanied by a woman and a youth, ascended the hill from the opposite side ; they were father, mother, and son. The father was blind : as he paced slowly along, guided by his wife, both sinking under the burden of ill health and fatigue, he told the beads of a rosary

which hung from his neck, while she repeated the Aves and Paternosters. The son was a few steps before them, and carried on his shoulders the bundle which contained their little stock of travelling conveniences. On reaching the summit, they seated themselves by the spring ; they spoke Bohemian ; but an accidental circumstance brought out, that German was nearly as much their native language. The father was a linen-weaver, from the northern extremity of Bohemia. Three years before, he had lost his eyesight through disease ; he had visited in vain all the numerous shrines of Bohemia, and the southern corners of Silesia ; as a last hope, he had repaired to the wonder-working Virgin of Mariazell, had performed his devotions during three days, and was now on his return to his distant home. What could be saved from the scanty earnings of his wife, the son who accompanied them, and a grown-up daughter, who had been left at home with the younger children, had been hoarded up during nearly a year, to enable the husband and father to undertake this long and dreary pilgrimage, as the last earthly mean of recovering his lost sight. Bread and water had been their sole sustenance, except that, during the three days spent in Mariazell itself, they had indulged in boiled vegetables, and such soup as is there to be had, “ not to look poorer than we are,” said the good woman ; “ for,” added she, as if to give a high idea of the comforts which they had enjoyed in their Bohemian valley, “ at home, while Johann could work, we had never had less.” Their piety had as yet brought no reward ; the hope of an immediate miracle had passed

away ; but the unfortunate man seemed to be in some measure consoled under his grievous privation by having used all the means pointed out by his church ; and he spoke of this toilsome, and, to his squalid family, expensive journey, as a duty which he owed to his religion no less than to himself. He was happy in not being able to observe the tears which started into the eyes of his wife as he expressed his doubts that he had not even yet found acceptance before the Virgin ; but the boy observed them, glanced his eye from the one to the other, pulled the straps of his little knapsack tighter round his shoulders, and put his parents in mind that they must proceed on their journey. They all took a parting draught from the pure spring ; the blind father again seized his rosary, and, as they descended the hill, the wife again began the low monotonous chant. It is melancholy that a government, instead of endeavouring to wean its people from extravagances which render poverty doubly oppressive, should encourage among those of its subjects, whose lot is penury and ignorance, superstitions that interfere so substantially with the comforts they might otherwise enjoy. If there be any member of the catholic church who will really maintain, that it is better for the community that the hard-earned gains of these poor people should be consumed in a distant pilgrimage, which, moreover, is often accompanied with much immorality, than that they should be expended in adding to their domestic comforts, he is as far beyond the reach of argument, as the observances of his church are, in this instance, beyond the reach of respect.

Mariazell would not be worth visiting, were it not for the celebrity which it has acquired as a place of pilgrimage, and the residence of a holy influence, which, till this day, is working more frequent, and astonishing, and undeniable miracles, than even Prince Hohenlohe. The town is small and mean-looking; it consists, in fact, principally of inns and alehouses, to accommodate the perpetual influx of visitors, which never ceases, all the year round, except when snow has rendered the mountains impassable. The immense size of the beds in these hostelries shows at once to how many inconveniences the pious are willing to submit. The pilgrims, however, who can pretend to the luxury of a bed, are few in number. Above all, during the time that the annual procession from Vienna is on the spot, it is not possible that the greater part of the crowd can be able to find lodgings; and, though there were accommodation, no small portion of them are too poor to pay for it. These, from necessity, and many others from less justifiable motives, spend the night in the neighbouring woods; both sexes are intermingled; and, till morning dawns, they continue drinking, and singing songs, which are any thing but hymns of devotion. Fighting used to be the order of the night, so long as the procession from Grätz (which, likewise, is always a numerous one) performed its pilgrimage at the same time with that from Vienna. The women of Grätz are celebrated for their beauty all over the empire, and the young females of Vienna have their full share of personal attractions. When the two companies met in Mariazell, the men were uniformly engaged, at last, in

determining by blows the charms of their respective fair ones, or deciding who was best entitled to enjoy their smiles. It was found necessary to put a stop to this public scandal, by ordering the pilgrimages to take place at different times.

The church, which is the centre of all this devotion and irregularity, has nothing to recommend it except its antiquity, and the picture to which it owes its fame. The latter is just one of those modern Greek paintings which are so common in Italy, and which are there ascribed, by the believing multitude, to the pencil of the apostle Luke. The maiden-mother holds the holy infant in her arms ; but both are so covered with silver, that scarcely any thing but the heads is visible. An irruption of the Tartars had driven a Styrian priest to save himself by flight, and he carried along with him this Madonna, the only ornament of his rude church. As he wandered for safety through this mountainous region, a light suddenly burst from heaven, and the Madonna herself, descending on the clouds with her infant son, in the very same attitude in which she was represented in the picture, ordered him to hang it up on a tree which she pointed out, and sent him forth to proclaim to the world, that, through it, her ear would ever be open. On the spot where the tree stood, the church was afterwards built. As the fame of the miracles soon spread over all Germany, and as they were frequently performed in behalf of princes, the altars of Mariazell have been crowded for more than eight hundred years, and its treasury continued to overflow with gold, and silver, and precious stones, till Joseph removed part of

its riches into the imperial exchequer. Maria Theresa had hung up as a votive offering figures in silver of herself and all her family ; the unnatural son melted down his mother, brothers, and sisters, and carried his profanity so far as to subject to a similar process the four angels of the same costly metal, who guarded the high altar. The treasury of Mariazell used to be reckoned the richest in Europe, after that of Loretto, and, as in the latter, the renewed devotion of the faithful is again restoring its lost splendour.

In the centre of the gloomy church stands a small and dark chapel, dimly lighted up by a single lamp, whose ray is eclipsed by the glare of precious stones and metals that are profusely scattered within. A silver railing guards the entrance, and around this costly fence kneel the crowded worshippers, supplicating their various boons from the holy picture within, which they can scarcely see. Behind the chapel rises an insulated pillar, surmounted by a stone image of the Virgin. It was surrounded by a double circle of pilgrims. The inner circle consisted of females ; they were all on their knees, in silent adoration. The outer circle contained only men ; they had not so much devotion either in their looks or attitudes, and stood by, carelessly leaning on their staffs. The sun was just going down behind the bare precipices of the neighbouring mountains, and the company was thus arranged to await the signal for chanting the Ave Maria. The aisle in which they were assembled was cold and sombre ; the weak rays of light, passing through the stained glass of a large Gothic window, covered them with a hundred soft and

varied tints, and not a whisper disturbed the solemn silence, except the indistinct murmur of prayer from the holy chapel. At length the sun disappeared, and the bell gave the signal for the evening service. The young women in the inner part of the circle immediately began to move slowly round the pillar on their knees, singing, with voices in which there was much natural harmony, a hymn to the Virgin, nearly in the following strain, while the men stood motionless, taking up the burden at the end of every stanza, and bending to the earth before the sacred image :

Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining ;
Ave Maria ! day is declining.
Safety and innocence fly with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night ;
From the fall of the shade, till the matin shall chime,
Shield us from danger, and save us from crime.
Ave Maria ! audi nos.

Ave Maria ! hear when we call,
Mother of Him who is brother of all ;
Feeble and failing, we trust in thy might ;
In doubting and darkness, thy love be our light ;
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night-taper burns,
And wake in thine arms when the morning returns.
Ave Maria ! audi nos.

From Mariazell, a very good road, considering the Alpine nature of the country, leads southward through the mountains passing the romantic little town of Seewiesen, and at Bruck on the Mur, rejoins the great line of communication between Vienna and Trieste. The Mur is a large and rapid stream, but, unfortunately, the inequalities in its channel render it unserviceable for navigation,

It is used only to float down wood from Upper Styria. The trees are formed into a raft, and, besides the men who manage it, some venturous passengers occasionally trust themselves on this bulky, and yet frail bark, to the rapids of the river. The voyage has often terminated fatally, by the raft, at some sharp turn of the river, being dashed to pieces against the rocks on the opposite side. One dreaded spot of this kind occurs in the river near Leoben, about nine miles above Bruck, and yet the difficulty might be removed at a trifling expense. The river, which is flowing east, suddenly turns to the north, and runs in this direction a few hundred yards, till an opposing precipice, from whose face its waters boil back in furious agitation, forces it again to run east ; then it flows south, and finally continues its easterly course, thus forming, by these windings of its channel, nearly three sides of a square. It is at the turn, where its northerly course is suddenly checked by impending rocks, that the most fatal accidents on the Mur have happened. A few years ago, forty passengers went to the bottom in this dangerous passage ; and the mariners, so soon as they approach it, have recourse to Paternosters, and the favour of the Virgin of Mariazell. Now, the space of ground included between the first winding of the river in which it flows north, and the last in which it returns just as far south, did not seem to me to exceed half a mile ; and it is a low level plain. Neither much labour nor expense would be required to carry a canal through it from the upper to the lower part of the river, and the navigation, avoiding these perilous rapids, would proceed in a straight line.

Bruck, like all the other little towns in Upper Styria, is dull and inactive, for the manufactures of this part of the province are farther to the north, round the iron mines of Eisenerz, which are supposed to have furnished the Romans with the *Noricus chalybs*, and the copper mines of Kahlwang. The population, both in the towns and the country, is devoutly Catholic, and far more regular in their observances than the Austrians. A few small congregations of Protestants still linger in the recesses of the mountains. Styria took up the cause of the Reformation early and successfully; but Ferdinand II., who had already lighted up the war which brought Gustavus Adolphus in triumph from the Baltic to the Danube, brought back the province to the true faith with fire and sword. A few straggling Protestants, escaping observation by the remoteness of their Alpine abodes, perpetuated their doctrines during a century and a half, without pastors, or churches, or public worship, handing down their religion as a tradition from generation to generation. Maria Theresa, herself rescued from destruction by a Protestant monarch, sent forth missionaries to hunt out the stray sheep, and bring them back to the fold by argument and remonstrance. This was to be tolerated; but it is scarcely to be credited, that those who should obstinately adhere to their faith were doomed to exile. If they refused to enter the imperial road to salvation, they were to be shown the road to Transylvania, and actually planted as colonists by the side of their brother heretics, the Turks. Joseph II. mounted the throne, and this stupid and barbarous policy disappeared. Instead of curing

the heretics of Styria by threats of banishment, he built them churches and gave them pastors.

Grätz, the capital of Styria, is a handsome, bustling, and prosperous town, seated on the Mur, which has already been augmented by the waters of the rapid Merz, and surrounded by a plain which is an orchard. After Vienna and Prague, it is the most populous city in the hereditary dominions of Austria, and contains thirty-five thousand inhabitants. Besides its own manufactures in woollen and cotton stuffs, it is the entrepot of all the trade between the capital and Trieste. The character of its inhabitants is marked by the same love of pleasure which distinguishes the Viennese, but is accompanied with more archness and vivacity. Its females are celebrated at once for their beauty, and their softness of heart—but there are many places in Europe which can equal it in both respects. The Grätzer belle is, in general, buxom and blonde, rather low in stature, of a full voluptuous growth; a roundish face, and a remarkably clear complexion. The eyes are universally the most eloquent part of her form, and, in disposition, she is a romp. No capital is richer in female beauty than Vienna, however poor it may be in far more valuable female qualities, and its affluence is derived, in a great measure, from the diversity of bodily form, as well as mental constitution, among the different provinces which compose the empire. The peculiarity of Vienna, in this respect, lies in the different styles of beauty which are collected in it; for, in all the provinces, the *Pracht-exempläre*—the show-éditions—of the other sex generally find their way

to the capital, either seeking or accompanying a husband.

Grätz was the capital of the Styrian dukes, so often as the province was not under one head with Austria ; and even when the provinces were thus united, it frequently was enlivened by the residence of the common sovereign. Ferdinand II. built for himself a pompous mausoleum, in which his own remains, and those of his mother, are still exhibited. Ferdinand no doubt believed that he was discharging a duty in persecuting Protestantism ; but there seems to have been something ominously prophetic in the text which he caused to be inscribed on his sepulchre, " The seed of the just shall inherit the earth."

Lower Styria, which intervenes between Grätz and the frontiers of Carniola, is very different from the northern part of the province, both in its external appearance, and in its productions. It is a varied and fertile plain watered by the Mur and the Drave, both of which are now large rivers ; and instead of the mineral riches which constitute the wealth of Upper Styria, it supplies to Austria wine and corn, honey and capons. The vines are principally raised along the Banks of the Drave, and on the rich plains which extend, in the eastern portion of the district, to the frontiers of Hungary. The wines are acid, like those of Austria, but some sorts have so much fire that they are never drunk without being mixed with a more harmless variety. Those of Radkersburg and Luttenberg are the most intoxicating. Mahrburg, a thriving town, on a commanding eminence above the rapid Drave, is the centre of the trade. Beyond this

point, the language, and even the character of the population, suddenly changes—for the country between the Drave and Carniola is inhabited by a race who, till this day, have preserved their own ruder dialect, and less comfortable habits, against the influence of the German tribes, who gradually occupied all the other parts of the province. They are descendants of the Winden, a northern horde, who, in conjunction with other barbarians, possessed themselves of Styria, after the falling fortunes of Rome had recalled her legions from Noricum and Pannonia. Expelled, in their turn, by Charlemagne, from the whole of Upper, and the northern part of Lower Styria, they found a settled abode in its southern extremity, only by submitting to the domination of the conqueror, and have maintained themselves, in a great measure, pure from German innovations. Even at Zilly, the Roman Cellaia, the great mass of the people no longer understands the language of Styria, and, instead of the substantial dwellings in the other parts of the province, nothing can exceed the miserable hovels of the peasantry. They are formed entirely of trees, hewn, on two sides, into a flat surface, and laid horizontally above each other, those which form the two ends being notched into those of which the front and back of the house are composed. Sometimes, but not at all universally, the crevices are filled with a sort of oakum. There is no outlet for the smoke except the door; and the small aperture which serves as a window is frequently not more than a foot square.

Another mountainous ridge, though of very moderate elevation, and scarcely interesting when

compared with the Carinthian Alps, which rise to the westward, must be crossed before the traveller descends to the valley of the Save, and enters Carniola. In the northern part of this singular province all is beauty and fertility ; in the southern, all is barren naked rock. Laybach, the capital, is likewise the first town of any importance which presents itself. It was founded, according to the civic tradition, by Jason, when on his return from Colchis with the Golden Fleece. From the Black Sea, he came up the Danube to Belgrade, where it is joined by the Save ; he then struggled against the current of the Save as far as where Laybach now stands ; he and his companions having here founded a city and recruited their strength, took their coracles on their shoulders, and crossed the Carniolian Alps to Trieste, where they embarked for Greece. Modern notoriety, however, threatens to erase ancient tradition, and Jason is about to be eclipsed by the Holy Allies. The Congress is the only thing which gives Laybach historical interest ; and its inhabitants, proud that their city should have been selected as the rendezvous of so many princes and statesmen, have assumed an affected tone of superiority which sometimes breaks out in very ridiculous forms. A steep eminence on the opposite bank of the Laybach, the river on which the city stands, and from which it takes its name, is crowned with the fortress, the melancholy abode of Italian liberals. Lubiana is as terrific a word to a Lombard as the Bastille ever was to a Frenchman.

At Upper Laybach, the stage beyond Laybach itself, I quitted the great road for that which runs

westward into the mountains to Idria. It was about four in the afternoon when I entered it, assured that there was not more than three hours' driving to Idria ; but here, as elsewhere, the notions of the country people, in regard to distance, are extremely indefinite. During half an hour, the road ran through a narrow plain ; it then began to ascend rapidly among dark woods of fir, running along the edge of deep hollows ; and we were still in the woods, and still ascending, when even the uncertain light of evening disappeared, and a dreary, rainy, and pitch-dark night rendered it as dangerous to proceed, as the loneliness of the country rendered it impossible to find refuge from the storm. Moreover, Giacomo, the coachman, had drunk more plentifully than was prudent, and neither he nor his cattle had ever made the journey before. His supplications to the Virgin, and, by the time he was fairly drenched with rain, to Bacchus, threw in our way some of the carters employed to convey wood and charcoal to Idria from the more distant recesses of the mountains ; but they seemed to deserve the same reputation for rudeness and ferocity which distinguishes them in so many other places. According to them, we were still as far from Idria as we had been four hours before. Giacomo's broken Croatian soon informed them that he was a stranger ; and all his inquiries about inns and alehouses were only answered by a horse laugh. His patience being already exhausted, he could not bear to have vulgar insult added to misfortune, and let loose upon them his whole stock of Italian oaths, (and it was not a small one,) concluding with assuring me,

for our mutual consolation, that they undoubtedly were "Signori della Kruhitzza."* However, satisfied with laughing at our troubles, and increasing them by more than doubling the road we had yet to drive, they neither attempted to assault nor to rob us.

We continued to creep on up the mountain, now plunging into the pine forests, where we learned that we were getting off the road only by the horses running their heads against the trees, and now emerging upon a barren hilly heath, where the closest attention only showed that, to avoid being precipitated into a deep dell, it was much safer to trust to the animals than to their conductor. On arriving at a small village where there was a sort of inn, nothing could prevail on Giacomo to move a foot farther till daylight. I was little inclined to pay any regard to the statements of the landlord, that it was positively dangerous to drive on to Idria in the dark, without a person who knew every inch of the road; because I took it for granted that he merely speculated on the advantage of having a guest. I did him foul wrong. On making the rest of the journey next morning, I was compelled to acknowledge the accuracy of his representations, and to be perfectly satisfied with the obstinacy of Giacomo. The accommodations of the little hostelry were much

* The Kruhitzza is the name of a mountain pass practicable only on foot or horseback, leading through the forests directly from Idria to Gorizia. It has the reputation of being infested by banditti. Probably this danger is exaggerated, as it is everywhere; but about Gorizia it is a proverbial saying, "Chi vuol rubar' se ne vad' alla Kruhitzza."

more comfortable than any man has a right to expect in such a part of such a country. In these houses, the landlord, commonly his wife, and always the female who acts as waiter and chambermaid, speak German. In fact, the language is taught in all the country schools ; but this has hitherto had little effect in making it general among the peasantry ; for the great point always is, not what a child learns in a school, but what it speaks and hears out of the school. It learns German words during the short time it is in the presence of the master ; out of his reach, it speaks and hears only its native Croatian dialect. Small tracts for the use of the peasantry have even been printed in Croatian, and some attempts have been made towards compiling a dictionary.

Next morning, we proceeded, during an hour, over the same barren country. Of a sudden the road seems to disappear right before the eyes of the traveller, and he finds himself on the brink of a huge hollow in the mountains. The effect is singular and striking. He looks down into the whole of this kettle, surrounded on every side by irregular towering crags, which are here and there tufted with patches of fir, but in general, exhibit only the naked and dreary rock. The picture was entirely changed by the mist, in which every thing was enveloped. As the morning was not far advanced, the sun, though bright and warm above, had not yet penetrated into the gulf, which was filled to the brim with white fleecy vapour, into which the road seemed to descend, as if into mere air. All around, the rugged cliffs rose above its surface, like the rocky shores of a mountain lake,

and imagination could assign no depth to the abyss over which this light and hovering mantle was spread. As the sun came nearer the meridian, the vapour began to rise slowly, but without dividing itself into those distinct and rapidly ascending columns, which often produce such fantastic appearances in the higher passages of the Swiss Alps. In a short time the whole kettle was visible, terminating below in a narrow, irregular valley. The Idria, issuing at once from the mountains on the south, rushed along in the bottom. On the crags which, circling round, seem to shut out this spot from all communication with the world, not a cottage was to be seen, for they are too precipitous; and only here and there a few scanty patches of cultivation, for they are too barren. In the centre of the valley, and about seven hundred feet below the brink, the eye rested on the little town of Idria, and the huts scattered round the base of the mountain which contains the entrance to the mines.*

* The discovery of these mercurial mines, like that of so many other mines, is attributed to accident. A Carniolian peasant, who drove a small trade in wooden vessels, was in the habit of groping his way into this recess, at that time entirely covered with wood, to procure materials for his tubs and pails, which he sometimes finished on the spot. He had placed some pails over night in a small pool in a rivulet which issued from the mountain, for the purpose of "seasoning" them, as we would express it. To keep them under water, he put into them a quantity of sand taken from the bed of the stream. In the morning, he found all his strength scarcely sufficient to lift one of them out of the water. He could ascribe this only to the weight of the sand which he had thrown in by handfuls the evening before;

The entrance to the mine is a little to the southward of the town, in the side of a small hillock which rises in front of the mountainous wall that

sand so heavy was to him a phenomenon, and he carried some of it to the pastor of his village. The latter, suspecting what might be the reason, sent it to the Imperial Director of Mines, and, on examination, it was found to contain above half its weight of quicksilver. The whole of what now constitutes the department of Idria was immediately declared a domain of the crown, but the mines were first worked by private adventurers on leases, and the miners have still preserved various traditions of the ruin which some, and the difficulties which all of these speculators had to encounter. The shafts were driven deep in the solid rock, but no quicksilver appeared. One after another, the speculators drew back from the undertaking, and it centred at last in one who was more sanguine and persevering. But he, too, hoped and laboured in vain; and the destitution into which he had plunged his family by the unsuccessful adventure brought him to his grave. His widow was compelled to give up the operations; but the workmen declared they would still make an attempt for the family of him who had so long given them bread, and continue the search fourteen days longer, without wages. The fourteenth of these days arrived, but no quicksilver appeared. Towards the afternoon, as the workmen, who had been annoyed all day long by sulphureous vapours and a more uncomfortable atmosphere than usual, were about to give up their task for ever in despondency, and prepare to celebrate above ground the festival of their patron saint, of which this happened to be the eve, a shout from the lowest part of the shaft announced that the deep-concealed vein had at length been dragged from its lurking place. The saint was postponed, and the mercury pursued. It was soon ascertained that the labours and expense of years would be amply repaid. The revived widow prudently sold her remaining right to the government, and, since that period, during more than four hundred years, Idria has not ceased to pour its thousands into the imperial treasury.

surrounds the dell. The visitor puts on a miner's dress. It is not only necessary to leave behind watches, rings, snuff-boxes, and similar articles which would infallibly be affected by the quicksilver; but, for the same reason, the accompanying miner insists on your dispensing with all coats and waistcoats which have metal buttons. In every case a miner's dress is at once more convenient, and more independent of the moisture and rubbings, which may be encountered below ground, although, in this beautiful mine, there is little to be apprehended from either. The miners have not yet ceased their jokes on two ladies who went down with some fashionable company during the Congress in the neighbouring Laybach, and returned, the one with her gold watch converted into a tin trinket by the quicksilver, and the fair cheeks and neck of the other bedaubed with the blackness of falsehood by the sulphur.

The descent can be made to the very bottom of the mine in less than five minutes, in one of the large buckets in which the ore is brought above ground. This mode, though the less fatiguing, is not therefore the better; for, in descending the shaft on foot, one can observe much better the care and regularity with which all the operations have been carried on, particularly in later times. From the first step, day-light is excluded; for the passage, hewn in the rock, descends at a very acute angle: were it a smooth surface, it would be impracticable. Excepting the steepness, it has no other inconvenience. Instead of clambering down a wet, slippery, wooden ladder, as in Freyberg, you descend on successive flights of steps, as re-

gular as if they had been constructed for a private dwelling. Here and there are landing places, where galleries branch off through which veins have been followed, or the shaft descends in a new direction. This is the regular mode in which the mining is carried on, from the surface of the earth to the lowest part of the mine, forming a subterraneous staircase descending about seven hundred feet, for the mine as yet is no deeper, owing to the superabundance and richness of the ore. All is pierced in the hard limestone rock. A still more useful degree of care has been bestowed on the walls and ceiling. Instead of leaving the bare rugged rock, as is still frequently done elsewhere, or supporting the roof with wood, as was in former times the universal practice, this passage into the earth is lined with a strong wall of hewn stone, arched above ; so that the descent is in reality through a commodious vaulted passage about four feet wide, and, in average height, rather more than six. The walling with stone is preferable, both in security and duration, to the old custom of lining and supporting the shaft with wood ; the increasing scarcity and value of wood have likewise made it the cheaper mode. Neither is the labour so great as, at first sight, might be imagined. The stones used are those cut out in carrying the shaft itself downwards. All the trouble of transporting them along a gallery to the bottom of the perpendicular shaft by which the ore and rubbish are conveyed above ground, is thus saved. No mine could be more fortunate in regard to the absence of water. A slight degree of moisture on the walls and ceiling is all that can be occasionally traced.

The atmosphere is perfectly dry and comfortable, except in the neighbourhood of rich veins.

The spot where the original adventurers found the first vein of mercury is pointed out rather more than two hundred feet below ground, that is, at one-third of the depth to which the mine has been carried during the four hundred years that have since elapsed, a striking proof how abundant and productive the veins must have proved. The original one, however, does not seem to have been followed, for the first gallery is considerably lower. The deeper you go, the more thickly do the veins come upon each other. Their direction, in general, is nearly horizontal, but it is not at all uncommon to find them ascending; in this case, they are not followed. Even where they retain the horizontal direction, or rise at a very trifling angle, they are not pursued to exhaustion, unless they be uncommonly productive; and this extraordinary richness never continues long. Instead of exhausting the vein, a new one is sought deeper down.

The ores vary considerably in point of richness. What are reckoned good ores contain from sixty-five to seventy-five per cent of pure quicksilver, and these are common enough. They often go as high as eighty-five per cent. The mercury is seldom found in its pure state, nor, when it does appear, is it always in the neighbourhood of the richest veins. I observed some globules glittering on the walls of one of the galleries which was somewhat damp, as if it had been brought out by the pressure of moisture.

The only unpleasant accompaniment of the ore

is the sulphur which almost universally attends it ; its fumes were strongest in the lowest galleries. The miners have learned to consider it as a prognostic of good ore ; for it is universally observed, that the richer the vein is, the greater is the quantity of sulphur : they have never pure air and good ore together. But neither the action of the sulphur nor of the mercury on the health and appearance of the workmen is at all so striking as it has sometimes been represented. That the mercury brings on a periodical salivation is merely a joke. Its effects are most observable on the teeth, which are generally deficient and discoloured.

The preparatory processes through which the ore must pass before being finally carried to the roasting ovens are performed on the other side of the town, on the banks of the Idria. But it is only with the inferior ores that such processes are necessary ; all that are held to contain sixty-five per cent of quicksilver, or upwards, are put immediately into the oven. This may be represented as a square building divided by brick floors into five or six compartments. These floors are not continuous, but are pierced with a number of holes, that the flame and smoke may ascend from the one to the other. The ore is spread out upon them, the apertures being left uncovered. The fire is kindled between the lowest floor and the ground, and every outlet and crevice in the whole fabric is then carefully shut. The action of the fire, gradually extending itself from one layer to another through the openings in the floors, separates the quicksilver from its accompanying fossils ; it rises sublimated, along with the smoke, to the top, from whence it

has no passage but by flues which are led through the walls in a winding direction, that it may cool by continued circulation. As it cools, the pure quicksilver is precipitated, and descends, by internal communications between the flues, to the lower part of the wall. The fire is kept up, till it is ascertained by the disappearance of vapours, that all the mercury has been disengaged ; nor are the outlets opened till the whole is so cool that all the quicksilver must have been deposited. The metal is found deposited in hollows at the bottom of the walls, made on purpose to receive it, and communicating with the flues. The sulphur is gained at the same time. The quicksilver is then tied up in sheep or goat skins, prepared with alum, these having been found to be the cheapest and most convenient of the materials which will contain mercury without being injured.

At stated seasons, twice or thrice a-year, it is necessary to sweep out the dust which gathers in the flues, adheres to the walls, and settles on the corners in the interior of the ovens. This labour is found to be so unhealthy, that it is not laid upon the workmen as a regular part of their duty ; additional wages are paid to those who volunteer to perform it. The whole face is carefully wrapped up ; but no precautions can secure them effectually against the prejudicial influence of this dust, loaded with so many noxious particles. It produces trembling fits, and frequently convulsions, which, for a time, disable the workmen for labour.

Close by are the buildings for the manufacture of Zinnober, the red sublimate of mercury. For a long time there has been nothing done in them,

because the stock on hand far exceeds any probable demand for it. A great deal of caution was always observed in allowing strangers to visit it, owing to a wish to keep secret some particular processes of the manufacture.

The mine is wrought at the expense and for the account of the Austrian government. The sales and revenues are under the direction of an office in Vienna called the *Bergwerks-productions-erschliessungs-Direction*, a compound which, notwithstanding its formidable length, means just, Commissioners of Mines. Among them there is always a number of mineralogists and practical miners. The great profit of the mine lies, not so much in the quantity, as in the quality of the ore, and the small expense at which the metal is produced. When the good ores are once above ground, the only further expense of any consequence is the wood used in the roasting ovens. Even with the inferior ores, although the beating them into dust by machinery, and then washing them repeatedly to separate the particles which contain mercury from the lighter sand which contains none, be a somewhat tedious process, yet it is not at all an expensive one. The profits have always been reckoned at fifty per cent on the wholesale price at which the metal is consigned to the mine-directory in Vienna. The people on the spot either did not know, or would not tell the price; but, according to Sartori, about sixteen years ago the prime cost to the Direction was 110 florins (L.11) per cwt. To other purchasers it was charged at 150 florins, (L.15,) except to Spain, who received it at prime cost. This was in consequence of a convention

between Joseph II. and Spain, by which the latter, on receiving the mineral at that price, bound itself to take annually ten thousand cwt. of quicksilver, and upwards of one thousand cwt. of red sublimate. The quicksilver was principally for the purposes of amalgamation in the mines of South America, and the enormous consumption betrays a faulty mode of manipulation in Peru; for at Freyberg I was assured, that the loss of mercury in amalgamation in the Saxon mines does not exceed an ounce in the hundred weight. Idria, therefore, under these circumstances, was no unimportant item in the civil list revenue of Austria; since, exclusive of all other modes of consumption, the contract with Spain alone must have yielded an annual profit of more than L.50,000. From the commencement of the contest between Spain and her colonies, this great outlet gradually became more and more confined, and is now entirely cut off. Idria at present does not, on an average, produce annually more than three thousand hundred weight of quicksilver. Even on this narrow scale, the profits, I was assured, amount annually to above 200,000 florins, more than L.20,000 sterling. The Direction takes care that the supply shall exceed the demand as little as possible. Every two years a statement is sent down to Idria of the quantity which it is thought will be sufficient for each of the two following, and on this depends the number of workmen and the regularity of their employment.

This immoderate decline in the consumption, amounting to more than one-fourth of the whole, besides taking money out of the emperor's pocket,

has necessarily diminished the population of Idria. In its flourishing state, the mine gave bread to between 1100 and 1200 men, of whom 300 were employed merely in felling wood in the neighbouring mountains, and conveying it to Idria. The persons at present employed do not amount to a third of that number. The diminution, moreover, was the more sensibly felt, because it came at a time when the most active prosperity would have been required to repair the injurious consequences of a conflagration which had rendered the mine useless during nearly three years. It was never ascertained how the fire originated. The galleries were in many places still lined and roofed with wood, and in these the fire is supposed to have begun. In 1803, on the night between the 15th and 16th of March, the workmen observed a thick smoke issuing from some of the lower galleries. It ascended and spread itself through the higher. No fire was seen, no sound of flames was heard ; but it was too evident that the mine was on fire below. Some of the workmen, with great intrepidity, endeavoured to reach the scene of the conflagration. It was in vain : they were forced to retreat from one gallery to another, flying before an enemy whom they could not discover ; for the smoke, which continued to make its way upwards to the open air, was not merely so dense and suffocating, but so loaded with noxious fumes and particles let loose from the fossils among which the flames were raging in the bowels of the earth, that no living thing could safely meet it, much less penetrate it. They were fortunate enough to save themselves above ground ; and the

idea was adopted of extinguishing the fire by excluding the air. All the passages were closed as near to the supposed scene of the conflagration as they could be reached. The two shafts which lead immediately above ground were stopped up outside, and plastered over with clay. Five weeks the mine remained thus sealed up, but without effect. Twice, during this period, the coverings above were removed ; each time the enemy was found more furious than before. The flames were heard raging below with a sound at which the miner still trembles when he relates it ; the smoke, burdened with mercurial and sulphureous exhalations, rolled forth from the mouth of the pit, like steams from the jaws of Acheron, striking down every one that came within its reach. It was apprehended that the fire had attacked the upper works, and was thus threatening the final destruction of the mine. As a last resource, the Director resolved to hazard the experiment of laying the mine under water. A stream was turned into the perpendicular shaft, and allowed to flow two days and three nights. During the first day it produced no effect. In the course of the second day, whether it was that steam, generated by the meeting of the fire and the water, was struggling for escape, or that an inflammable air had been produced and kindled by the glowing fossils, of a sudden a subterraneous explosion shook the mountain with the noise and violence of an earthquake. The huts of the miners situated near the entrance were rent ; houses farther off, but standing on the slope or near the skirts of the hill, started from their foundations ; and the panic-struck inhabitants were

flying in dismay from the ruin that seemed to threaten the valley. The whole thing must have been splendid ; accidental as it was, art could go no farther in imitating nature. In the mine itself, as was afterwards found, the explosion had rent the galleries, thrown down the arched roofs, and torn up the stairs. But the victory was gained ; the vapours began to diminish, and at the end of some weeks it was possible to venture into the mine. It cost two years to prepare an apparatus and pump out the water. It was carried off into the Idria, and was found to contain only a small quantity of mercury, but a large proportion of vitriolic acid, and so much iron, that the bed and banks of the river were incrustated with iron ochre throughout its whole course, from Idria to where it falls into the Lisonzo. At the same time, every fish disappeared from the stream, except the eel, which seems to bid defiance to every thing but actual broiling or roasting.

Even when the galleries had been cleared of the water, it was impossible to work in them, partly from the heat which they still retained, but still more from the fumes of sublimed mercury, which produced in the miners a violent salivation, accompanied with convulsions, and trembling of the limbs. To produce an almost inhuman zeal, high wages were offered to such as would venture into places reckoned the most dangerous to explore the consequences of the disaster, and collect the quicksilver which had been deposited in large quantities in the galleries. Many purchased this additional pittance with their lives ; and altogether, the atmosphere, which continued for months to

infest the mine, was so baneful, that it was difficult to muster a sufficient number of healthy men for the ordinary operations.

The town of Idria, originating from, and depending on the mines, has felt, of course, the fluctuations of their prosperity. The wages which the miners earn, even when in full employment, are so trivial, that they never can rise above a state of destitution. Of the inhabitants who are not occupied in the mines, some manufacture a coarse linen, which others carry about the country, and even into Lower Austria, for sale. The women manufacture equally coarse lace, which is not intended, indeed, for the luxurious market of the capital, but which finds purchasers in the peasantry, and in the populace of the small towns, not only of Carniola itself, but likewise of Upper Styria, and down throughout Croatia to the frontiers of Turkey. The soil of the Idrian is much too unkindly to yield him the materials of his manufacture; he buys his flax in Bohemia. With him the riches of the earth are concealed in her bosom; skill and industry would be equally wasted on the stubborn rocks that surround his dell. Yet, even on the steep sides of this mountain kettle, he has done every thing that labour can accomplish. Wherever a corner could be found that presented something like an even and sheltered surface, with a perseverance deserving of a more liberal reward, he has brought earth from a distance, formed an artificial soil on the barren rock, and planted his scanty crop of rye. The produce of this cultivation is, of course, far from equalling the toil it has cost. Not only this more naked part

of the country, but the whole province of Carniola, like the greater part of the adjoining Croatia, by no means produces what its own consumption requires. The deficiency is made up by importations from Hungary, that inexhaustible repository of corn and wine, but the importations are extremely limited, for Carniola has no money, and produces little that Hungary requires.

To the Carniolian, as in general to the peasantry of the empire, wheaten bread or animal food is a luxury. Black broth, thick with vegetables, still blacker bread, and sometimes a scanty platter of small, rank, watery potatoes, are his customary food. Even this penury he gains only by incessant toil. He binds on his shoulders his few webs of coarse linen or lace, tied up in a white sheet; thus burdened, dressed in a long, white, woollen coat, and low-crowned, broad-brimmed, rough woollen hat, and armed with a long staff, forth he strolls into the world to seek a market for his wares. There is not a province of the Austrian empire, unless it be Transylvania or the Buckowina, where he is not to be found, hundreds of miles from his home, retailing the produce of the industry of his wife and daughters. On the approach of winter he returns to the expectant hut with the profits of his little adventure, and materials for continuing his little manufacture. During his peregrination he is remarkable for frugality; he indulges in no luxury; in a great degree he sets even the allurements of intoxication at defiance, and considers every penny as a sacred deposit, for which he must religiously account to his family in the mountains of Carniola. Even amid the bustle

and glitter of Vienna, his tall gaunt figure, and swarthy countenance, are seen plodding through the crowd, while he calls aloud his "linens and laces," without a look for the host of passing gaieties. The varieties of people with whom he deals, and the caution that always springs from the habit of driving bargains, sharpen his wit, and make some amends for the total want of education. He even boasts of some knowledge of the world. In other respects, he is just as ignorant as the Hungarian peasant; he is doomed to a life of much harder toil, and more biting penury; but he is neither so brutal, nor so proud, so dull, nor so lazy.

The great road is regained at Loitsch, and enters the little, romantic valley of Planina. Though not destitute of picturesque beauty, it is remarkable only for the ample stream, the Laybach, by which it is watered, and which, like so many others in this strange country, issues at once, a full and ready-made river, from the mountain that terminates the valley on the south. For about a quarter of a mile we followed the course of the stream upwards through the narrow dell, bounded on both sides by bold rocks, and tufted with luxuriant underwood. A long array of corn and saw mills succeeded. Above the last of them, the dell is terminated by a semicircle of bold and lofty precipices, in the middle of which an enormous archway, almost as regularly formed as if hewn out by the hand of art, opens a way into the entrails of the mountain. Through this majestic portal, the whole river pours itself forth at once from the bosom of the earth, and spreads out its waters to the day in an

ample basin, which extends on both sides to the walls of rock that bound the dell. The stem of a huge fir, hollowed out like a canoe, furnishes the only means of reaching the entrance; for the waters of the basin not only wash the precipices, but, as was evident from the hollow sound of the waves, have undermined them. A miller's man guided this frail bark with a wooden shovel; the whole passage to the opening does not exceed a hundred feet, and, if one sits quietly, danger is out of the question.

This natural gateway is about twenty feet wide, and twice as high. It is regularly curved. A few steps forward, and it enlarges itself into a cavern of magnificent dimensions and wonderful regularity of form. There are not many traces of stalactite ornament; the gigantic walls and vaulted roof stand in their natural grandeur, unadorned and overpowering. Nothing seems to support the enormous weight of mountain above; it rises from the earth gradually and regularly, bending itself into a majestic natural cupola. The effect is aided by the circumstance that, owing to the spaciousness of the entrance, no part of the dome remains in darkness; the eye takes in the whole at once.

The river, except when it is inundated, does not entirely cover the floor of the cavern, the bottom of which slopes down from the one side to the other. The upper part was now deserted, in consequence of the long continuance of dry weather, and consisted entirely of sand, a deposition from the stream which, when swollen, occupies the whole width of the portal. The course of the river cannot be followed far into the bowels of the

mountain. The cavern, at its extremity, suddenly turns to the left ; it is no longer a vault, but a narrow passage ; the roof sinks down, light disappears, and the sound of the water announces that it is flowing over an uneven and interrupted channel. From the moment it enters the cavern, its course is slow and tranquil, and it pours itself without noise into the deep-sunk mountain-basin, which, embedded among precipices, varies in depth from twelve to twenty-five feet.

But its troubles are not yet past. Flowing from the basin over the artificial embankment erected to raise its waters to the necessary elevation for the mills, it continues its course northwards through the valley. Scarcely, however, has it reached the northern extremity, when the earth again gapes for it, and swallows it up, not through a bold aperture like that which it has quitted, but through numerous, small, insidious rents and crevices. It is lost for nearly nine miles, pursuing its course under ground. It finally bursts forth again at Upper Laybach, where the hilly country sinks down into the wide plain which surrounds Laybach itself ; and, in the neighbourhood of the latter, it takes refuge from all its subterranean foes by joining its waters to those of the more formidable Save. During the thaws in the beginning of summer, and the rains of autumn, the river pours forth from the jaws of the cavern at Planina a mass of water so much superior to the capacity of the apertures which drink it up at the northern extremity, that the whole valley, bounded as it is on both sides by rocky eminences, is converted into a romantic lake.

The origin of this subterraneous river has not yet been satisfactorily ascertained. The more general opinion holds it to be the Poick, a river which throws itself into the mountain at Adelsberg, about nine miles south of Planina, and at a considerably higher elevation. This is likewise the more probable hypothesis. The body of water in both, at the time I saw them, was alike, and its somewhat muddy colour was the same. The course of the Poick, where it disappears in the mountain at Adelsberg, is to the north; Planina lies in the same direction, and much lower. According to the other hypothesis, which has been started of late years, the Poick, instead of reappearing through the portal of Planina, and sending its waters by the Save and the Danube to the Black Sea, turns to the westward beneath ground, reappears, after a subterraneous course of twenty miles, in the sources of the Wippach on the western confines of Carniola, pours itself, under this name, into the Lisonzo, and is thus finally lost in the Adriatic. The Poick being thus disposed of, the river of Planina is declared to be a subterraneous outlet of the neighbouring lake of Zirknitz. The hypothesis is entirely gratuitous. The Wippach, it is true, has a similar origin; but so have the Idria, the Jerzero, and various other streams in every corner of these calcareous hills. It is said, that pieces of wood, and other light bodies, which have been thrown into the Poick at Adelsberg, have reappeared in the Wippach; but such *ou dits* are always of doubtful credibility. It is said, for instance, that a travelling cooper who had suffered shipwreck in the *Strudel*, or whirlpool, of the Da-

nube, above Vienna, afterwards found part of his equipage floating on the lake of Neusiedel in Hungary, and the people of the country still believe that a subterraneous communication exists between the river and the lake. If the cavern of Planina be an outlet of the lake of Zirknitz, its waters ought to disappear when the lake is dry; but the waters of the Laybach never fail entirely. It would be desirable to know whether the Poick and the Laybach swell at the same time; only few observations, however, have been made, and even these are in general too indefinite to be taken as certain data.

: The lake of Zirknitz itself lies in a higher ridge of eminences, about eight miles to the eastward of Planina. It is not remarkable either for its size or beauty; when full, it is just like any other large piece of water, and the rocks which surround it are too bare and uniform to be picturesque. Its celebrity is due solely to the periodical flux and reflux of its waters from and into the bowels of the mountain. It is scarcely worth visiting, except when the departure of its waters has left uncovered the orifices of the conduits from which they issue, and through which they disappear; for it is only then that any idea can be formed of the natural machinery by which its phenomena are produced. It is about six English miles long, and three broad; it is embedded among ridges of limestone, the predominating fossil in the mountains of this part of Carniola. On the approach of midsummer in ordinarily dry seasons, when the snow has disappeared from the neighbouring mountains, its waters begin to decrease. If the weather con-

tinues dry, the diminution proceeds rapidly, and in a few weeks the whole mass is drained off. A rank vegetation springs up from the mud which has been left behind; the peasants, if the summer promises well, sow grass, or perhaps rye, on the exterior part of the abandoned bed. In a couple of months they are mowing hay where the dark waters of the lake were formerly spread out, and the sportsman shoots game where, but a short time before, he was fishing pike. When the lake is entirely gone, the caverns through which it has fled become visible, sinking into the mountain, some on the side and others on the bottom of its bed. They all lie towards the northern bank; they vary in size; though some of them can be entered, they are not practicable to any extent; water, or the narrowness and lowness of the passage, uniformly arrests your progress. So far as they have been traced, they all descend.

On the southern side, the bottom and bank of the lake yawn into a similar set of apertures, through which, as the rains set in towards the end of autumn, water begins to rise. It continues increasing in quantity, and gradually fills the deeper hollows of the deserted bed. Even some of the openings on the northern side which had assisted to drain the lake, now send forth their stores from beneath to fill it. As the rains continue, the waters issue from these apertures with such impetuosity, that pike are said to have been frequently taken, wounded and disfigured in a manner which could only be explained on the supposition, that the violence of the subterraneous stream had dashed them to and fro against the rocks of the

hidden passage, through which it hurries them up from deeper reservoirs before they emerge into the lake. So soon as the waters begin to appear, the birds which had nestled in the long grass seek another refuge; the peasant removes in haste what of his hazardous crop may still remain within the margin of the basin; and, within as short a time as that in which it had retired, the lake is again there in all its former extent, and stocked with its former inhabitants.

The length of time during which it remains dry depends entirely on the comparative dryness of the season. The waters ran off in the summer of 1821, returned toward the end of November, and ran off a second time in the end of February 1822, not, indeed, an ordinary occurrence, but perfectly natural, because no rain had fallen from the beginning of January, and the snow on the high mountains still continued to be frozen. Sometimes, again, when the summer is decidedly what may be called a wet one, the lake does not retire at all; all proofs that the sources of its waters are not subterranean, although the channels which conduct them into this basin are subterranean.

The phenomena of this lake, therefore, do not seem either to be of very difficult explanation, or to deserve the astonishment with which many travellers and some naturalists have regarded them. The whole ridge of mountains consists of a very porous calcareous rock through which the rain and melted snow easily penetrate. It is traversed, likewise, internally by innumerable suites of caverns and galleries, in which the waters unite themselves into streams, and pursue their subterraneous

course till they issue from the mountain into some lower open hollow, as in the valley of Planina, or here in the lake of Zirknitz. The quantity and size of the fish, which retire with the lake into the caverns beneath, and return with the returning stream, prove that there must be capacious reservoirs within the bosom of the mountain in which they can exist and prosper.

Where the outlets of the lake finally discharge their waters cannot, of course, be easily traced, because their subterranean channels cannot be followed; but the whole country from the northern limits of Carniola to the shores of the Adriatic, from the cavern of Planina to the sources of the Timavus, is so full of streams, whose first appearance above ground clearly implies a previous subterranean course, that there is no difficulty in accounting for the disappearance of the lake. The Jersero issuing from the cave of St Cantian, the Idria bursting from the mountain not far from the mines, the Wippach rising in the same manner farther to the westward, are, in all likelihood, outlets of the Zirknitz; and what is there improbable in the supposition, that even the Timavus itself draws part of its stores from this alternating reservoir?

Some of these subterranean waters in this part of Carniola are, so far as I know, the only European abodes of that anomalous little creature, the *Proteus Anguinus*. Some living specimens which I saw in the possession of a peasant in Adelsberg, were about eight inches long; but they have been found of twice that length. The body varies in diameter from half an inch to an inch, according

to the length of the animal ; it resembles almost entirely that of the eel ; it is whitish below, and above of a delicate flesh colour. The upper part of the head is more flattened than in the eel, and approaches nearer to that of a pigmy alligator. The gills protrude entirely from the head, and sometimes rise above it : their colour is a pale red ; but, when the animal is irritated, they become of so brilliant a scarlet hue, and branch out into so many minute yet distinct ramifications, that the creature has exactly the same appearance as if a tuft of coral were growing from each side of its head. It has no fins, and the members which occupy their place constitute the most singular part of its conformation. Instead of pectoral fins, it is furnished with two arms, or fore legs, of a pale-coloured membranaceous substance, and about two inches long. Nearly in the middle, they are divided by a joint, which corresponds exactly to the elbow or knee, and the outer division terminates in three distinct fingers or toes. The place of the ventral fins is occupied by another pair of limbs perfectly similar to the former, excepting that they are somewhat shorter, and terminate in two toes, instead of three. From these appendages, the animal is called, in the Croatian dialect of the country, *Zlovishka riba*, or, Human-fish ; it uses them in the water as fins, with great agility, and at the bottom, or on dry land, it uses them as feet.

The powers of vision of the Proteus are still as doubtful as those of the mole long were. Some have altogether denied that it possesses eyes ; others take for eyes, two points which are just observable towards the crown of the head. The de-

cided aversion which the creature shows against light, and the impatience and agitation with which it keeps itself in incessant motion, when brought out from the shade, seem to imply that it possesses organs susceptible of the action of light. The moment it is exposed to the sun, it becomes restless and unhappy ; its natural abode is in the waters of these subterranean caverns, and it never issues voluntarily from the impenetrable darkness in which alone it finds itself comfortable. It appears most frequently in certain small streams which issue from the mountain at Sittich, in the neighbourhood of Laybach, being hurried forth from the caverns within by the force of the stream, when the internal reservoirs have been swollen by heavy rains, or a long-continued thaw. Those which I saw had been taken in the small subterranean lake which terminates the Magdalene grotto, not far from that of Adelsberg.

In regard, at least, to their mode of life, it may be doubted how far the Protei have been justly set down as amphibious. It is seldom that the creature leaves the water voluntarily ; and, even when he does go astray, it is only to make a brief and difficult promenade, in the darkness of night, a few feet from the edge of the stream. This excursion, short as it is, is generally fatal to him. His whole body is covered, like that of the eel, with a viscid slime, to which constant moisture is essential ; when he leaves the water, this substance speedily dries up, glues him to the spot, and he expires. From all I could learn, I saw no reason to believe that the Proteus possesses the faculty of living and

moving out of the water, in a higher degree than the common eel, or the flying fish.

From Planina, till you reach, after traversing forty miles, the brink of the magnificent barrier which overhangs Trieste, and surrounds the head of the Adriatic, you are in general getting deeper and deeper into the bare, barren, calcareous mountains. To Adelsberg it is a dreary ascent, with little for the eye except the naked rock. Few spots are cultivated, for the soil does not admit of cultivation, and the woods, its natural covering, have been in a great measure cleared away. The population is thin, poor, and ignorant; the villages ugly and squalid, but full of wine-houses; for, besides the wines of Lower Styria, this beverage is procured, both stronger and cheaper, from the southwestern districts of their own country.

The village of Adelsberg stands at the bottom of an inconsiderable rocky eminence. At the western extremity of the eminence, the rock gapes into two large apertures. The one reaches nearly from its summit to the level of the plain, and has an irregular, jagged, cleft-like shape; the other is rather more to the eastward, about fifty feet higher in the rock, and in a much more regular, vaulted form. The river Poick comes winding along the valley from the south, flows under the eminence, reaches its western extremity, throws its whole body into the lower of the two openings, which it entirely fills, and disappears. The higher opening runs a short way into the mountain, forming a regular and spacious gallery. The partition of rock that separates it from the lower one, through which the river holds its course, is broken through in

several places, and furnishes, here and there, a glimpse of the dark waters fretting along in their subterranean channel. But as you advance, their murmurings and the distant gleams of day-light die away together, and the silence and darkness of ancient night reign all around.

The guides now lighted their lamps, and, in a short time, the distant sound of water was again heard; it became louder and louder; the passage seemed to widen, and at length opened out into an immense cavern which the eye could not measure; for the lights were altogether insufficient to penetrate to any distance the darkness that was above, and around, and below; they were just sufficient to show where we stood. It was a ledge of rock, which, running across the cavern like a natural partition, but not rising to the roof, divided it into two caverns. From that on the left of the partition, on whose summit we stood rose amid the darkness the furious dashing of the river, which has thus far found its way through the mountain, and, announcing by its noise the obstacles it encounters, seems to throw itself in despair against the opposing partition, which threatens to prevent its course into the more ample division of the cavern on the right. On this latter side, the rocky partition sinks down absolutely precipitous; the cavern, likewise, is much deeper than that on the left, and impenetrable darkness broods over it. Leaning over the precipice, the ear, after it has become accustomed to the raging of the stream on the other side, hears that its waters far below have pierced the partition, and made their way into the deeper and more ample hall of the cavern. It is,

in fact, a natural bridge. The impression, however, on this side is much more striking; for the river is heard eddying along with that dull, heavy, and indistinct sound which, particularly in such circumstances, among subterranean precipices, and in subterranean darkness, always gives the idea of great depth. The guides lighted a few bundles of straw, and threw them into the abyss. They gleamed faintly, as they descended, on the projecting points of the rock; blazed for a few seconds on the surface of the water, showing its slow heavy motion; and illuminating, through a small circle, the darkness of the cavern, left its gloom by their extinction, more oppressive and impenetrable.

"From this spot," says Sartori, "it is not allowed to the boldest of mortals to proceed farther;" and he said so, because, towards the greater division of the cavern into which the river has thus forced its way, the partition is too precipitous to admit of descent. But mortals not at all bold now go a great deal farther. Towards the smaller division, the partition is not so precipitous, and the cavern itself is not so deep. A flight of steps was cut out on this side, down to the bottom. The partition itself was then pierced in the direction of the greater cavern. When the workmen had got through it, they found themselves still considerably above the bottom of the greater, but the rocky wall was now more sloping, and, by hewing in it a flight of steps, the bottom was reached in safety. The great object was to know what became of the river. We had not advanced many yards along the rocky floor, which owes much of its comparative smoothness to art, when

the river was again heard in front, and the lights of the guides glimmered on its waters. It flows right across the cavern ; it has lost its noise and rapidity ; it eddies slowly along, in a well-defined bed, and having reached the opposite wall of this immense vault, the solid mountain itself, it again dives into the bowels of the earth. Its course can be followed no farther, and it is still doubtful whether, or where, it again appears on earth.

This, imposing as it is, is but the vestibule to the most magnificent of all the temples which nature has built for herself in the regions of night. A slight wooden bridge leads across the river, and after advancing a little way the terminating wall of the cavern opposes you. This was always held to be the *ne plus ultra*. But, about five years ago, some young fellow took it into his head to try, with the help of his companions, how far he could clamber up the wall by means of the projecting points of rock. When he had mounted about forty feet, he found that the wall terminated, and a spacious opening intervened between its top and the roof of the cavern, which was still far above. A flight of steps was immediately hewn in the rock, and the aperture being explored, was found to be the entrance to a long succession of the most gigantic stalactite caverns that imagination can conceive.

From a large rugged, and unequal grotto, they branch off in two suites. That to the left is the more extensive, and ample, and majestic ; that to the right, though smaller, is richer in varied and fantastic forms. Neither the one nor the other consists merely of a single cavern, but a succe-

sion of them, all different in size, and form, and ornament, connected by passages which are sometimes low and bare, sometimes spacious and lofty, supported by pillars and fretted with cornices of the purest stalactite. It would be in vain to attempt to describe the magnificence and variety of this natural architecture. The columns are sometimes uniform in their mass, and singularly placed; sometimes they are so regularly arranged, and consist of smaller pillars so nicely clustered together, that one believes he is walking up the nave of a Gothic Cathedral. Many of these columns, which are entirely insulated, have a diameter of three, four, and even five feet. Frequently the pillar is interrupted, as it were, in the middle, losing its columnar form, and twisting, dividing, or spreading itself out into innumerable shapes. Sometimes it dilates into a broad thin plate, almost transparent in the light of a lamp; sometimes this plate curves itself round in a circular form; sometimes the descending part tapers to a point, which rests on the broad surface of the ascending stalagmite. The walls are entirely coated with the same substance; and, in the smaller grottoes, it is so pure, that travellers have covered it with names written in pencil, some of which have already resisted the moisture five or six years. The other division is more spacious, and extends much farther. The caverns which compose it are wider and loftier, but not so beautifully adorned as in the other. The enormous clustered columns of stalactite that seem to support the everlasting roof from which they have only originated, often tower to such a height, that the lights

do not enable you to discover their summit ; but, though infinitely majestic, they are rougher, darker, and more shapeless than in the smaller suite. The farther you advance, the elevations become bolder, the columns more massive, and the forms more diversified, till, after running about six miles into the earth, this scene of wonderment terminates with the element with which it began, water. A small subterraneous lake, deep, clear, cold, and dead-still, prevents all farther progress. It has not been passed ; it would therefore be too much to say that nothing lies beyond.

Throughout these caverns not a sound is heard, except the occasional plashing of the dew-drop from a half-formed pillar. No living thing, no trace of vegetation enlivens the cold rock, or the pale freezing stalactites. A solitary bat, fast asleep on a brittle white pinnacle, was the only inhabitant of this gorgeous palace. When I took him from his resting place, he uttered a chirping, plaintive sound, as if murmuring that our lights had disturbed his repose, or that human feet should intrude into the dark and silent sanctuary of his race. When replaced on his pinnacle, he folded up his wings, ceased to chirp and murmur, and, in a moment, was as sound asleep as ever.

Yet these abodes are not always so still and deserted. About the middle of the more extensive of the two ranges, the passage which, though not low, has for a while been rough and confined, opens into one of the most spacious and regular of all the caverns. It is oval, about sixty feet long, and forty broad ; the walls rise in a more regularly vaulted form than in any of the others ; the roof was beyond

the eye. The walls are coated with stalactite; but, excepting this, nature has been very sparing of her ornaments. The floor has been made perfectly smooth. In addition to the stone seats which the rock itself supplies, wooden benches have been disposed round the circumference, as well as a few rustic chandeliers, formed of a wooden cross, fixed horizontally on the top of a pole. Once a year, on the festival of their patron saint, the peasantry of Adelsberg and the neighbourhood assemble in this cavern to a ball. Here, many hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth, and a mile from the light of day, the rude music of the Carniolian resounds through more magnificent halls than were ever built for monarchs. The flame of the uncouth chandeliers is reflected from the stalactite walls in a blaze of ever-changing light, and, amid its dancing refulgence, the village swains, and village beauties, wheel round in the waltz, as if the dreams of the Rosicrucians had at length found their fulfilment, and Gnomes and Kobolds really lived and revelled in the bowels of our globe.

At Prewald, the next stage, the road winds up a very steep ascent, from the summit of which the country stretches southward, at nearly one uniform elevation, for twenty miles, till it sinks down almost precipitously on Trieste and the Adriatic. This broad platform, called the *Karst*, presents nothing but a desolate extent of rock and stones. The main surface of the mountain is not only covered with innumerable fragments of its own mass, but is itself scooped out into round hollows, or rather holes, resembling exactly rocks which have

been long washed and worn by the sea. Towards its southern extremity, a more kindly soil gradually reappears, and vegetation again puts forth her powers ; and the abrupt slope, which it finally presents to the sea, is covered with gardens, and studded with villas. Trieste lies below, backed by the mountains of Istria, and, in front, the Adriatic stretches out its boundless expanse. Trieste is a very handsomely built town, and the best paved town on the Continent. The population and language are extremely mixed ; German, Italian, and Modern Greek, are heard everywhere. In general, however, a traveller does not find much in Trieste to detain him, and he hastens to the steam-boat, which bears him across the Adriatic during the night, and presents to him, in the morning the magnificent spectacle of the towers and palaces of Venice, gradually emerging from the misty sea, as the sun slowly rises over the mountainous ridges of Dalmatia.

THE END.

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